The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY, JUNE 29 1889. PRICE FIVE CENTS

Geo. DeWald
& Company.

BLACK GOODS
—AND—
MOURNING GOODS.

We make a specialty of these and are offering great inducements to our customers in this Department light and medium weights, suited at this time especially for Summer wear, and at prices lower than ever offered before.

GEORGE -|- DEWALD
—AND—
COMPANY,
Calhoun and Columbia Sts

GREAT BARGAINS
—IN—
Straw and Light
Colored Stiff Hats.
A Large Variety of
Children's & Youth's Straw Hats

Sold at Cost and some below cost. Owing to the cool weather we are obliged to do this. We also carry the largest line of furnishing goods in the city and sell them cheaper than anybody. Come in and satisfy yourself.

WM. MEYER & BRO.,
34 CALHOUN ST.

Buy your Paris Green, Insect Powder and all insecticides and disinfectant, at Meyer Bros., the druggists. 28-5t

Dr. Wau-Ke-Maugh, the Indian doctor, is at the Hotel Brunswick, where he is prepared to heal the sick. The doctor had a great list of patients yesterday and was kept busy all day.

Scalper Barrett, the new landlord of the Hotel Brunswick, will furnish meal tickets and day board at reasonable prices. Give him a trial 27-3t

Get Robert Spice's estimate to pipe your house for natural gas before contracting. 26 28 29.

Smoke the Don Carlos cigar, the best in the market. All first-class retail dealers handle them. 6eodtf

Before fitting your house for natural gas call on Robert Spice, No. 48 West Main street. Thur Fri&Sat.

Smoke the Don Carlos cigar, the best in the market. All first-class retail dealers handle them. 6eodtf

In order to combine both Millinery Stocks in her Calhoun street establishment, Mrs. N. B. Rowe will sell Millinery Goods from now until August 1 regardless of cost. 25-5t

For your non-spontaneous colored fires, go to Meyer Bros., the druggists. 28-5t

BADLY
RAZZLE-
DAZZLED

Babies' Kid Button....$	15
Ladies' Kid Toe Slippers.............	50
Ladies Tan Oxfords...	97
Men's Sewed Government Shoes.......	1 00
Gent's fine Sewed Dress Shoes..........	1 50

THE MYSTIC SEVEN!

The Grand Jury Will Probably Return Seven Indictments in the Cronin Murder Case.

CHICAGO, June 29.—It is believed that indictments will be returned by the grand jury, and that the men pronounced guilty of Dr. Cronin's murderer, or parties to the conspiracy to murder him will be: Alexander Sullivan, Martin Burke, Patrick Cooney, John F. Beggs, Daniel Coughlin, Patrick O'Sullivan and Frank Woodruff. There is some gossip around the corridors of the court house to the effect that Alexander Sullivan's conviction will be assured by not indicting him, that no bill will be found against him in order to show the others what dupes they have been. It is reasoned that when the others see the gallows preparing for them, while Alexander Sullivan walks the streets a free man, they will, out of their bitterness against the discrimination, confess all they know.

There was a stir about the criminal court building about 10:30 o'clock, when the members of the grand jury came out of their room and went into Judge Sheperd's court. A large crowd followed, thinking the jury would return true bills against the Cronin suspects, but the spectators were doomed to disappointment, for, although there were twenty-four indictments returned into court, they were all in common jail cases.

WINNIPEG, Man., June 29.—Assistant State's Attorney Baker arrived yesterday and was closeted all the afternoon and part of the evening with H. M. Howell, who has been going over the evidence to see that it is in proper form. The examination will be finished to-day and all will be in readiness for the trial Tuesday. It is quite possible Burke may not be brought back before October on account of the delays from appeals and other legal proceedings.

PIERCED THE BRAIN.

The Horrible Death of a Little Girl at Delphi, Ind.

DELPHI, Ind., June 29.—AsSanford J. Baugh, of Monticello, was in the act of using a pitchfork in his stable yesterday, his twelve-year-old daughter, ran around the corner of the barn and dashed upon the prongs of the fork. One of the prongs pierced her eye into the brain and she died before the cruel instrument of death could be withdrawn. The father is almost crazed with grief.

MURDERED BY OUTLAWS.

A Boy Witness Put Out of the Way.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., June 28.—Great excitement is reported at Berryville, occasioned by the mysterious disappearance of a sixteen-year-old boy, Thomas Allen, who is an important witness in the case against Bonne Terry, a noted character and leader in the Terry-Wagener fued along the Missouri border. Allen is believed to have been murdered by the Terry outlaws.

Michigan's Legislature.

LANSING, Mich., June 29.—The legislature adjourned last night after having been six months in session. The appropriations made to be levied on the tax rolls this year and the next amount to $3,086,000; the last legislature's appropriation amounted to $3,400.000. A great deal of business of a miscellaneous character was done during the closing hours. The governor has approved the liquor tax bill, the local option bill, and the two-cent railroad passenger fare bill.

An Ohio Wreck.

CINCINNATI, June 29.—At 5:30 o'clock, last evening, a passenger train from Portsmouth to Cincinnati on the Cincinnati, Georgetown and Portsmouth railway, with the directors' car, two passenger coaches and a baggage car went down a trestle, one and one-half miles west of Batavia. Fourteen persons were injured.

The Yale Wins.

NEW LONDON, Conn., June 29.—The fourteenth annual four-mile straight-away right oared race between Yale and Harvard crews, was rowed last evening over the Thames river course and was won by Yale by six-boat lengths. Official time, Yale 21 minutes 30 seconds; Harvard, 21 minutes 55 seconds.

The Pharmacists.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., June 28.—The session of all sections of the American pharmaceutical association closed yesterday, and the association adjourned to meet at old Point Comfort, Va., the second Monday in September, 1889.

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, June 29.—Indiana—Fair, warmer, southeasterly winds.

Special—Fair; warmer weather may be expected in the lower lake region and Ohio valley until Sunday night.

Will Withdraw.

KANSAS CITY, June 29.—It was announced last night that the Atchinson, Topeka and Santa Fe is about to withdraw from the Inter-State Commerce association.

[illegible]

THE TEMPLE OF THE LORD.

The Doors of the City Churches Will Be Thrown Open To-morrow for Religious Worship.

"Coveting in Fort Wayne," is the subject of Pastor Northrop's Sunday evening talk.

Boys' meeting at 2 o'clock, city time, at the Y. M. C. A. Boys, come and help in the singing.

Gospel and song service at the Y. M. C. A. hall, 103 and 105 Calhoun street, at 4:30 city time. For men only, come.

Simpson M. E. Church—Preaching at 10:30, a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 2:30. Rev. G. B. M. Rogers, pastor.

Trinity M. E. church. Services at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m. Rev. N. D. Shackelford, pastor.

Trinity Lutheran church—Services at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2 p. m. Pastor's bible class at the same hour.

Regular services to-morrow morning and evening, in the First Presbyterian church by Rev. Dr. Moffat. Sunday School at 9 a. m.

Free Methodist church, East Creighton avenue—Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. Rev. Hardin, pastor.

The First U. B. church, corner East Lewis and Harmer streets. Preaching at 10:45 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sabbath school at 9 o'clock, standard time.

Trinity Episcopal church, corner Berry and Fulton streets. Rev. A. W. Seabreeze, rector. The rector will preach in the evening. Sunday school, at 9:30 a. m.

Second Presbyterian church services the Y. M. C. A. chapel, to-morrow at 10:30 a. m. Sunday school at 12 m. No evening service. Rev. J. L. Leeper, pastor.

Congregational church, corner of Washington and Fulton streets. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. Preaching morning and evening by Rev. T. Arthur Frey.

Remember the regular meeting of the Loyal Temperance Legion at W. C. T. U. headquarters on Harrison street. Be there promptly at 3:30 o'clock and bring your children.

Rev. G. W. Carder will preach at the Nebraska Mission church, Sabbath morning at 10:30.; Rev. James Trythall will preach in the evening at 8 p. m. All are invited.

The usual services will be held at the Wayne street church. Preaching by pastor at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday school at 2 p. m. Young people's meeting at 7:30 p. m.

Berry street M. E. church, corner West Berry and Harrison streets. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m., by the pastor, the Rev. W. M. Van-Slyke. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

St. Paul's M. E. church. Preaching by the pastor, Rev. M. C. Cooper, at 7:45 p. m. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m. No morning service on account of the funeral of Mr. Samuel Tillbury.

Christian church, corner Griffith and Jefferson streets. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 8:00 p. m. Sunday school at 9:15 a. m. Morning lesson, "Christ, the Deliverer;" evening, "Esau Sells His Birthright."

The men's meeting at the rooms of the R. R. Y. M. C. A. will be held at the usual time to-morrow afternoon, at 3 o'clock, standard time. All men are cordially invited to spend an hour there, as the service will close promptly at 4 o'clock.

Grace Reformed church invites you to attend their services to-morrow, at 10:30 a. m., and 8 p. m. Sabbath school at 9:30. Evening service will be in charge of Secretary Esmond, of the Railroad Y. M. C. A. Rev. A. K. Zartman, pastor.

Quarterly meeting at the Evangelical church, corner Clinton and Holman streets, conducted by Rev. H. Arlen, from Winchester. Services this evening at the usual hour. To-morrow, Sunday school at 9:15 a. m. and German preaching at 10:15 a. m., followed by communion. English preaching at 7:45 p. m. D. D. Speicher, pastor.

Preaching at the Third Presbyterian church, Sabbath, at 10:30 a. m. and 8:00 p. m. Sabbath school at 2 p. m. Young peoples' meeting at 7:30 p. m. Rev. J. M. Boggs, pastor. Morning theme: "In Remembrance of Christ." Evening theme, "Christ's Epistle." The sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be celebrated at the morning service.

A SMALL LIST.

Only Six Deaths Occur During the Week.

The following is the list of deaths reported by the city undertakers since last Saturday:

Michael Curren, 67 years, consumption.

Hamlet Hennig, 46 years, consumption.

WITHOUT A MAYOR!

The Municipal Head of Braidwood, Ill., Refuses to Aid in Oppressing the Miners.

BRAIDWOOD, Ill., June 29.—It is impossible to exaggerate the gravity of the situation at Braidwood, with 3,000 people completely helpless and half famished, and yet the officials of the Chicago, Wilmington and Vermillion Coal company are busily engaged in an attempt to check the movement to raise money for the wretched miners.

A. L. Sweet, president of the Coal company, is now afraid that his scheme to starve the men, women and children is about to be frustrated by the liberality of Chicago. Superintendent Corey, mayor of Braidwood, has abandoned the cursed town and will no longer aid in the work of oppression. Braidwood has now been without a municipal head for several weeks. The loss is not noticed, as there is nothing to govern. There is no money in the treasury and no prospect that any will be paid in from taxes.

STRUCK IT RICH!

While Sinking an Artesian Well a Gold Vein is Struck--Bloodshed Feared Among the Miners.

BLACKFOOT CITY, Mont., June 29.—Grave fears are entertained of a general uprising and wholesale butchery in the Oro Fino mining district, on account of the operations of an organized gang of town site and claim jumpers from the east and south.

Last Saturday the Moore brothers, with their gang jumped the town site of Granite, where, in sinking an artesian well, they uncovered what was supposed to be the richest vein of gold and silver bearing quartz in the territory. Declining an offer from the Granite company to compromise for a third interest in the find, the brothers set to work to develope their claim, while Wier and Andrews, who are in on the deal, moved over to Champion, a new town a few miles west of Deer Lodge. They started in boring a well, and as a result of their investigations, and with the aid of the Moores and their cowboys, they yesterday jumped the whole town site under the mineral laws.

It developed that pay-dirt was struck twenty feet from the surface, the ledge running north and south for nobody knows how far. Dozens of claims, each running 100 feet, with the ledge, have been staked out by the jumpers, who have dispatched a mounted messenger to Helena for aid to enable them to retain possession of the property.

There is a great deal of excitement over the affair and old miners who have seen the quartz ledge uncovered by the gang, say it is richer than that at Granite, which is estimated to be worth $5,000,000. The sheriff and a posse of deputies, have gone to prevent trouble.

A PLUMBER HONORED.

Mr. James Madden Elected Vice-President for Indiana of the National Association.

Mr. James Madden, the popular young plumber, of this city, is home from Pittsburg, where he attended the annual convention of the plumbers of America. The association transacted a good deal of business which will interest plumbers all over the United States and Canada.

Mr. Madden was chosen by unanimous vote to the vice-presidency of the association for the state of Indiana. The congratulations of THE SENTINEL go out to good natured "Jim, the Plumber," as he has been humorously titled by Colonel Alf. T. Lukens.

CHARGED WITH SLANDER.

Frederick Baus Sues Anna Johnson For $1,000 Damages.

To-day Mr. P. B. Colerick, attorney, filed in the circuit court a complaint in which, Mr. Frederick Baus, plaintiff, seeks to recover $1,000 damages from Anna Johnson, on a charger of slander.

It is claimed that the gentle Anna applied to Baus the accusation that he stole certain goods from Moellering's grocery, in consequence of which he was forcibly ejected from the premises.

He thinks about $1,000 will restore the reputation he claims to have had previous to the above mentioned slanderous charges.

UNDER THE WHEELS.

Young Ellis Karns Has a Foot Crushed by a Locomotive.

Abont 2:30 o'clock this afternoon Master Ellis Karns, who lives at 156 Horace street, was walking along the railroad track at Hanna street, when an engine on the Pittsburg track came thundering on. The lad was completely dazed for a few seconds, and, instead of getting out of the way, he stepped right in the way of the approaching locomotive. He was struck and his left foot caught under the ponderous drivers. Amputation of the foot will be necessary. The patrol wagon conveyed the unfortunate boy to his home.

SHERMAN MALCOLM'S SUIT.

A Damage Suit That Will Become Famous--Witnesses From Afar.

One of the most interesting damage suits that has been heard in the Allen county courts for a long time, that of Sherman Malcolm vs. the Pennsylvania company for $10,000 damages, is now pending in the superior court. Judge Chapin adjourned the case to-day, until Monday.

The points of the complaint briefly set forth are that the plaintiff wants to recover $10,000 damages for injuries.

Some months ago Malcolm, who was firing for Engineer Schwind, on the Fort Wayne road, was injured by the crown sheet of the locomotive boiler bursting. He claims in consequence he is a physical wreck.

The case brings up expert testimony, even to the workmen who built the locomotive. A great many railroad men have been subpœnaed and the court room is crowded during the trial. Witnesses for the plaintiff began three days ago and their testimony is not all in yet. Mr. Wils. McDermut is stenographer in the case.

The attorneys for the plaintiff, are L. M. Ninde and Randall & Vesey. For the defense, Allen Zollars and Judge Brackenridge.

Senator Cameron's Funeral.

HARRISBURG, June 29.—The funeral of the late Simon Cameron this afternoon, was the simplest imaginable in accordance with a wish often expressed by the deceased.

LOCAL LINES.

Peter J. Shoppert and Rosetta Budge have been licensed to wed.

A plat of Gillett's adddition has been filed with the county recorder.

Mr. Patrick Ryan, city weighmaster, reports $120.10 as his receipts for June.

Captain Frank Rawles is expected home from Washington the first of next week.

The Burnie shooting case was set for hearing before 'Squire France this afternoon.

Wm. H. Schnoover has filed his bond as executor of the will of the late Elizabeth Bowman.

An affidavit has been filed by Charles Brinsley before 'Squire Hays, charging William Greve with assault and battery.

Mr. James Armstrong, of the millinery firm of Adams & Armstrong, with his family, left this afternoon to spend a few weeks at Rome City.

This morning at Richie the second section of Pittsburg freight train No. 76 crashed into the first section, resulting in the demolition of several cars.

Mr. S. C. Lumbard, wife and children, with his mother, will leave to-night for Bear Lake, to occupy a cottage. Mr. H. G. Olds and family willl go there next Tuesday.

Professor Pieper, St. Louis, Professor Hahman, Milwaukee, and Professor Stockhart, St. Louis, who were attending the fiftieth anniversary of Concordia college, left for home this afternoon.

Daniel Rynhard, who claimed he was robbed, now wants to settle with certain creditors at fifty cents on the dollar. An investigation was ordered and the sheriff thinks it looks like a queer robbery all through.

This afternoon there was filed with County Recorder Thompson the report of the city commissioners in the matter of vacating the alley between lots 46, 47, 51 and 52, Taber's addition, also in the matter of opening and extending Clay street and the opening of Columbia street.

Last Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, at Huntington, occurred the marriage of Mr. H. L. Wells, a most worthy gentleman from West Point, to Miss Anna E. the accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Seber, and an operator for the Wabash railway in this city. The ceremony was conducted by the Rev. C. M. Schaff, at the Reform church, at Huntington. The affair was very quiet, but most pleasant to those attending. The bride was handsomely attired in serpent green moire silk. The groom in conventional black. The bride was attended by Miss Mary Kelly, of this city, charmingly attired in cream alvatross, and the groom by Mr. Judd Ross, of this city, who did honor to the occasion in his usual pleasant way.

Thursday evening last the Misses Trix Jourdain and Tillie Jacoby gave an elaborate basket picnic and six o'clock dinner to a few select friends at Williams' park. The following couples were present: Charles Klug and Trix Jourdain, Will Pierce and Sophia Jourdain, Pierre Thompson and Laura Casper, Mr. Snowberger and May Jourdain, Ben Bottenberg and Tillie Jacoby, Will Donnelson and Nellie Cushew, and Misses Mollie Jacoby and Lotta Blakesley. After dinner the evening was spent with many interesting games prepared by the O. O. K. club, of which all the young ladies are members. Night and the approaching [illegible] the pleasure

COLUMBIA CITY'S P. M.

The President Names George S. Meeley for the Place—Several Other Appointments Made.

WASHINGTON, June 29.—The president to-day appointed George S. Meeley postmaster at Columbia City, Ind., and Robert H. Hunter, of New York, to be collector of internal revenue in the Fourteenth district of New York.

The following United States consuls were appointed: Wm. T. Sorsby, of Mississippi, at Guayanquil; Edward C. Goodinow, of Maine, St. Stephens, N. B.; Daniel K. Hubbard, of Massachusetts, Annabar, Germany; Hugo M. Starkloff, of Missouri, Bremin; Wm. T. Grinnell, of New York, Manchester; John. A. Tibbets, of Conneticut, Bradford; Robert W. Turner, of Kansas, Cadiz; M. D. Sampson, of Kansas, St. Johns, N. B.

Attorney General Miller to-day appointed John E. Smith assistant United States district attorney for the northern district of New York. The resignation of John W. Neems, United States marshal for the northern district of Georgia was received in the department to-day.

Mrs. Harrison, accompanied by the president, Dr. Scott and ex-Senator Sewall, returned to Washington at 1:10 this afternoon.

Dr. Scott and ex-Senator Sewall accompanied Mrs. Harrison from Cape May. The president joined the party at Baltimore.

A NOTABLE EVENT.

The Marriage of Miss Drexel to Mr. Dahlgren at New York.

NEW YORK, June 29.—The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Drexel, daughter of the late Joseph Drexel, and Mr. John Vinton Dahlgren, son of the late Rear Admiral Dahlgren and stepson of the late Consul Dahlgren at Rome, who married Miss Morgan, a daughter of the late Dr. Morgan, of St. Thomas church, was solemnized to-day at St. Patrick's Cathedral. The ceremony was performed by His Grace Archbishop Corrigan.

OPEN DOORS ON THE FOURTH.

The Mayor Will Not Order Saloons Closed on the National Holiday.

Mayor Harding told a SENTINEL reporter this morning that he would not issue an order to close up saloons on the Fourth of July.

"I think," said he, "that there are extremes to matters of this kind. I will do my utmost to keep saloons shut on Sundays and after 11 o'clock at night, but I think it is carrying the enforcement too far to order everything shut up on the Fourth of July."

The mayor does not think the clause of "national holidays" ought to be included in the statute, especially when it affects the Fourth of July. He thinks the natal day and the Sabbath are by no means alike as regards the enforcement of this law.

DEATH OF JIMMY MEEHAN.

The Well Known Fiddler and Fifer Could Not Survive His Injuries.

Last night, at the St. Joe hospital, occurred the death of Mr. James Meehan, more commonly known as "Jimmy the Fifer."

Last Tuesday he was struck and mangled by a Nickel Plate locomotive and the injuries, which were not considered fatal at first, gradually grew worse until the unfortunate man succumbed at 7 o'clock last evening.

Jimmy Meehan was a general character about town. His hobby was to fiddle or fife some days for hours at a time.

A widow and seven children survive him and they live at 36 Brandriff street.

The funeral occurred this afternoon from the late residence, 36 Brandriff street, and from the Catholic church.

TAPPED THE TILL.

The Bar Money at the Saloon of Christian Schafer Stolen Yesterday.

Yesterday, while Billy Linderman, who runs the saloon at 99 Calhoun street for Mr. Christian Schafer, was out on the sidewalk, a sneak thief slid in the door and possessed himself of all the money he could find in the drawer, something over $25. The officers were notified, but the thief has not been apprehended.

LATER.

This afternoon Deputy Sheriff Tom Wilkinson got a clue and with Officer Patton instituted a search. Later, Albert Moritz, a man whose limbs are partially paralyzed, was arrested and he acknowledged having stolen the money.

CHICAGO MARKETS.

CHICAGO, June 29.—Wheat: June, 81¼; July, 80½; August, 78¾; September, 78¾; December, 80¼. Corn: June, 35@¼; July, 34¼; August, 35½@¾; September, 35@½. Oats: June, 23¼; July, 23½ [illegible] August, 23¾; September, 23¾. Pork: June, $11.77½@11.8[illegible]; July, $11.75@11.77½; August, $11.87½; September, [illegible] Lard: June, [illegible]

TO-NIGHT.

An Important Meeting at the Business Men's Exchange.

This evening there will be a called meeting at the Business Men's exchange over Baldwin's music store, looking to the location of another industry in this city. The following postal card has been circulated, and plainly sets forth the object of the meeting:

FORT WAYNE, Ind., June 28, 1889.

The Barber Match company, one of the largest manufacturing institutions in the world, and which is now building at Wabash an enormous straw board plant, proposes to put up, either at Fort Wayne or Indianapolis, an extensive match factory, which will employ in the neighborhood of 1,000 persons. The superintendent and architect of the company will be here Saturday evening, June 29, to look over the advantages of this city. It is important that they be met by our large manufacturers and influential citizens and everything done to prevail upon them to locate here. Will you be sure to be at the rooms of the Business Men's exchange prompt at 8 o'clock, Saturday evening, June 29, to meet these gentlemen, and assist in whatever way you can in securing this valuable industry to Fort Wayne.

COMMITTEE BUSINESS MEN'S EXCHANGE.

MEETING POSTPONED.

The meeting of the Business Men's exchange, called for this evening, has been postponed until further notice. The gentlemen who were to meet with our citizens are prevented from being present. The Traveling Men's association will, therefore, occupy the rooms of the exchange this evening.

OUR NATAL DAY.

Young America Will Give Vent to Their Enthusiasm on July 4.

The approach of the anniversary of America's Independence day is always hailed with gladness, and to none is it a more joyous occasion than to the young, inspired as they are with the patriotism which led our fathers of revolutionary times to deeds of valor and crowned their efforts with a grand and glorious victory.

In preparation for this event, Rose, the grocer, has stocked his store at 75 and 77 East Wayne street, with one of the largest assortments of fire works in the city, and the purchasers will find there everything in that line.

In addition to this, Mr. Rose has one of the best places in Fort Wayne for vegetables, dressed poultry, fruits and groceries of all kinds. He receives fresh berries every day and his assortment of canned goods is very large. He has fresh roasted coffee every morning and his patrons will always find it the best.

If you want good goods and wish to be treated in a handsome way give Mr. Rose a call.

POSTMASTER HIGGINS.

He May Enter Upon His New Duties Next Week.

Postmaster Higgins received his commission yesterday from Washington. The paper is dated June 18. It was rumored that Mr. Higgins would take possession of the office next Monday. Mr. Kaough is ready to turn it over to him at once, but Mr. Higgins says he does not know just when he will assume the duties of the office.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

Spring Fountain Park, at Eagle Lake, to be a Blaze of Glory.

The enterprising Beyer Bros., of Spring Fountain Park, Eagle Lake, near Warsaw, have made arrangements for the grandest celebration that has ever taken place, at their popular resort, on Thursday, July 4th. The Rifles, of this city, the finest drilled company in the state, together with the Logansport Greys, the Elkhart Rifles and Warsaw Cadets, will give a grand competitive exhibition drill. Conn's celebrated gatling gun squad will be present with their fine battery. Sigs. Marchonelle and Underdown, from the Chicago Marine Wrecking Co.'s Crew, will give an exhibition of sub-marine work, diving, exploring swimming, etc. There will be a grand bicycle tournament, base ball match and a variety of exciting out-door contests. The great switch-back roller coasting railway will be in operation and the great cyclorama painting of the Battle of Lookout Mountain will be on exhibition. In the evening there will be the grandest display of fire-works ever seen in northern Indiana. A full-rigged ship will be blown up and sunk by guns from an imitation fort in the harbor. The festivities will be appropriate to the celebration of our nation's anniversary, and no pains or expense have been spared to make this a most interesting occasion. Admission to the park, 10 cents. Half fare rates on all railroads. Special trains runs to and from Warsaw every fifteen minutes.

Ball Games.

The following is the result of the base ball games played yesterday:

National League: Cleveland, [illegible] Washington, 2; Pittsburg, 1, [illegible] phia, 9; Chicago, 11, Boston, [illegible] apolis, 2, New York, 5.

American Association: [illegible] Columbus, 5; first game: [illegible] 7, Louisville, 3; second game: [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] JOSEPHINE BOYCE.

[illegible] ushered, on dim wings of love,
[illegible] from the heavens advancing;
[illegible] appears like a sylph from above,
[illegible] its stillness entrancing;.

[illegible] a sweet sadness borne in on the [illegible]
[illegible] of our past life revealing;
[illegible] it o'er, like the murmuring trees,
[illegible] them the zephyrs are stealing.

Ah, why do sad memories hover so near,
When twilight has lowered its curtain?
And why do life's mysteries, darksome or clear,
[illegible] secret and uncertain?

The cause I would know, still I pause in despair,
And my ignorance sadly regret;
I send a few strains on the cool evening air
From my musical friend—the cornet.

It soothes the tired spirit, and lulls into rest,
While the notes rise and tremble on high;
It tells of the loved ones in heav'n ever blest,
And our meeting with them by-and-by.

It [illegible], like songsters, the pleasures of life,
Be perfect—no power could rob
Its mode of expression—but when there is strife
It ends in a great soulless sob.

Ah, heav'n give me language in which to repeat
My pleasure, my grief, or regret,
In accents as pure, and in music as sweet.
As my silvery-voiced cornet.
WAITSFIELD, Vermont.

THE BATTLE OF FAYAL.

The Most Wonderful Sea-Fight in History.

The fight of Sir Richard Grenville, in the Revenge, against a Spanish fleet, at "Flores, in the Azores," has been celebrated by the English laureate in one of the most stirring ballads of the language; but a grander battle even than that of the Revenge was fought in the same waters seventy-five years ago, and has never been commemorated in song or story. It was a more important engagement than that of Sir Richard, because it directly influenced the result of one of the decisive battles of history, and insured victory to America in what has been called the second war of Independence, the war of 1812. The Revenge gallantly fought and lost, but the American privateer, Armstrong, more gallantly fought and won.

It was about a month after the burning of Washington, in August, 1814, that the British fleet, destined for New Orleans, had sailed from the Chesapeake for the island of Jamaica, to wait reinforcements from England, when the United States private armed brig, General Armstrong, commanded by Captain Samuel C. Reid, sailed from New York on a cruise, and put into the harbor of Fayal, one of the Azore Islands, September 26. Captain Reid, then hardly thirty years of age, had served as a midshipman under Commodore Truxton and was a man of indomitable courage and splendid seamanly qualities. The Armstrong was a small brigantine, of only 246 tons, carrying but seven guns and a crew of ninety men all told, including officers.

Captain Reid had dined that day with the American Consul, Mr. John B. Dabney, who, with a number of other gentlemen, returned with him on board his vessel. Toward sundown the British brig-of-war, Carnation, of eighteen guns, hove in sight, stood up the harbor, and anchored within a half-cable's length of the Armstrong. Soon after the frigate Rota, of forty-four guns, and the ship-of-the-line Plantagenet, of seventy-four guns, came to anchor in the roads. Admiral Lloyd, who commanded the fleet, had previously been informed by the pilot that the Armstrong was in the harbor, and he at once determined upon her capture. The brig Carnation immediately began signalizing with the fleet, threw out four large launches or boats, and commenced passing arms into them. All these movements could be seen, and the orders given were distinctly heard on board the Armstrong. At the same time the British brig made every preparation to intercept the privateer should she attempt to escape. Although Captain Reid had been assured of the perfect safety of his vessel by the American Consul, being in a neutral port, he now felt certain, from the manœuvers of the fleet and the preparations going on, that there would be trouble, and he accordingly told the gentlemen that they had better go on shore. After their departure a council was held among the officers of the Armstrong, and it was first suggested that they should make an effort to get out to sea; but the wind being very light it was determined to haul close in under the guns of the castle for protection.

Capt. Reid immediately gave secret orders to clear the deck for action, and cautioned the crew to make as little noise as possible. He then cut his cable, got out sweeps and commenced pulling in shore to the castle. The Carnation immediately dropped her top-sails and made sail, to prevent the privateer from going out of the harbor should she attempt it, while the boats, which were lying alongside, were ordered in chase of the Armstrong. It was now about eight o'clock in the evening. The moon, which was near its full, was gradually rising, and silver-sprinkling with its beams the beautiful bay, while not a ripple broke the stillness of the glittering surface, save the splash of the oars of the four large launches, well-armed, carrying about forty men each, which were pulling swiftly toward the privateer. Capt. Reid immediately ceased pulling towards the shore, let go an anchor, and got springs on his cable so as to bring the vessel broadside to the enemy.

At this time one of the large launches, which was considerably in the advance, pulled up under the stern of the Armstrong, when Capt. Reid, with speaking-trumpet in hand, being in his shirt-sleeves, and all hands at quarters, hailed the boat three times. No answer was returned except by one of the sailors, who asked in a gruff voice what was the matter. The officer replied: "Make no answer, sir; pull away, my lads," and the next moment the word was given to "toss oars," and with their boat-hooks they hauled alongside under the port quarter of the privateer. The officer in the boat then cried out: "Fire and board, my lads!" And, as the men rose from their seats, Capt. Reid instantly gave the word to his marines to fire, which was almost simultaneous on the part of both. One man on board the privateer was instantly killed, and the first lieutenant, Fred A. Worth, a brother of the late Gen. Worth, of the United States army, was wounded. The men in the boat were severely cut up, and they cried out for quarter, while the other three boats, pulling up at full speed on the starboard side, immediately opened their fire. They were received with a full broadside of grape and canister, which was followed by the shrieks and groans of the wounded and dying. A fierce struggle now ensued, in which the enemy made a desperate attempt to board; but, staggered and appalled by the galling fire of the privateer, they cried out for quarter, and the boats pulled off in a sinking condition with great loss, Capt. Reid refusing to take them prisoners.

The Gen. Armstrong then weighed anchor and pulled in toward the shore, about half-pistol shot from the castle, where she was moored head and stern near the beach, with her port side next to the shore. The Carnation, in the meanwhile, sailed down to the fleet, and it was soon evident that they had determined on a more formidable attack. The American Consul at this time had written a note to the Portuguese Governor, demanding protection for the privateer, but the Governor simply dispatched a note to Admiral Lloyd, requesting him to abstain from further hostilities. To this note Lloyd replied that, as the Americans had first fired into one of their boats without any provocation, he now determined to take the privateer at all hazards, and, if protection were afforded her, he would fire into the town.

About 9 p. m., the wind having breezed [illegible] the enemy's brig was observed standing [illegible] a large fleet of boats in tow, numbering fourteen, and carrying between forty [illegible] men each. When within gun-shot, [illegible] boats cast off from the brig, and took stations in three divisions under cover [illegible] small reef or island of rocks, within [illegible] shot of the privateer. The brig [illegible] under way to act with the boats, in [illegible] the privateer attempted to escape. In [illegible] meantime terror and consternation had [illegible] through the town. The windows of [illegible] houses nearest the scene were filled [illegible] women, and the whole shore was [illegible] with the inhabitants, awaiting with [illegible] excitement and breathless expectation [illegible] coming attack. There lay the [illegible] brig, with her tall, tapering spars, [illegible] on the moonlit waters as quiet and [illegible] as an over-wearied child. There [illegible] like the apparition of a phantom [illegible] a movement was to be seen, not a [illegible] heard to break the stillness of [illegible] and seemingly deserted, from the [illegible] silence which prevailed. Notwithstanding Capt. Reid had made every [illegible] to receive the enemy on all [illegible]

honor, when they saw the terrible odds that opposed them, and while it threatened a fearful retribution, with no hope of reward except death for the defense of the American flag, while a leap to the shore held out to them the inducement of safety, it is remarkable that they stood so firm, and their wonderful discipline may be imagined.

At length, at midnight, the enemy seemed resolved upon the attack, and the boats were observed in motion. Instead of approaching by divisions, as Captain Reid expected, they came on in solid column in a direct line. When about twenty-five yards off, Captain Reid ordered his men to stand by after the fire, to run in the guns and lash in the ports, in order to prevent the enemy from getting through the port-holes on boarding, as they would not have time to reload the guns before the enemy would be alongside. The men were then cautioned to wait for the word, and to be sure of their object. The "Long Tom," a heavy 48-pounder, placed on a pivot amidships, was sighted with fearful accuracy. On came the British boats with undaunted intrepidity, when they were again hailed by Captain Reid, but no answer was returned. The fatal command was then given, and a tremendous fire was opened on the enemy, the thunder and crash of which broke the charmed stillness of the before quiet midnight scene. Reeling back and recoiling from the missiles of death, they warmly returned the fire, remanned their oars, and, giving three cheers, came on most spiritedly. The crew of the privateer asked if they should return the cheer? "No," replied Captain Reid; "no cheering until we have gained a victory." In a moment they succeeded in gaining the bow and starboard quarter of the Armstrong. The cry of the officers commanding the boats was, "Up and aboard, my lads—give the enemy no quarter!" At the same instant they opened a terrific fire with cannonades, swivels, blunderbuses and musketry. They were gallantly met by the crew of the privateer in their black leather boarding caps strapped with steel, looking like demons, with boarding-pikes, muskets, battle-axes, pistols and cutlasses. The vessel soon became one broad sheet of fire, the red glare of which strangely contrasted with the brilliant light of the moon, now riding high in mid-heaven. Shrieks and yells, orders and oaths, amid the clang of sabres, were heard on both sides through the din and roar of the musketry. Again and again the enemy, led by their officers, attempted to gain the decks of the privateer, but were repulsed at all times with immense loss. The battle now raged with the greatest fury. The Americans fought with the desperation of fiends. Making a last desperate effort to board, the enemy gained the spritsail-yard and bowsprit of the privateer, and were pressing their way to her decks, when the American sailors, wielding their battle-axes with the skill and might of knight of old, drove back England's best and bravest men with horrid slaughter. The second lieutenant of the Armstrong, Mr. Alex. O. Williams, was killed at this moment while gallantly leading on his forward division; and the third lieutenant, Mr. Robert Johnson, also fell dangerously wounded. At the same instant Capt. Reid, who commanded the after division, was engaged beating off two large launches, the men and officers of which had succeeded in climbing up the sided of the privateer. One of the latter, the first lieutenant of the Plantagenet, had engaged Capt. Reid in a hand-to-hand fight with cutlasses, and once or twice came near overpowering him. Capt. Reid being left-handed used his right in firing pistols, which the powder boys handed him, while he continued to fight with the British Lieutenant with his left hand, disdaining to shoot down his adversary. At last, the British lieutenant, making a feint, brought down a desperate blow, which Capt. Reid had just time to break the force of, cutting the Captain slightly across the head, and nearly severing his thumb and forefinger. Before the Englishman could recover, Capt. Reid struck him down, and he fell back a corpse into the boat.

It was at this critical juncture that Captain Reid was informed of the death of his second lieutenant and that his third lieutenant was badly wounded. Having succeeded in beating the boats off the quarter, and thus left the only officer on the deck, he perceived that the fire had slackened on the forecastle. At once rallying the whole of the after division, they rushed forward with a shout and opened fire, while he ordered the forward division to heave cold shot into the boats and sink them, as those men were out of cartridges. The enemy, appalled with consternation and dismay, fell back to their boats and retreated, when Captain Reid, bringing the Long Tom to bear upon them, fired the gun himself (which flew off the carriage), doing fearful destruction, and ending in the total defeat of the British. Then it was that Captain Reid cried out, "Now is the time, my boys, to cheer," and three wild, enthusiastic cheers re-echoed over the bay from shore to shore. The Americans among the crowd on the beach hailed the privateer, and asked if Captain Reid was safe, and, being answered in the affirmative, gave three tremendous cheers in return.

The scene which now presented itself was one of indescribable horror. The silvered waters of the bay were crimsoned with blood. Dark forms of numerous dead bodies floated around on every side, while the groans and death shrieks of the wounded struggling around the boats pierced the very air. Many of the boats had been sunk. Two large launches belonging to the frigate Rota lay alongside the privateer, with two other boats, literally loaded with their own dead. In a boat belonging to the Plantagenet all were killed save four. In another boat which had contained fifty souls, but one solitary officer escaped, and he was wounded. Four boats floated ashore full of dead bodies. Some of the boats were left with but a single man, while others had but three or four to row them. The termination was nearly a total massacre. This action lasted about forty minutes. The English force, estimating forty men to a boat, was about 560 men. The English themselves acknowledged a loss in this attack of 120 killed and 130 wounded, but it must have been far greater. The loss of the Americans in this action was but two killed and six wounded!

The deck of the Armstrong, which was in such confusion and slippery with human gore, was now cleared up, the Long Tom remounted, and preparations made for a fresh action, should the enemy again attack her. About this time Capt. Reid received the following note from the American Consul:

"CAPT. REID—DEAR SIR: You have performed a most brilliant action in beating off fourteen boats of the British ships in this road. They say they will carry the brig, cost what it will, and that the English brig will haul close in to attack you at the same time the boats do. My dear fellow, do not uselessly expose yourself if attacked by an overwhelming force, but scuttle the brig near the beach and come on shore with your brave crew. Yours truly,

"J. B. DABNEY.

"Two o'clock, Tuesday morning, Sept. 27, 1814."

Capt. Reid then went on shore, and, after receiving the congratulations of the Consul, was informed that the Governor had again written to Admiral Lloyd, remonstrating against any further attack, but Lloyd sent for answer that he was determined on the capture of the privateer, and that if the Governor suffered the Americans to injure her in any manner he should consider the place an enemy's port and treat it accordingly. Returning on board, Capt. Reid gave up all hope of saving his vessel, but determined to defend her to the last. He accordingly ordered the dead and wounded to be taken on shore, and prepared for the worst. At daylight on the morning of the 27th the Carnation was observed under way, and stood close in for the privateer, when she immediately opened a heavy fire with all her force. The crew of the Armstrong, as if supernatural spirits, or holding charmed lives, still grimly stood by their little bark, returning broadside for broadside with wonderful effect. The maintop-mast of the Carnation soon fell by the board, and she became so much cut up in her hull and rigging, and with the loss of men, that her guns became silenced and she was forced to retire. It was a sublime spectacle, that, of the little privateer, with but a handful of men fighting a hopeless battle against such tremendous odds, in vindication of her rights and her country's honor, with her colors flying in reckless defiance.

Finding all further resistance fruitless, Capt. Reid scuttled his vessel to prevent the English from obtaining possession of her, and then, with his gallant crew, went on shore. The enemy soon after boarded the Armstrong and set her on fire, when she blew up, and thus ended the fate of this noble little craft.

After burning the privateer Commodore Lloyd made a demand on the Governor to deliver up the Americans as his prisoners, which the Governor refused. He threatened to send 500 men on shore and take them by force. The Americans immediately retired, with their arms, to an old [illegible], knocked away [illegible] and determined to defend [illegible] the last. [illegible]

deed. Two sloops of war, the Thais and Calypso, a part of his fleet, which arrived a few days after the battle, were sent back to England with a portion of the wounded. The expedition against New Orleans was planned by the English Government at the same time with that against Washington. In proof of which, Lord Castlereagh, the British Prime Minister, who happened to be in Paris when the news arrived of the burning of Washington, publicly boasted that it would not be long ere Louisiana would be in the possession of his countrymen. It is well known that Gen. Pakenham and Admiral Cochrane had charge of these expeditions, and, having executed the first, concentrated their forces at Jamaica, awaiting re-enforcements to carry out the latter. On Lloyd's arrival they were furious at the occasion of his delay, and heaped upon him the most bitter reproaches, while charging him with having jeoparded the success of the expedition, which only proved too true.

This remarkable battle was the last fought upon the seas in the war with England, while, strange enough, that of New Orleans was the last fought upon the land. When Gen. Jackson afterward learned that a portion of the fleet which was engaged in the assault upon New Orleans was composed of the same vessels which attacked the Armstrong, he declared to Capt. Reid that, but for his determined bravery in resisting the enemy, he (Jackson) would never have fought the battle of New Orleans, but that, most probably, the battle-ground would have been nearer the shores of his own State.

To show the unparalleled victory of the Armstrong, we will state that in the great naval engagement off Cape St. Vincent in 1797, between a Spanish fleet of twenty-seven ships-of-the-line and twelve frigates, and a British squadron of fifteen ships of the line and seven frigates and two sloops of war, the British acknowledged a loss of only 73 killed and 223 wounded. Yet in this tremendous conflict, which lasted over six hours, the English did not lose as many men as they did in trying to capture a little brig of only seven guns! Admiral Jervis, who commanded the British fleet, having defeated the Spaniards, was created an earl by the king of England, and granted a pension of $25,000 a year; while Capt. Reid and his men were granted the privilege of prosecuting their claim before Congress for nearly half a century, and died without receiving one cent of recompense. While to prove more fully the ingratitude of republics, Capt. Reid, in 1818, on the admission of Indiana into the Union, made the design of the present flag of the United States, which was then adopted by Congress, thus having been not only the defender of the old flag, but the designer of the new one.

William Henry Smith.

There are few journalists in America who have had a more varied and interesting career than William Henry Smith, general manager of the Associated Press, New York. William Henry Smith first saw the light of day in Columbia County, New York, on the 1st of December, 1833, and is descended from two old English families. His father, William DeForrest Smith, who was born in Litchfield County, Connecticut, in 1805, was a grandson of Bethel Smith, of Kent, who was a grandson of Rev. Henry Smith, a clergyman well known in the Connecticut valley. His mother was a daughter of Deacon Story Gobb, of Spencertown, Columbia County, who was a lieutenant in the army during the Revolutionary war, and was descended from Daniel Gobb, who settled in the Connecticut valley prior to 1690. The family was of Dutch origin and came to America for religious freedom. The parents of W. H. Smith emigrated to Ohio and settled on the Darby Plain, in Union County, in 1835, when the subject of this sketch was about two years old. He, being of a studious turn of mind, was given the advantage of a thorough education. Subsequently he was tutor in a Western college, and then assistant editor of a weekly paper in Cincinnati, of which at the age of twenty-two, he became editor, doing also editorial work on the "Literary Review." At the outbreak of the late civil war he was on the editorial staff of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, and during the war he took an active part in raising troops and forwarding sanitary supplies, and in political work for strengthening the government. He was largely instrumental in bringing Gov. John Brough to the front as the candidate of the united Republicans and war Democrats, and at Brough's election, in 1863, he became the latter's private secretary. The next year he was elected secretary of state on the Union ticket by a majority of about 60,000, and was re-elected in 1866. He retired from public office to establish the *Evening Chronicle* at Cincinnati, but his health giving way he was forced to withdraw from all active work. In January, 1870, he took charge of the affairs of the Western Associated Press, with headquarters at Chicago. In 1877 he was appointed by President Hayes collector of the port at that city, and was instrumental in bringing about important reforms in customs methods in harmony with the civil-service policy of the administration. In January, 1883, he effected the union of the New York Associated Press with the Western Associated Press, and became general manager of the consolidated association. Mr. Smith is a student of historical subjects. He is author of "The St. Clair Papers," a biography of Charles Hammond, and many contributions to American periodicals. He has partly completed a "Political History of the United States." By his investigations in the British Museum he has brought to light many unpublished letters of Washington to Col. Henry Bouquet, and has shown that those which were published by Jared Sparks were not given correctly.

WILLIAM HENRY SMITH.

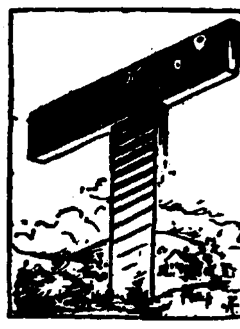
THE following squib has its moral: "Talk about wives," said Farmer Hawbuck. "I've got one wife in a million. Why, she gets up in the mornin', milks seventeen cows, and gets breakfast for twenty hardworkin' men by six o'clock." "She must be a very robust woman, Hawbuck," remarked one of his hearers. "On the contrary," put in the farmer, "she is pale and delikit-like. Gosh, ef that woman was strong, I dunno what work she couldn't do."

OUR greatest hold on happiness, is to tread firmly [illegible] in the path of duty. [illegible]

SCHWATKA IN MEXICO

THE CITY OF MEXICO AND ITS BEAUTIFUL HARBOR.

Prospective Fishery Interests at Guaymas —A Pointer for American Manufacturers —A Visit to San Vicente Cave—Relic of the Mexican War.



THE harbor of Guaymas is picturesque to an extreme, writes Lieut. Schwatka in the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, after being used to the low, flat coasts of Eastern Mexico, and even those of the more southern ports on the Pacific side. It is completely land locked and swarms with a hundred kinds of fishes. It looks not unlike the harbor of San Francisco, California, but while it is smaller it is also far more senic in the many beautiful vistas it opens to sight from the various points as one sails over its tortuous waters running deep into the land and studded with beautiful islands. While we were here the United States fish commission steamer "Albatross" came into the harbor from a long cruise in investigating the fishes of the Gulf of California, and Capt. Tanner, of the United States Navy, told a small party of us that there were enough fishes in the Gulf of California to supply all the markets of Mexico and probably the United States. Singularly enough, nearly all the great fish supply in the gulf was along the eastern coast of this American Adriatic, or on the Sonora and Sinaola sides, rather than along the coast of Lower California. A good system of railways to the interior mining camps and towns is needed to make this great supply available to the wealth of this naturally wealthy but now poorly developed country.

When I first sailed on the waters of the Gulf of California some eighteen years ago the commerce here, small as it was, was three-fourths in the hands of Europeans, while to-day three-fourths of it is American and the other fourth European.

All the new railways of Northern Mexico are American, and they are surely, thoroughly, slowly driving the steamship lines, and especially foreign steamship lines, from the Mexican trade. We labor at one disadvantage, however, and that is the fact that we will not attempt to cater to any other one's taste, even though to do so would be money in our pockets. There are peculiar lines of cheap prints and cottons made in Europe that are sold only on the west coast of Mexico, not a yard finding its way to any other part of the world, and while ours command higher prices and a great deal of it finds ready market here, yet it does not "exactly fill the bill," and Americans, probably from ignorance of the true wants of these people, will not manufacture it and drive the foreign stuff from the Mexican market, which they could easily do. The ignorance of our people as to the commercial value of Mexico to us, and especially those parts off the great lines of railway, is certainly great and losing us money daily now, and more important influence later. Our enormous advantage of contiguity is pressing us forward in spite of our ignorant balking, when in reality we should sweep nearly every line of commerce in Mexico from the hands of foreigners, and this is especially true of the northern part of that rich territory.

GUAYMAS AND HARBOR—LOOKING FROM TORTUGA FLAT.

After cooking our lunch of cabrillas and boca dulces on the northern or inside shore of San Vicente Island we made a visit to the southern or seaward face of the same island. This led us through a little gorge between two high, beetling cliffs and into which the sea had excavated the caves we were to see.

Through or rather under this gorge the waters of the Gulf of California pour into a small underground funnel of the sand rock before they reach the little lagoon beyond. At all hours the reverberation of the rushing tide is like thunder as it beats backward and forward in its cave-like prison. The upper crust of the funnel is pierced with occasional holes and crevices, and at certain stages of water these are the mouths of so many spouting geyers as each wave comes in and beats against the stone roof that confines it there. Woe to the footman who steps across one just as a high wave reaches its maximum strength in the cave beneath. He will get the quickest and most effectual bath of his lifetime.

GUAYMAS' PUBLIC WELLS.

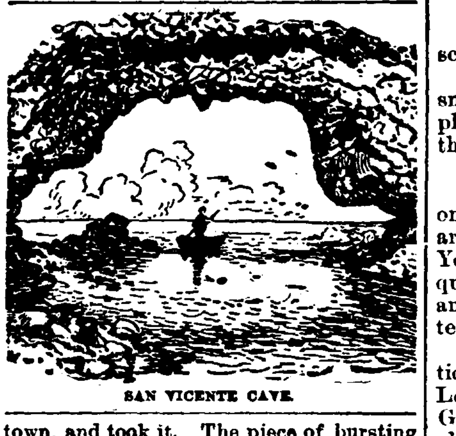
Once on the seaward face and a long line of caves are presented to view. The high hills here are hard conglomerate, and the sea waves of the Gulf of California have cut far under the cliffs, leaving overhanging masses of earth sometimes hundreds of feet in depth, as measured back along the roofs under which we walked. They looked foreboding enough, and we felt that a great chunk of a few hundred tons might come down at any time on our heads, scaling off of the roof, for here and there could be seen just such deposits in the shallow waters, while occasionally great islands were made out along the mouth of the caves that must have been formed when greater masses fell down, probably the whole cave tumbling in.

The coloring in the largest cave was beyond description, and although the accompanying sketch is as good as black and white can make it, it conveys but little idea of the reality, beyond form and contour, with the variegated colored rocks for a roof, and the same reflected in a floor of the deepest ultramarine oscillating with the great swells of the ocean.

I thought that Guaymas had a wealth of natural attractions for the winter tourist or traveler, although hardly any reared by the hand of man to make his stay comfortable in the strictly physical sense. The hotels are all Mexican, and while they should be judged from that standpoint [illegible]

Even the inhabitants, in their Nazarine primitiveness, are very interesting. Although Guaymas claims 7,000 within her gates, her water-works are of the same character as those of the ancient Egyptians. The chief description I shall give of them is the picture of one of the public wells, just in the suburbs of the town. Multiply this by six or seven, throw in two or three abandoned and dilapidated ones that look like the ruins of Jericho, and the description is as complete as it can be made.

In one of the rooms of the American Consul, Mr. Willard, facing the principal piaza, is lodged the piece of a shell, thrown there, singularly enough, by an American man-of-war when Guaymas was taken, in 1847, during the Mexican war. At that time the Portsmouth and Congress entered the harbor, shelled the town, and took it. The piece of bursting shell has lodged in the huge wooden rafters of the building, and its rusty round side is plainly visible from beneath. As the American flag yet floats from the staff directly over the shell, it makes it quite an interesting as well as historical piece of iron.



SAN VICENTE CAVE.

There are very few good seaports in Mexico. There are none on the Atlantic coast, and but one or two on the Pacific, and those will need some work to make them as good as we are used to seeing on our own seaboards. Either Guaymas or Topolobampo, from their peculiar geographical positions and inherent qualities that nature has given them in a country where she has been very spare with her favors, will be a great port on the Pacific for the transmission of freight from the United States and Mexico to Australasian ports. San Francisco holds this now by right of American energy over her southern neighbor, but against fairer position and ultimate development of this region I do not think she can hope to keep it always.

The country surrounding Guaymas is rich, but undeveloped in the American sense. Enough has been done to show, however, about its true capacity, and on this I found my conclusions.

FREDERICK SCHWATKA.

LETTERS FROM THE CORNERS.

A Call on the Bride.

NECK OR NOTHIN' HALL,
KILKENNY CORNERS.

DEAR MR. EDitur: Thay wus a hull lot of us wimmin folks went to call on Samanthy Trumbul, or Mis Trumbul, es we all called her.

She hes every thing fixed up es nice es kin be. She hes a knew kind of curtings to her parlor winders. Thay air called scrum; thay air yaller an kindy thick an thin, but thay looked awful nice. An she hes a knew rag carpet on the flore. It is called a hiter mis, an is wove with the chane in stripes; her chane is yaller an blue.

It do look awful brite an cheerful.

They hev 2 rockin cheers an a haf dozen stule cheers, painted yaller with blue stripes on to em.

Every thing in to her parlor hes yaller an blue on to it sum whares.

Smanthy is a good hous keeper an she got us a awful good supper.

She hed biled aigs, an lettis, an reddishes, an inyuns, an cole biled beaf, an awful good pickles an bred, an fur dessert she hed gooseberry pie an dride apples an jelly cake.

Everything wus tip-top, an her piecrus wood amost melt in your mouth.

When I tole Willam Henery what we hed fur supper he sed he wushed hed a bin thare. Mis Cronks an Mandy wus hear tother day. Mandy ses she hes cum home to git fattened up on yaller laiged pullet an sech.

Laws, it's mos to airly in the season fur fride chicking.

Mandy an Willam Henery hed a big ole tussel. He quit his wurk an cum in jes a purpos to hev a visit with Mandy.

She wus a settin in my big rockin cheer, an kep a laffin at him about a gittin in to the slop bar'l up to Miss Gilses, an tole him it wer jes like a hog to want to git into the deapest place an waller; an thet is the way she kep a goin on.

Thay hed one or two scrummages, but didn't do mutch dammag on neither side, an I wus jes a thankin my stars thet the day wuz a goin to be spent with out enny serus tussel.

All to onct he made a grab fur the back of her cheer an kep a tippin her back furder an furder, till her heels wus mos es high es her hed, an her a squakin all the time fit to kill.

He give her a leetle too mutch of a pull, an all to onct snap went the rockers off'n the cheer, an over she went, her feet a tak'n him into the pit of the stummick, an dubled him up with the rest of the plunder on to the flore. I wus dretfully skeert, fur I thot thet thay wus sumbuddy kilt, shore, frum the way Mandy screached when she went over.

Thay want nobuddy serusly hurt, tho Willam Henery's lumbago has ben a trubbelin him ever sents.

Mandy looked gashly pale at furst, but she commenced to laf purty soon, an se I knowed she wer all rite.

I mus quit rite smack of, Mr. Editur, an go an wed out ther inyun bed or [illegible]

OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

Happy Children.

They sent him round the circle fair
To bow before the prettiest there;
I'm bound to say the choice he made
A creditable taste displayed;
Although I can't say what it meant,
The little maid looked ill content.

His task was then anew begun;
To kneel before the wittiest one.
Once more the little maid sought he,
And bent him down upon his knee.
She turned her eyes upon the floor;
I think she thought the game a bore.

He circled then his sweetest behest,
To kiss the one he loved the best;
For all she frowned, for all she chid,
He kissed that little maid, he did.
And then—though why I can't decide—
The little maid looked satisfied.

Gertie as a Teacher.

"You taught a class in Sunday-school!"

"I did, truly, girls," said Gertie, smoothing out her dress with a complacent look. "Every single Sunday that I was there."

"How many scholars did you have?"

"Why, I had one; they only give one scholar to a teacher, when there are teachers enough to go around. You see the men want to talk, ask questions, and have things explained, and one is as much as you can attend to."

"I should like to know what questions you could answer," said Edna Lewis, tossing back her curls. "Why, Gertie Allen, you were only ten years old when you went to California!"

"I know that, but I was asked ever so many questions that I could answer; my scholar was real nice."

"What did you teach him?"

"Oh, he was learning his letters. I had a bright-colored picture-book, and I pointed to the letter and said it, and then he would try to say it after me. Sometimes he would pronounce so funny I would have to laugh. He used to 'mocaslat,' too."

"'Mocaslat!' What is that? Is it a Chinese word?"

"No," said Gertie, laughing, "that is a 'Melican word,' but I was ever so long in understanding what he meant."

"What did he mean?"

"Why, 'mark a slate,' he was learning to write. I used to make a letter on his slate, then he would try it; sometimes he would fill his slate full of that one letter—made real nice, too."

"I should think that was queer teaching for Sunday-school." This was what the girl with the tossing curls, who had never been to California and never been a Sabbath-school teacher, said.

"Why, it is the only way you can teach! They didn't know a thing, and they want to learn how to read, so as to get into the Bible-class. They learn ever so fast. Of course you can talk to them a little. My scholar asked questions about Chicago; he knew I lived in Chicago, and he had some of the funniest ideas. He asked me if the folks all went to church every day and if they talked about Jesus all the time. And he said he should think they would love Jesus so they would be homesick to go see him. Uncle Allen said that was what he meant, though he used some queer words to explain his meaning."

The girls were thoughtful over this. It struck them as a strange thing to be homesick to see Jesus.

"He said a good many things that were hard to answer," Gertie continued. "Once he asked me how many times a day I made 'talkee' to my Jesus?"

Then the girls all laughed: but some of them grew sober in a very few minutes.

"I shouldn't like to answer that question," said Dell Woods.

What the other girls thought they didn't say, but Gertie, with grave face and thoughtful eyes, went back in memory to some of the searching questions that her Chinese scholar asked her, and wished in her heart that she could have told him more about Jesus as her personal friend.—*The Pansy.*

An Indian Game.

When not on the war-path, or engaged in hunting, Western Indians spend much of their time in various games or contests of skill. Of these contests one of the most popular is flying the arrow, a sport to which the Indians of all tribes devote considerable time and attention. When this game is proposed each of those who wish to join in it lays on the ground something of small value, such as a pipe, quiver of arrows, a bow, spear, tobacco pouch or knife, and when all have been collected the value of the whole makes a prize well worth trying for.

The bows are carefully examined, a dozen of the best arrows in the quiver selected, and the first of the competitors steps out in front of the rest, and prepares to shoot, not at a mark, but straight up into the air. His object is to have as many arrows in the air as possible at the same time, and he who can send up the greatest number before the first touches the ground, wins the game and all the prizes.

But few of the most expert of the Indian bow-men have been known to put more than ten arrows into the air at once, and to do even this requires extraordinary skill and strength. The arrows, ten or twelve in number, are held in the hand that grasps the bow, and the rapidity with which each is fitted to the string and sent upward is truly wonderful.—*Harper's Young People.*

"Old Hickory" Was Tough.

Traveler in a sparsely settled region in Tennessee (coming down with red eyes to breakfast)—You say, madam, General Andrew Jackson once slept in the bed I occupied last night?

Aged Landlady of Country Tavern—He did, fer a fack.

Traveler—Was it—er—the same bed in all respects it is now?

Aged Landlady—Jes' the sam.

Traveler—And he actually slept in it? Sure he slept?

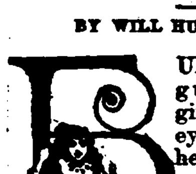
Aged Landlady—Sartin'. That's what I wuz sayin'. He slep' in it.

Traveler (wonderingly)—"What a hide he must have had!—*Chicago Tribune.*

OXYGEN is now prepared in London at a cost of not more than $1.75 per thousand cubic feet, and it bids fair to come into extensive use for various purposes, some of which were lately mentioned to the Society of Chemical Industry by Dr. T. L. Thorne. It is almost always the true agent in bleaching operations, and a stream of the gas applied to the bleaching of paper pulp has effected a saving of 30 per cent. It can be used in the purification of illuminating gas; and when applied to the maturing of spirits mellows them in [illegible]

SHE COULDN'T UNDERSTAND.

BY WILL HUBBARD-KERNAN.



BUDDY," queried a gushing Bridgeport girl as she bent her eyes a little lower to her embroidery, "papa says that Hal has been on a wild, spectacular tare since we saw him last. I wonder what he meant?"

"He meant that the chump of a cheap dude you seem determined to make a still bigger fool of by marrying was on a spree."

"A spree, Buddy? What is a spree? Please talk Bridgeport."

"Why—er—he meant that Hal had it up his snoot."

"His what?"

"His snoot. That is to say, he painted the town a bright, picturesque and royal ruby."

"You mean, hateful thing," retorted the Bridgeport maiden, as her spirit began to rise. "You know very well that Hal never soiled his soft, white, patrician hands with work in his life. Just point out of the window and show me a trace of the paint, will you?" And she laughed a low, victorious smile of scorn.

"Can't you understand?" yelled her brother, with the desperation that is said to be born of despair. "Father meant to say that Hal was half-seas over."

"Oh, how nice! That accounts for his absence. He spoke of traveling for his health; but I think he might have bid me good-by." And a gurgling, little, very wet sob stopped her voice.

I am sorry to say that the brother muttered something that rhymes with "ram it" before he went on to say:

"Sis, looky here: Hal was three sheets in the wind. That's the size of it."

"Oh, was he?" with a sudden start of terror. "Tell me; te-l-l me, Buddy, doesn't that mean the vessel he was sailing in was in danger?" and she began to wring her hands.

"Naw," sneered Buddy, "it doesn't. Yes, it does, too," he continued. "His schooner was upset so frequently that he was upset himself."

A long, piercing cry, "Drowned, dr-owned!" and the beautiful vision of loveliness staggered over to the sofa, in order that she might have a nice, soft, comfortable place upon which to swoon.

"Don't faint, sis. Your beloved isn't a 'demnition moist corpse.' He was simply corned."

"Corned? What's that?" a ray of hope lighting up her eyes, made still more radiant by their tears.

"Yorked: that's what it is."

"Yorked? O, Buddy, pray tell me the meaning of this strange language."

"Blast it, Sue! he was—was—was on a sky-lark."

"O, that's just perfectly splendid!" and the girl laughed gayly. "You oughtn't to have terrified me so. On a skylark! A regular aeronaut! Just think of it! You know I've always been wanting to take a trip in a balloon, and when he and I are married we'll——"

"Balloon, your granny!" howled the distracted brother. "Who was talking about a blooming balloon? Father simply meant to say that Hal was very badly shot in the neck."

"What! My Hal!—my betrothed!—my darling!—shot in the neck? O, Buddy, Buddy, Bud-dy, was—was the wound mortal?" And, with a cry that stopped every clock in the *Ledger* office, our fair heroine picked up "Robert Elsmere" and retired with him to her room.—*Chicago Ledger.*

The Sea Has Still Its Adventures.

While life on shore becomes more and more commonplace, the sea never loses its romance and adventures. Thrilling stories of adventure—of rude perils and seaman-daring, come to us from time to time, to justify the world of fiction that has been founded upon ocean life. Anchored in New York harbor the other day was a little cockle-shell of a boat in which Capt. Joshua Slocum and his family, consisting of his wife and two sons, had made an ocean voyage of over seven thousand miles, meeting with many rough adventures and facing many perils. The Captain was in command of the bark Aquidneck, which foundered off the rocks at Rio Grande do Sul, Southern Brazil, about a year and a half ago. Knowing no other way of reaching home, the Captain constructed a craft out of the vessel's timbers, thirty-five feet in length, with a seven and one-half foot beam and drawing two feet of water, which he named La Libertad, or Liberty, in which he stowed away his family and the necessary provisions, and boldly sailed away for the land of his craft's name. La Libertad encountered many stormy seas, but weathered them safely. She was attacked by pirates, but beat them off, and once a whale coming up to "blow" about something, gave the bark a blow that nearly destroyed her. Keel and rudder were broken and the anchor cut away, but La Libertad kept on her course. The boat was five months in reaching Washington, from whence she came to New York by an inside course through rivers and canals to Raritan Bay. A health to brave Capt. Slocum!—*Texas Siftings.*

Japanese Women.

In Japan the women have taken kindly and quickly to the foreign methods of introduction, and prove themselves faithful and intelligent students. They show a great deal of ability in the hospitals and training schools for nurses, and much quickness in learning, as well as fondness for whatever they undertake to study. A Japanese woman's education formerly consisted of a strict and thorough drilling in all the rules of etiquette, in learning to play on the koto and samisen, and in arranging bouquets; they were also taught, those of the upper and middle classes, to read and write the common language in the hirakana or simple running characters, instead of the square characters of the classic language. All newspapers, novels and plays are written in the hirakana, and in Japan, as well as in other countries, women are great novel readers. There have been literary women in Japan, women who have written dramas, poems and novels, as well as those who read them. The women of Japan hope eventually to attain a position equal in consideration to that of American women. And since the wife of the Japanese Minister at Washington has been able to learn the English language in one year so that she speaks it fluently, it shows what a Japanese woman can do.

GREECE gained her independence from Turkey in 1829; and by a [illegible] of London, [illegible]

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.

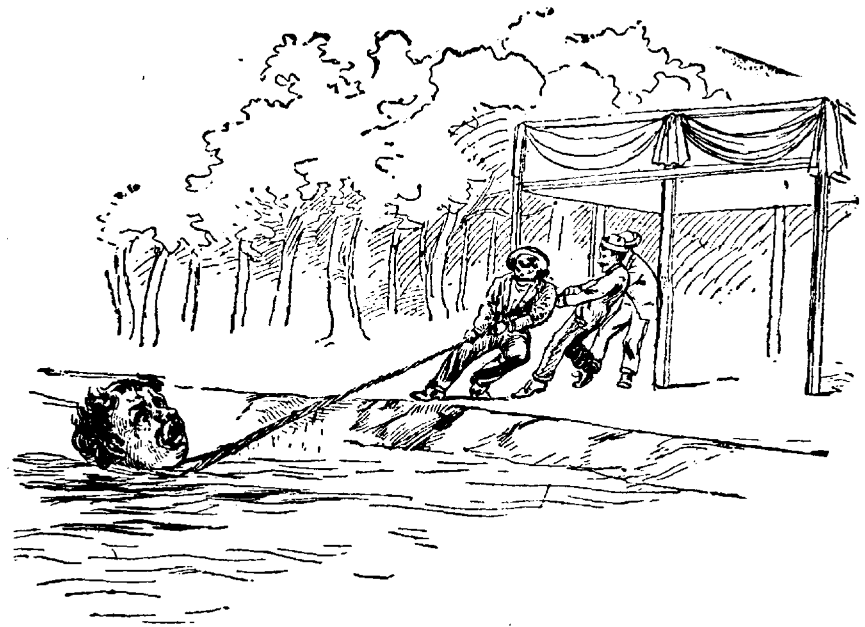
FIZZ! Sputter!
Bang! Whoop!
Once more in his relentless grind hath Time
Turned out the day we execr—celebrate.
Proud bird of freedom!
Once more let thy exultant squawk be heard,
And let th' affrighted monarchs of the Old World
Tremble as doth the far Missourian
Who feels the shakes on coming, forty miles
From quinine!
Wake from thy slumber, weary son of toil,
At 3 o'clock a. m. and harken
To the wild clangor of the deep-toned bells,
The boom of cannon, and the maddening snap
And bang incessant of the firecracker,
Squib, torpedo, and the yell demoniac
Of the early hoodlum patriot.
Toss upon thy restless couch and listen
To the far-reaching fishhorn, the dreaded kazoo,
The loud, angry, and defiant protest
Of the neighboring rooster, and rejoice
That July 4 comes only once a year!
Was it for this, ye men of '76,
Ye fought, and bled, and whipped? What, fight eight years
In order that this people might possess
The toy pistol?
Yet why these grumblings? Men of America,
Awake! you cannot help yourselves! Get up!
Stir your lazy stumps. Be boys again,
And help the youngsters celebrate the day.

THE PONCA CELEBRATION.

BY C. F. CARTER.

TWAS Independence Day in Ponca; Ponca was in holiday attire; Ponca was in a blaze of glory; Ponca, individually and municipally speaking, was in a transport of patriotism bordering on beatitude. It was the one hundred and twelfth anniversary of the signing of that immortal declaration that revolutionized the world, and Ponca proposed to celebrate the day on a scale of magnificence that would eclipse even its own previous efforts in that direction, which was saying a great deal.

No other city in the breadth of four counties could boast citizens more liberal, more public-spirited, or more keenly alive to the possibilities of profit in a properly conducted celebration. The brass band of no other town discoursed more enthusiastic but misguided melody; no other committee on arrangements that was ever appointed could compass such miracles of mirth as the Ponca greased-pig races. From no other platform did oratory attempt such empyrean flights; from no other booths was served such frigid lemonade.



"HE WAS HAULED OUT BY MEANS OF A ROPE THROWN OVER HIS SHOULDERS."

Knowing all this, and knowing, furthermore, that the Hon. W. McClellan Fayke, Esq., was announced as the speaker of the day, in prodigious type, that the *Weekly Palladium* had ordered expressly for the purpose, is it any wonder that farmers who were so unfortunate as to reside at a distance from Ponca aroused their households at 1 a. m., in order that the chores might be disposed of, and the journey to the Mecca of patriots accomplished in good season?

Concerning the Hon. W. McClellan Fayke, Esq., nobody had any information further than that gentleman himself had furnished. He had alighted four weeks before from the one mixed train that visited Ponca every twenty-four hours, and going to the leading hotel, had ordered a sumptuous feast, served in the best room in the house. Very dignified in bearing was the Hon. W. McClellan Fayke, Esq.; very impressive in conversation. True, his coat was in that condition sometimes described as shabby, and his shoes had certainly seen better days, but the Hon. Fayke explained that he was just returning from a lengthened sojourn in his tin mines in the Black Hills. Of course it was impossible in that beastly mining camp to observe all those little amenities of the toilet he was accustomed to at his villa on the Hudson.

He was on his way, so he said, to look after his beet sugar interests in the South of France, but hearing that there were indications of tin in the vicinity of Ponca, had thought the rumor worth investigating.

The Hon. W. McClellan Fayke, Esq., visited the bluffs near the town, in company with the Mayor and a few influential citizens, secured some specimens which he submitted to mysterious tests in the privacy of his apartments, and announced that Ponca was underlaid by an immense storehouse of mineral wealth of a value too stupendous for the mind of man to conceive. He was immediately elected president, manager and treasurer of the Ponca Consolidated Comstock Mineral and Mining Company, and urged to push the development of the storehouse to the utmost. Real estate values at once soared skyward, until back lots reached a figure more than equal to the total assessed valuation of the county. Everybody quit work, affected high rubber boots and talked of leads, tunnels and countershafts.

Meanwhile, Hon. W. McClellan Fayke, Esq., needed a few articles of wearing apparel. His steward had neglected to make the remittance he had ordered—been on a drunk, perhaps—and to tell the truth he was a little embarrassed. Of course, he would make it warm for that steward, but for the present he must crave a little indulgence, awkward as it was.

The tailor was proud to be able to favor such a public benefactor with the best in his shop, and begged him not to worry himself about the pay; the barber drove other customers out of his chair to attend to Hon. Fayke's toilet, and relied upon the Honorable's generous memory for the score; the landlord of the Prince House ransacked the Ponca market for viands to tickle the distinguished guest's palate, and left the reckoning to his own good time.

"AND NOW, THOU ADORED OF MY HEART."

Every issue of the *Weekly Palladium* contained from four to a dozen items concerning the Hon. Fayke, and was particularly lavish in praise of the financial skill he displayed in raising funds on what, thanks to his untiring efforts and the modest assistance of the *Palladium*, promised to be the grandest Fourth of July celebration the county had ever witnessed.

In the course of his majestic progress down the street one day, the Hon. Fayke chivalrously kicked a hungry cur that refused to get out of the way of Miss Erminie Moffatt, a maiden of [illegible] years and romantic ideas, who had [illegible] in the Ponca National Bank, [illegible] acknowledged the courtesy by [illegible] from that moment the [illegible]

of your time, I am positively jealous of them."

"Ah, fair one, 'tis my country calls and I must away. Upon this glorious day it is the duty of every true citizen to sacrifice all personal considerations for his country's welfare."

"Oh, you dear, noble man."

"Have you—a—Erminie—that is, have you a—everything in readiness for our flight?"

"Yes."

"'Tis well. The hour for my speech approaches. A—of course you—a—have all your funds out of the bank?"

"Yes."

"Again 'tis well. Rememb r, after my speech the carriage, the flight, then—then, adored one, a long, long dream of bliss in my vine-clad cottage in sunny Italy."

"Oh, won't it be romantic."

"Be prepared then. For the present, adieu."

"By-by."

"Good-by."

"Good-by."

Hon. W. McClellan Fayke, Esq., took his stately way to a grove of gnarled, sprawling box-elders, whither the entire population of Ponca, and of the county as well, had preceded him. The grove was hemmed in on three sides by a turbid flood designated as the "creek," while on the peninsula that formed the remaining boundary were gathered lumber wagons, market wagons, democrat wagons, wagons new and old—a wilderness of wagons. At the side of the grove farthest from the peninsula and almost overhanging the creek a rude platform had been erected to accommodate the orator of the day, an organ, and the Ponca Glee Club. Upon raised seats at the rear of this platform were ranged thirty-eight young ladies dressed in white and wearing red pasteboard coronets labeled in gilt, who were supposed to represent the States of the Union.

Little girls in short, white dresses; young ladies in long, white dresses; and porty matrons in large, white dresses assisted their brothers, sweethearts and husbands to work the soft, black earth into a bottomless mine as they tramped a ceaseless round from platform to lemonade booth, and from lemonade booth to the merry-go-rounds. In the outskirts of the grove a party of boys were industriously firing anvils, while innumerable begrimed and perspiring smaller brothers were exploding firecrackers with an energy they never exhibited but once a year. The horses at the wagons neighed incessantly and the *Ponca Cornet Band* executed its loudest music with tireless energy. Altogether it was a delightfully patriotic pandemonium into which Hon. Fayke's stately steps led him.

The Hon. W. McClellan Fayke, Esq., ascended the platform and beamed benignly upon the gaping multitude while the glee club rendered

"Yankee doodle, keep it up,
Yankee doodle dan-dy."

Then the Hon. Fayke stepped to the front and began:

"Friends and fellow-citizens:

"As the living representatives—a—as the lineal descendants, I may say, of our illustrious forefathers, it behooves us——"

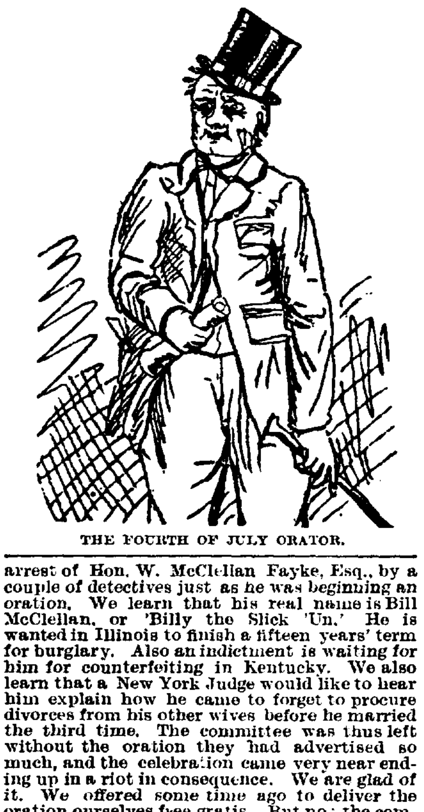
Casting about for fitting words to round this elegant period the Hon. W. McClellan Fayke, Esq., cast his eye to the right and beheld a stranger coming quickly up the steps. There was nothing remarkable in his appearance, but the Hon. Fayke turned pale and glanced to the left. Seeing another stranger coming up the steps on that side also he turned like a flash, and, clearing the benches at a bound, dropped into the creek behind, immediately in advance of a couple of bullets from the strangers' revolvers.

The young ladies screamed and fainted in a body, while the organist tried to crawl into his instrument.

Hurrying around to the rear of the platform the strangers found the Hon. Fayke immovably stuck in the treacherous mud, with the dirty water reaching to his armpits and rapidly gaining on his mouth. He was hauled out by means of a rope thrown over his shoulders, loaded into a buggy and driven away shivering and swearing.

The next issue of the *Weekly Palladium* contained the following:

"Our little city was thrown into quite a flurry of excitement on Independence Day by the arrest of Hon. W. McClellan Fayke, Esq., by a couple of detectives just as he was beginning an oration. We learn that his real name is Bill McClellan, or 'Billy the Slick 'Un.' He is wanted in Illinois to finish a fifteen years' term for burglary. Also an indictment is waiting for him for counterfeiting in Kentucky. We also learn that a New York Judge would like to hear him explain how he came to forget to procure divorces from his other wives before he married the third time. The committee was thus left without the oration they had advertised so much, and the celebration came very near ending up in a riot in consequence. We are glad of it. We offered some time ago to deliver the oration ourselves free gratis. But no; the committee must hire the Hon. Fayke at an expense of $50. The committee will have to make up this amount themselves as well as about $200 more that the Hon. Fayke collected for them but forgot to turn over. The Ponca Consolidated Comstock Mineral and Mining Company is also left to the extent of $3,000 by Hon. Fayke's management. In fact, nearly every man in our city mourns the Hon. Fayke's departure from $10 to $160 worth, and we understand that a certain lady's property came very near going along with the rest."



THE FOURTH OF JULY ORATOR.

Misleading Signs.

"You talk about being taken in," said a drummer; "an incident occurred during my last journey which, besides proving of interest to your readers, may serve as a caution to many. Last month I was in Chicago, and having reason to believe that a certain large house in the center of the city required just such stock as I had, I determined to visit it.

"On arriving outside of that firm's place of business, which covered nearly half a block, I noticed a stairway, over which was a sign reading: 'Entrance for Commercial Travelers.' Naturally thinking that the office of the buyer was in that direction, I mounted the stairs with rising hopes. At the top was a long passage with similar signs pointing straight along. At the end of the corridor there was a turn and more stairs, this time leading downward. The signs continued to show the way. At the bottom I opened a door, with a sigh of relief, and found myself—in the street. I had simply walked up one stairway, through a long hall and down another stairway, to where I had started five minutes before."

MRS. QUERIST—I hear that your divorce suit is finished, Marie. What are you going to do next? Mrs. Queerish—Go to work on a new wedding dress, of course.

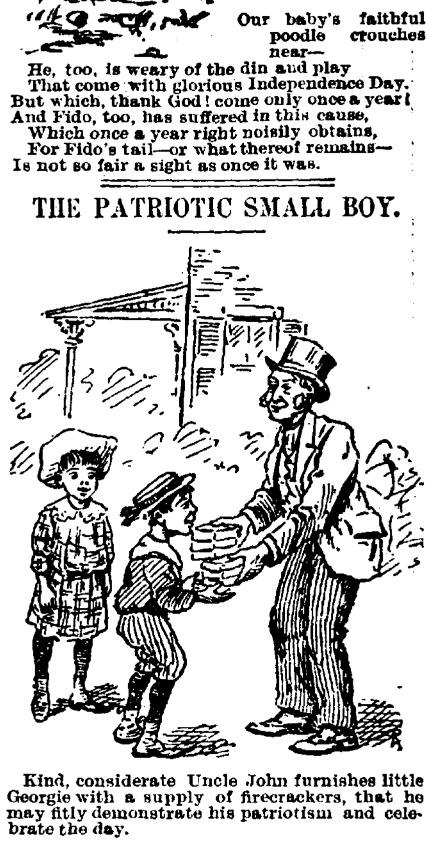
[illegible]

AFTER THE CELEBRATION.

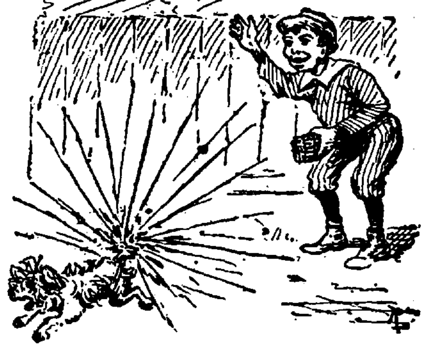
THE sun climbs up, but still the tyrant Sleep
Holds fast our baby boy in his embrace;
The slumb'rer sighs, anon athwart his face
Faint, half-suggested frowns like shadows creep.
One little hand lies listless on his breast,
One little thumb sticks up with mute appeal,
While motley burns and powder marks reveal
The fruits of boyhood's patriotic zest.

Our baby's faithful poodle crouches near—
He, too, is weary of the din and play
That come with glorious Independence Day,
But which, thank God! come only once a year!
And Fido, too, has suffered in this cause,
Which once a year right noisily obtains,
For Fido's tail—or what thereof remains—
Is not so fair a sight as once it was.

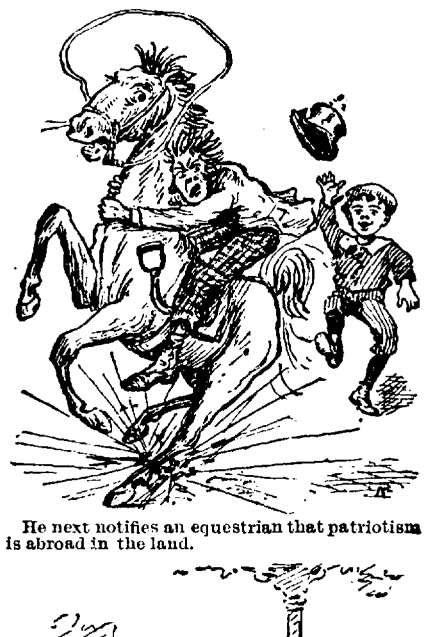
THE PATRIOTIC SMALL BOY.



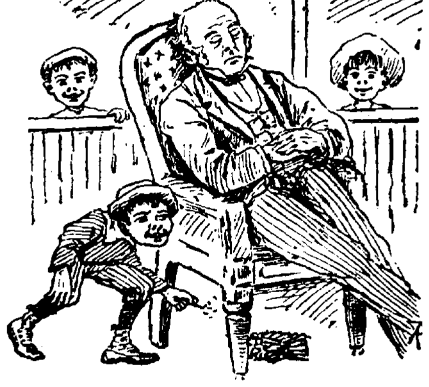
Kind, considerate Uncle John furnishes little Georgie with a supply of firecrackers, that he may fitly demonstrate his patriotism and celebrate the day.



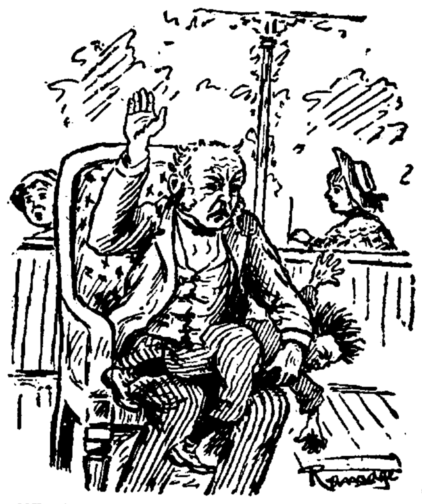
Georgie ties a bunch on his sister's pet Yorkshire, and finds it beats tin cans all to pieces.



He next notifies an equestrian that patriotism is abroad in the land.



Finding kind Uncle John asleep on the back porch, he thinks it would be great fun to give him a little Fourth of July surprise.



Which is duly acknowledged by kind Uncle John in a way calculated to discourage youthful patriotism.

A Tram-Car Story.

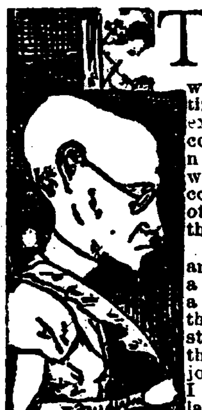
A fair friend of ours was traveling in a tram-car the other day. When the conductor came round to collect the fares she had so much difficulty in getting at her pocket that he left her, meaning to return as soon as he finished the round of the car. However, he forgot all about the matter. In the meantime our friend extricated her money from its hiding-place, and was expecting him to come back for it, when the inspector came in to examine tickets, and finding she had none, gave the conductor a sound blowing-up for his negligence. After he had gone, the unfortunate conductor remonstrated with the young lady for getting him into so much trouble, adding, in a stage whisper, "it might have been wuss, though. He thought you was my sweetheart, or he'd ha' got me the sack."

"DOES Miss Hysee sing?" asked a traveling man of a friend who had just introduced him to a young lady. "Well, that's largely a matter of faith." "I don't understand you." "It depends altogether on which you believe, her mother or her neighbors."

MR. NYE AS A REPORTER.

SOME INTERESTING PERSONALS AND NEWS NOTES.

How Chauncey M. Depew Goes Through a Day's Toil—Points About Governor Hoard, Russell Sage, Governor Hill, and Other Celebrities.



THE picture papers have so faithfully reproduced the portraits of so many well-known men from time to time that at unexpected moments we come upon those whose names are identified with the history of the country in some way or other, writes Bill Nye in the New York *World*.

Starting out on a pleasant day by myself, with a large pad of paper and a soft medium pencil, the old reportorial instinct came back with three-fold power as I journeyed onward, and I concluded to accumulate a column of bright, newsy "personals" for the paper, using my acquaintance, of course, where I had any, and relying upon my gentle aplomb and naivete where I had not. I was thus enabled to secure the following local items of interest, which I have jotted down in the simplest and most straightforward manner:

'Squire Cleveland is having a new and natty sign painted for his office down-town. He will practice in all the courts of New York and elsewhere. Collections promptly attended to and pensions secured at a nominal fee. Conveyancing done, deeds drawn, also salaries. Notary public. Also good house for rent. Mr. Albert Bierstadt is painting the sign. It is a la la.

Brother Grady of the *Constitution* was on our streets not long since. He is looking well and reports health good. Henry bought quite a lot of new job type for his paper while here. The *Constitution* is as good a paper as comes to this office. During his absence Joe Harris, a bright young writer of Georgia, has general oversight of the editorial and job departments of the paper. He came to New York once and the literati tried to give him a dinner, but as soon as he heard of it he went away. For two or three weeks he ate his meals under a nom de plume.

PUT YOUR TICKETS IN THE BOX

RUSSELL SAGE WANTS HIS TICKET BACK.

Brother George W. Curtis of *Harper's Weekly* is still quite lame. His knee was injured last summer while he was engaged in playing lawn tennis at West Brighton, Staten Island, where he lives. The knee is still weak, and so Mr. Curtis walks but little. Lawn tennis is one of the most dangerous enemies with which civil service has to deal.

AN ITEM ABOUT RUSSELL SAGE.

Yesterday quite a rumpus was created at the elevated depot on Park place, where an elderly man went up and put in his ticket on the west side, when he really wanted to go up town. He soon saw his mistake, and tried to get his ticket out of the box, but it had been chopped, and so he could not recover it. He then tried to cross the track, but was repulsed with great loss of life by the chopper. It was finally arranged by a code of signals between the two ticket jibletiers that the man could be permitted to cross over by going down-stairs on the west side and climbing up on the east side without again putting up his five cents. The gentleman was Mr. Russell Sage, of this place.

Almost every day a rosy-faced woman, in the prime of life, with large, full, protuberant, translucent eyes and a quick, elastic step, gets off at Park place and goes to her office. She is Mrs. Frank Leslie. Her housework is done by hired help while she goes to the office and works. She earns enough at the case to keep all the help she needs, and she says she has not washed a dish for over two years. When she was left a widow she did not say alas! and present the whole business to the Probate Court. She simply turned over the column rules of the paper, and, hanging her shawl on the copy hook, set up a brief, pungent editorial, in which she stated that she had come to stay, or words to that effect, and at once began to extend her circulation. So she now finds herself able to hire much of her drudgery done by other hands, while she signs checks in a large trenchant hand.

POINTS ABOUT GOV. HOARD.

Gov. William D. Hoard, of Wisconsin, was registered at the Fifth Avenue Hotel not long ago. He is a great hand for stock, especially cows, and has compelled the cow of Wisconsin, as one might say, to come out and take higher ground. I honestly think that Gov. Hoard has done more to ameliorate the condition of the cow of his own State than any other man. Gov. Hoard is a plain man. He and I appeared together once and spoke to the State Press Association. People still look back upon the scene with horror. Gov. Hoard runs a paper at Fort Atkinson called *Hoard's Dairyman*. It frequently refers to man. It has a large circulation, but to one who has never made the cause of the cow his own it is too subtle for him. The Governor early gave his attention to the cow, and saw when young that she had been made a tool of, as one might say. That she was not encouraged to think for herself, and that her sex seemed to handicap her through life. He spoke to her words of encouragement, and told her that through the columns of his paper he would advance her interests, and he has. The Governor is also a humorist. But he does not allow the two things to interfere with each other. He never tries to squirt humor into a veto, or executive sadness into his humor. He can write a good article on ensilage among cows, and then before the ink is dry he can dash off a Thanksgiving proclamation that would make one's heart bleed. I am especially fond of Governor Hoard and Governor Fitzhugh Lee. They are quite different, and during the war were quite rude to each other for a time; but they are over it now, and what I like about them especially is that they are not arrogant. When a man gets arrogant it is generally because he is afraid that if he converses freely he may be detected in the act of not knowing anything.

MR. DEPEW PREPARING FOR THE MID-DAY MEAL.

Gov. Hill was also on our streets the other day. He says that crops are generally good throughout the State and fences in good repair. He is another of our rising baldheaded men. He is reported to be about to become engaged to a beautiful young lady of our city. Even if this be true, it would be difficult for me to point her out. He would make some woman a real good husband. His place at Albany is far more magnificent than the White House, there [illegible] his room at the Gilsey House to write an editorial for his Montana paper, and likes it first rate. If I could have arranged it to edit my Wyoming paper and take my meals at the Gilsey House I would have been a better and fatter man to-day. But I did not think of it at the time.

MR. DEPEW IMPROVING RAPIDLY.

Mr. Depew's leg is again almost sound, though it bothers him a little to go down-stairs as rapidly as he could before the injury. In this respect he has rather beaten Mr. Curtis, who had a similar experience. Mr. Depew comes down to the office at the depot in good season and works hard till the whistle blows. Then he pulls off his overalls and goes to the sink, where he washes his hands, wiping them on some clean cotton waste. He then goes home and eats a hearty meal of victuals. At night he slides into his swallow-tail coat, puts a Sunday paper between his shirt-bosom and his manly ditto, so as to ward off pneumonia, and goes to some boiled dinners, where he speaks a few thoughtful words which the papers greedily print in their columns the next morning. Mr. Depew may be frequently seen in the early gray of the morning, showing some prominent New-Yorker how to get home. He eats little at these great banquets, confining himself mostly to the relishes or the jowl and greens, but rarely eating sweet cake or cookies at night. Neither does he drink much, though often requested to. He could, at slight cost to himself, if he wished to do so, continue in a pleasant state of exhilaration all the time, but he says no, even when the wine cup is presented to him by fair hands. That is why his speeches read so much better than Mr. Riddleberger's of Virginia. This should teach us a valuable lesson. Had Mr. Depew, when he first began to run on the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, eaten pie and rich victuals at night, or taken a brandy and soda before morning prayers, to-day his name would have begun with the same letter, but it would not have been Depew.

Fishing for Sponges.

Nearly all of the sponges used in the United States were brought from the Mediterranean until 1852, when attention was called to the immense numbers that were growing in Florida waters. As soon as it was found that the quality of these compared favorably with those of Europe the merchants and fitters-out of vessels engaged very actively in the business of placing them on the market. During the past eighteen years the business has been energetically pursued with good results.

The methods employed in the fishery differ greatly from those employed in the Mediterranean, where divers go down and bring up the sponges. Small vessels, carrying crews of from five to fifteen men, are fitted out at Key West and Apalachicola, for trips of from four to eight weeks on the sponge grounds. The crews are paired off into small row boats, or "dingies," to catch the sponges. One man stands in the stern, sculling the boat, while the other kneels in the bottom amidships, with the upper half of his body leaning over the side, and scans the bottom of the sea. To aid the eye an instrument called a "water glass," which is a common water bucket whose wooden bottom has been replaced by one of glass, is used by setting it in the water and thrusting the face as far into it as convenient. When a sponge is sighted the boat is stopped, and the kneeling man uses a two-pronged hook, attached to a slender pole thirty or forty feet in length, to secure it. Considerable dexterity is required of both men. To cure sponges they are first spread about the deck in their natural upright position, so that they will die, and while decomposing allow the gelatinous matter to run off freely. When they have been several days in this position they are taken to the shore and thrown into the water in little pens, called "crawls," where the remaining substance is soaked and squeezed out.

The spongers thus work on, day after day, under a tropical sun that burns and browns the skin until one cannot tell a white man from a negro. It is a desperately hard life, more severe than any other that one can think of, and it requires men of no ordinary constitution to stand up to it. The spongers are, therefore, naturally an exceedingly muscular set.—*New York Times.*

Postage-Stamp Curiosities.

A certain well-known gentleman in the city owns a valuable collection of postage-stamps which has taken him twelve years to get together. "My collection isn't complete," he said, with a sigh, "and it never will be. Why? Because it would require $100,000 to make it so. There are about six thousand different descriptions of postage-stamps in existence. The museum of the Berlin Postoffice alone contains between four and five thousand specimens, of which half are from Europe and the remainder divided between Asia, Africa, America and Australia. Some of the stamps bear a coat of arms and other emblems, impartially borrowed from the heavens above, the earth beneath and the waters under the earth, stars, eagles, lions, horses, serpents, railway trains, dolphins and other fearful wild fowl. There are, moreover, the vignette effigies of five Emperors, eighteen Kings, three Queens, one Grand Duke and many Presidents. Some of these stamps cannot be purchased for $5,000, while others cannot be purchased for any sum. I tell you the life of a stamp collector isn't unlike that of Tantalus."—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

It Was a Bad Mixing Up.

In an English country church the curate had to give out two notices, the first of which was about baptisms and the latter had to do with a new hymn book. Owing to an accident he inverted the order and gave out as follows: "I am requested to announce that the new hymn book will be used for the first time in this church Sunday next, and I am requested to call attention to the delay which often takes place in bringing children to be baptised; they should be brought on the earliest day possible. This is particularly pressed on mothers who have young babies. And for the information of those who have none," added the rector, in gentle, kindly tones, and who, being deaf, had not heard what had been previously said—"and for the information of those who have none, I may state, if wished, they can be obtained on application in the vestry immediately after service to-day. Limp ones, one shilling each; with stiff backs, two shillings."—*Chicago Chronicle.*

EARLY in the century experimenters tried to magnetize iron and steel by the action of light, but such a thing has since come to be regarded as impossible. Prof. Shelford Bidwell thinks, however that some evidence of the action of radiation upon the magnetism of the iron should be found, and he is seeking it. A soft iron rod magnetized and then demagnetized is known to have undergone some mysterious change of structure, making it peculiarly susceptible to magnetic influence. [illegible] It appears also [illegible]

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

AFTER a lapse of many years the cry of famine once more comes to England from India, and as usual the visitation is accompanied by an outbreak of cholera.

THE surplus of rubber has been drawn on to the extent of 1,000 tons, nearly twice the last season's production, and the world's stock of rubber, 2,700 tons, will not stretch over many years more. The rubber business may yet be erased if the demand increases.

IT IS no longer from mining but from agriculture that California gathers wealth. The estimated value of her fruit crop in 1889 is $24,000,000; that of her wheat crop $52,000,000. From barley she is expected to derive a gross return of $5,500,000; from dairy products and vegetables, $11,250,000, and from wine $4,000,000.

THE Swedish government is evidently not of the opinion that to govern as little as possible is to govern most wisely. A commission has been appointed to draw up a project for the insurance of old people. It compels every citizen, rich or poor, capitalist or laborer after a certain age, to go in for the benefit to be conferred, and provide for his old age by insuring himself now in the National Insurance Office.

ONLY old men can remember when American newspapers used to report in full the debates in Congress. An approach to a like indifference is now exhibited in England, although there Parliament does nearly all the work which on this side of the Atlantic is performed by Congress and the State legislatures combined. The Times is now the only daily newspaper in London which publishes ostensibly complete reports of the debates in Parliament.

THE Paterson Labor Standard, in speaking of the great strikes in Germany, says: "They are, to a large extent, due to the new industrial situation created by the introduction of machinery. Small industries have been replaced by large ones, the small shops, with its two or three workmen, by the large establishment employing many thousands. The organization of labor has thus been greatly facilitated, and the different trades, hitherto more or less isolated from each other, now find it practicable to co-operate to effect common objects.

THE Duke of Portland is the luckiest man in England. When he was born the chances against his ever holding his present title were very great. But he became a peer very early in life, and his income is sufficient to keep a whole multitude of wolves from the door. His racing stables consist of only sixteen horses, but he has won the Derby two years in succession, and this season he will probably carry off the leading three and four year old events. He is as fortunate in love as in other ways, and is madly devoted to six feet of handsome English girlhood.

IN the Red Parlor of the White House a Washington photographer took a picture of four generations of the Harrison family. The Rev. Dr. Scott sat on the extreme right of the group, Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. McKee came next and the famous Baby Benjamin Harrison McKee completed the gathering. The latter did his best to make the affair a failure, and if it had not been for what is known as "the instantaneous process" he would have succeeded. There is a difference of eighty-eight years between the generations represented in the picture. Dr. Scott is ninety and Baby McKee only two years of age.

THE Philadelphia Times publishes a table of comparative statistics, based on the data of the last census, and establishing the curious fact that in forty-three States and territories the number of male births exceeds the number of female births, and that nevertheless, almost without a single exception, every large city produces more girls than boys. In Georgia, for instance, every one of the eleven largest cities and towns show a preponderance of girl-babies, though 26 of the 136 counties of the State show an excess of boys. In New York city, the girl plurality is 4,680; in Baltimore, 1,013; in St. Louis, 2,131; in New Orleans, 2,633; in Philadelphia, 1,921.

THERE is not a large city from Halifax to San Francisco, which, in the course of the last eighteen months, has not more than doubled its population of candy and fruit peddlers. Aside from the incidental effect of the development of fruit culture in Florida and California, the phenomenon is chiefly due to the enormous recent increase of emigration from Southern Europe. In Italy the exodus mania is assuming proportions which threaten to depopulate whole districts of the tax-ridden peninsula. Thousands of swarthy refugees reach New York and Baltimore with every ocean steamer, and Texas is experiencing a similar influx of Mexican employment seekers.

THE Prince of Wales and some of his august relations will be pleased to learn why they are rather bald. It has all been explained by Mr. G. H. Wheeler, F. B. T. A.—which, being interpreted, means Fellow of the British Trichological Association—who has been confiding his discoveries to the Hairdressers' Guild. "The incessant raising of the hat to the public on certain occasions, as processions or opening ceremonies, produces frequent variation of follicular temperature, which results in degeneration of the follicle and loss of hair." What, asks Once a Week, could be more convincing? People with an inherited tendency to baldness should wear their hats all day, and then they would always "have their hair on." Policemen keep their heads covered a great deal; and who ever heard of a bald policeman?

THE new industrial home for which the United States Government made an appropriation of $70,000 has been opened at Salt Lake City. The idea was prompted by philanthropy in view of the action of Congress in divorcing, by an act, the plural wives within the Territory. Something had to be done, for a plurality of wives could be provided for under one roof, but a family segregated would work a hardship upon some one; so the humane idea was promoted, and Congress passed an act for the erection of an industrial home for the widows-in-law and their young children, with light employment and the freedom of homes, upon their renouncement of polygamy. For two years a rented building has been occupied, but the home has not been very liberally patronized. Personal pride has much to do with it, and [illegible] menced caring for them[illegible] thought, however, the new [illegible] be more generally accepted [illegible] and more particularly those wh[illegible] useless. All the inmates are [illegible] to renounce polygamy. The h[illegible] located in a pretty part of the city [illegible] is liberally provided for by the Go[illegible] ment as a weapon to break up polyg[illegible]

The Carob Tree.

The report of the Committee on Semi-Tropical Fruits and Plants of the American Pomological Society contains the following item:

"The Carob.—This plant, a native of the Mediterranean, produces edible pods, which are used chiefly as a food for stock, but are not unpalatable and have the flavor of gingerbread. It is widely exported and used in all parts of Europe, as well as in some parts of the United States, and as a food for horses and mules would be invaluable in Florida. The trees grow well and reach a large size here. They have been fruited in one or two places in the orange district, but are as yet little known, although well worthy of general cultivation."

It is probably true that the tree is but little known in the "orange district," but in other sections of the South they are as well known as the black locust tree, to which family they belong, although there is a vast difference in the tree. In the old fields of Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and perhaps other portions of the South, they are very numerous and grow to a large size. The tree is commonly known as the St. John's tree, and its fruit as St. John's bread. It received this name in consequence of an ancient opinion or tradition that they are the "locust" upon which John the Baptist fed while in the Wilderness. Another tradition is that they are the "husks" upon which the Prodigal Son of the parable filled himself after wasting his substance on riotous living.

So much for the traditions connected with this product. Now for facts. The tree is a native of Palestine and bears a pod from six to ten inches in length, slightly curved at the "blossom end," and containing a syrup-like secretion and a mealy pulp of an agreeable taste, although in some of the varieties it is rather astringent, and before the beans are thoroughly ripe has pretty much the same effect as a green persimmon. One tree has been known to yield over half a ton of pods.

These pods and beans are much used by the Arabs and Moors as an article of food, not alone for themselves, but their horses and cattle as well. A large quantity of beans are annually imported into Great Britain from the south of France and are highly prized as forage for horses.

The tree was brought to this country from Alicante, Spain, about 1845, by the Government. It is peculiarly adapted to light sandy soils, and would no doubt do well on the pine lands of Florida.

As the item of forage is no inconsiderable one with us, and as one carob tree seems to be well adapted to our climate and soil and will furnish this indispensable and expensive commodity, we would suggest that it be given a trial.—[Florida Agriculturist.

New Jersey Peaches.

Monmouth county is one of the best peach-growing sections in New Jersey. Very few persons, however, knew who introduced the fruit in this part of the country. In 1827 a wide-awake farmer named Aaron Jones moved from West Jersey to Monmouth county. Jones had brains, but his pocketbook was empty. Not being able to buy land, he rented the old Hance farm on Rumson Neck, and set out several orchards with peaches. The soil was light and sandy, and suited to peach growing. The farmers in Mr. Jones's neighborhood became affected by the peach craze, and soon had the satisfaction of raising good crops themselves. Mr. Jones prospered and became one of the wealthiest farmers in the county. He was acquiring riches rapidly, when one day while crossing the North Shrewsbury river on the ice he stepped upon a thin place and was drowned.

Farmers who made peach-growing an exclusive business thrived with their industry until 1857, when the dreaded peach "yellows" arrived and the peach orchards withered and succumbed to the disease. After their third bearing young trees would also cease to bear fruit. On account of this peach-growing was temporarily abandoned, while at the same time Delaware rose into prominence as a peach-growing State. When the war was ended some of the soldiers from Monmouth brought home bushel baskets filled with peach pits from the South. The pits were sprouted in nurseries and subsequently set out in orchards. When the young trees were sufficiently vigorous they were grafted. As a result they bore good crops of fine healthy fruit. The outcome of this trial was that the professional nurserymen sent to the Southern States for peach pits. Now the young peach trees sold in this State are advertised as having been propagated from Southern peach pits. The trees are not attacked by the "yellows," but they do not bear so well after the eighth year as they do in the South.

The peaches sent into market from Monmouth county now bring better prices than those shipped from the little State just across the Delaware. The farmers of Middlesex, Morris, Mercer and Burlington counties have gone extensively into the peach-raising business, but Monmouth still holds her prestige as the leading peach-growing section.—[New York Sun.

A Man With An Appetite.

Clarke County has always been noted for having a man that could eat more than any other one man in the United States. His name is Col. Chancey, and he is now living five or six miles west of Athens. A quarter of mutton barbecued would hardly furnish a lunch for him. Five pounds of cheese with three pounds of crackers wouldn't tempt him to throw out his tobacco and take a snack. Twenty-six old fashioned gingercakes wouldn't whet up his appetite. But this is not a marker to the new eater lately discovered. A peck of Irish potatoes, with two pounds of salt seems to get him in condition for a good breakfast. A half bushel of onions have been known to disappear when sitting in front of his store. Spring salad is a favorite pastime, and two bushels would only make him a lunch. Raw [illegible] ground peas, almonds, with an occasional cocoanut thrown in, [illegible] ries, onions, cabbage, pickles, all [illegible] to make the big eater of Athens [illegible] for business and give him a relish [illegible] his meals.—[Athens (Ga.) Banner.

THE TWO GIRL FRIENDS.

Elsie—I am going to [illegible]

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—A large and desirable store room on Calhoun street, north of Berry. Good location for any retail business. Address, Eli, Sentinel office. 29eodtf

FOR RENT—Brick dwelling No. 54 East Washington street, eight rooms, attic, cellar, gas and water. O. P. Morgan. 14-tf

WANTED.

WANTED—Reliable local and traveling salesmen. Positions permanent. Special inducements now; fast-selling specialties. Don't delay. Salary from start. BROWN BROS, Nurserymen, Chicago, Ill. mch30-eod3m

WANTED—Washing and ironing to do at my residence. Satisfaction guaranteed. Will call for, and deliver them. Mrs. Rachel Christ, 287 Gay street. 12-t.

PERSONS wishing to buy, sell or exchange property of any kind, or desiring to loan or borrow money, will find it to their interest to call on or address me.

J. F. CURTICE, Real Estate and Loan Broker,
Rooms 1 and 2, Pixley & Long Building,
Fort Wayne, Indiana.
Reference—Hamilton National bank. 20-1m

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—To sell four gasoline stoves, with new burners that will burn gasoline or natural gas. We also repair gasoline stoves or put on new burners cheaper than anyone. Please give us a call, at 76 East Columbia street, opposite Monning's flour mill. J. DONALDSON. June25-1m

LOST.

LOST—A roll of $5 and $10 bills, about the Bloomingdale mills, Hoffman street or on the commons to Archer avenue. A liberal reward will be given for the return of same to Wm. S. Hale. Bloomingdale mills. 29-3t

T. M. BAXTER & COMPANY,

Commission Merchants

Stocks, grain and provisions, bought, sold and carried on margins. No. 40 Board of Trade, Chicago; also, rooms 2 and 5 Trentman block. Fort Wayne.

13 tf A. K. IREY, Manager.

FINE MEATS.

J. N. PFEIFFER,

44 WEST BERRY STREET,

Has one of the BEST MEAT MARKETS in the City. SPECIAL PRICES are given on Boiling Meats and Roasts. Elegant Corn Beef, Sausage and Lard. Everything sold at reasonable prices.

THE BESL MEATS IN THE CiTY.

GOTTLIEB HALLER

South Side Meat Market, carries nothing but the choicest meats. Fresh and Salt Meats, Hams, Sausage at

No. 366 CALHOUN STREET.
AND HANNA STREET (WESSEL BLOCK.)

Boston Tea Store,

—FOR—

Fine Groceries

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Telephone 152. Feb5-1y

P. E. COX,

PRACTICAL

Sanitary Plumber,

Has opened a shop at

No. 29 West Main Street.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED AT

Reasonable Prices

A. HATTERSLEY & SON.

PLUMBERS,

Steam and Gas Fitters,

48 East Main St.

ORT WAYNE, ... IND

e have now a very complete assortment of

ANTLES AND TILE GOODS,

we are selling at low prices. Also,

OT AIR FURNACES,

Coke and Wood—the most desirable in the market.

TER & SON.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

R. A. K. HACKETT, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1889.

ENFORCE the Sunday law.

THE city is better off without the open saloon and the lager beer picnic on the Lord's day.

THE Iowa democrats will hold their state convention at Sioux City on the 18th of September.

NEW YORK CITY is talking about erecting a $30,000 monument in honor of Christopher Columbus.

THE supreme court has decided that a saloon license is not a contract, but a mere special tax or police regulation.

YEIJERO ONO, a Japanese, took the highest honors in a class of 438 students who graduated at Michigan university on Thursday.

THE SENTINEL will follow you on your summer vacation and tell you what is going on in a local way while you are absent from the city.

THE suffering of the Indiana and the Illinois miners increases every day, and calls for the charity of the people of these two commonwealths.

A SALOON KEEPER who defiantly violated the Sunday law in Cincinnati has been found guilty by a jury, the first case of the kind in many years.

SIMON CAMERON once remarked to a friend: "Yes," he said, "My son Don had many advantages, but I had one that overbalanced them all—poverty."

THE crop prospect is good, notwithstanding the recent discouraging reports of the ravages of the green midget. Wheat promises more than an average crop and corn looks well.

MRS. LESLIE CARTER, who was found to be a faithless wife by a Chicago jury, and whose intimacy with Kyrle Bellew and other men was shown in court, will now go upon the stage the coming season.

MAYOR HARDING has struck the gambling dens a blow that has rid the city of many of them. He should turn his attention to the houses of prostitution. We can dispense with these miserable dens of vice.

THE Federation of Labor has within the past two years, gained enormously in strength, and is now probably the most powerful organization of workingmen in the United States, with a larger membership than the Knights of Labor.

IT is said that there will be over one hundred delegates from the United States to the international congress of workingmen soon to be held in Paris. One of the main questions to be brought up at the congress is that of the international co-operation of wage workers to secure advantageous legislation regarding the hours of work, the labor of women and children, the enforcement of sanitary laws, and the prevention of wars.

THE funeral of Mrs. Ex-President Hayes at Fremont yesterday, was a large one, and drew to that place people from all over northern Ohio. An impressive and beautiful feature of the funeral arrangements was that her four sons acted as pall bearers. The other pall bearers were R. H. Platt, of Columbus: Thomas and Joseph McKell, of Chillicothe; General Mitchell, of Columbus; Lemuel Boggs and John Nelson, each either a nephew or a cousin.

THE state board of education, sitting as a school text book commission, will meet next Wednesday to open bids a second time for the furnishing of text books for the common schools of the state. As yet there is no indication that the bids submitted will be any more desirable than those of a month ago. In case they are not, no contract will be let, and the new law will be declared a dead letter. In case a contract should be awarded, the books will not be secured in time for use in the schools the coming school year.

THE German empire does not pay its high employes on an extraordinary scale. Prince Bismarck receives $13,500 a year and a residence. The foreign secretary gets $12,500, including free quarters; the state secretary, $9,000, including free quarters; the state secretary of the imperial court of justice, $6,000, and a house; the state secretary of the imperial treasury, $5,000, and a house; the state postmaster general, $6,000, and a house; the minister of war, $9,000, with a house, fuel and rations for eight horses; the chief of the admiralty, $9,000, with a house.

A NEW ENTERPRISE.

As will be seen by our local columns the Barber Match company, one of the largest manufacturing establishments of its kind in the world, will locate in this city if suitable inducements are offered them by our citizens. The firm, it is said, will build an immense establishment and employ 1,000 men.

Such an enterprise would be of untold advantage to our city. It would go far toward placing Fort Wayne in the front rank as a manufacturing city and would give us a boom that would be felt in every business avenue.

Every citizen should give the securement of this new enterprise his hearty support. It is manufacturing establishments that build up a city more than anything else and everything possible should be done to persuade this company to locate their factory here.

Let the meeting this evening at the [illegible] Men's Exchange be largely at- the company the superior advantages possessed by Fort Wayne.

ENOCH ARDEN.

Something About the Great Play Soon to be Given in This City.

The specialties which Mr. Newton Beers proposes to introduce in his forthcoming musical and dramatic revival of Enoch Arden will be mainly confined to the fourth act, one scene of which will be a faithful reproduction of a Cornish fair scene of the olden time with the sports and pastimes of the peasantry of the period. The scene is laid in a moonlit dell, exquisitely painted by that master of color contrasts and scenic effects, Mr. Henry E. Hoyt, of the Metropolitan Opera house and Casino, of New York. The revels of the country folk take place during the "harvest moon," according to the old old English custom, when the wealth of the soil has been safely garnered, and the peasants are free to give themselves up to out-door sports and amusements. They joyfully assemble to the simple but quaint ballad music of the epoch, which is inexpressibly beautiful to the modern ear, surfeited with the products of the different schools of harmony. They gather in front of a colossal head of the titular divinity of the locality, the great Magog, painted also by Mr. Hoyt, and fitted with ingenious mechanism warranted to startle the spectators. The Davenport brothers have been engaged to open the sports with a display of their wonderful skill in balancing, vaulting, and in athletics, generally.

The Aldens, the champion American athletes, will do their posing and lifting of heavy weights; Rhonaldo and Bardell, the well known Cornish wrestlers, will engage in bouts, while W. W. Walton, the English acrobatic comedian from the leading London theatres, will mystify audiences with his antics on the head of Magog. The Welch harpers, Timmons and McCord, will render some of the melodies of the time, and sword dancers, tug-of-war men, etc, will give exhibitions under the direction of James R. Adams, the famous mimist.

The production is booked for two nights, July 3 and 4, with good matinee July 4, at the Temple.

LETTER LIST.

A List of the "Letters That She Longed for, But Which Never Came."

The following is the list of letters remaining in the Fort Wayne postoffice for the week ending Saturday, June 15, 1889:

Allen, W V
Ahorns, Henry
Bowen, Will F
Baxter, Hiram K
Bowser, Miss Cora
Boerger, Miss Sarah S
Browne, John E
Bain, Mr. John
Bonding, K
Colman, Catharine
Clark, Birt B
Coon, Miss Ida
Delmerth, Harry
Debold, Eva. 2
Deckers, J C
Frazer, P
Fry, F J
Gafney, Pat
Grimes, Emma J
Hasefield, J
Hayes, T W
Harter, Miss S
Haward, Rena Cartwright
Hayden, Frank P
Jun-, Ed C
Jones, Joshua
Kimberly, Helen C
Kellinger, Fred
Kelley, Emma
KirKendall, John
Lupert, George
Litchfield, Mr. Ed
Mulqueen, Libbie
Morehand, H B
Mosling, Mrs. Edward
Miller, Esther
Overly, William
Reardon, P
Retz, Mrs. Emma
Robinson, H B
Simon, Kohrad
Schell, Frank K
Shrady, Mr.
Sweitzer, Rosa
Sawer, Susana W
Travis, Earl
Winters, Annie
Wright, E A
Youngston, A F

WM. KAOUGH, Postmaster.

ADVERTISED LETTER LIST FOR WEEK ENDING JUNE 8, 1889.

Antrim, Emery
Anderson, Alice
Brown, John
Beese, Maggie
Brown, J F
Boyer, Icy M
Baltzell, Lena M
Bolton, Rob
Boerger, Sarah S
Barnes, Mary E
Bartlett, Ada
Bonsold, S B
Cheney, J V N
Cain, Wm, 2
Cameron, Mrs A M
Davis, D W
Earle, Ella
Flack, Frank
Gutchall, J C
Gersbach, Otto
Green, Thomas
Haden, Wm
Hamilton, James A
Haas. Mrs Nola
Harles, Charles
Koebele, Tillie
Kleinsmid, Mary
Kaise, Sophia
Levy, August
Laughlin, Mrs C H
Lageman, Louisa, 2
Moyer, James A Buggies Co
Miller, Wm
Mills, Cora
Milton, Mrs John C
Myrtel, A G
Miller, E S
Morgan, P B
McCullum, Miss Lidia
McAtre, Mrs Stella
Newman, Linney
Orth, Mrs Emma
Pimbruck, Mary
Russo, Nicholas
Rex, Maud, 2
Rome, Jennie A
Ross, Miss Willie A
Stahl, Mrs J H
Shorb, W D
Smith, Marcey
Seymour, Ena
Snyder, B W
Spindler, Annie
Sovine, Julia
Taft, David A
Tilbury, Alfred
Urban, Lizzie
Urban, Phillip
Vigus, Edwin J
Wiedman, Geo J
Welch, Lucy A
Werteman, Samuel
Watkins, W W
Whitney, Chas C
Young, Charles

WM. KAOUGH, Postmaster.

The big fire cracker and the little boy are already abroad in the land. Somebody remarked to-day that the Fourth in this city would be dead. The ever present kid will see to it that no remarkable lethargy is allowed to creep over us.

To Aid the Deaf Soldiers to Hear Free.

WASHINGTON, June 28—Arrangements have finally been made whereby the surgeon general can furnish free the sound discs invented by H. A. Wales, of Bridgeport, Conn., to those who are receiving pensions for deafness or are still in the army.

One Fare for the Round Trip

Via the Nickel Plate, July 2, 3 and 4. 25-8t

Change of Route.

The Wabash railway is about to make a change east of Buffalo, in the operation of its through sleeping cars from St. Louis to New York. The through New York sleeper leaves St. Louis at 6:55 p. m., running over the Wabash road to Toledo, thence over the Michigan Central railroad via Detroit and Niagara Falls to Buffalo. From that point, on and after Sunday, May 12, inst., it will run via the New York Central and Hudson River railroad to the Grand Central station in New York city. The Boston sleeper will continue from Buffalo over the West Shore railroad and Hoosac Tunnel route to Boston, as heretofore. 14 tf

Ice Cream Soda Water with fruit juices and Rock Candy Syrup, 5 cents, at Mordhurst's Drug Store, 74 Calhoun street. Sign of Revolving Wheel in Window. tf

Fourth of July Excursions.

[illegible]

REV. R. M. HAYS.

He is Meeting With Success in the Evangelistic Field.

Rev. R. M. Hays, the former secretary of the City Y. M. C. A. is now engaged in evangelistic work in different parts of the state, and THE SENTINEL is glad to note that success is crowning his earnest efforts. Concerning his work at Packerton, Ind., during the last few weeks, the *Indianian-Republican* has this to say: "The revival services being held in the Presbyterian church at Packerton by Rev. R. M. Hays are of the most remarkable character. The whole country is aroused, and many souls are confessing faith in Jesus Christ and salvation through his blood. Sabbath was a day of rejoicing such as has never before been witnessed in the history of this church. Sixteen persons were received upon profession of faith. The aged father, having passed three-score-and-ten, and children and grand-children, the youngest member of the three generation represented having arrived at the age of maturity, presented themselves and were received.

IT WON'T BAKE BREAD.—In other words, Hood's Sarsaparilla will not do impossibilities. Its proprietors tell plainly what it has done, submit proofs from sources of unquestioned reliability, and ask you frankly if you are suffering from any disease or affection caused or promoted by impure blood or low state of the system, to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. The experience of others is sufficient assurance that you will not be disappointed in the result.

Mr. Will Gouty, who has been confined to the house with an injured limb, is able to be out.

Head Off Doctors.

What will do it? A free trial package of Lane's Family Medicine, which you can get from any druggist. This is a new and wonderful medicine, discovered in the Rocky Mountains by Dr. Silas Lane. It is a positive cure for constipation and all blood, liver, stomach and kidney troubles. You need such a medicine. Call to-day on your druggist for a free sample package. Large size package 50c. All druggists sell it.

If you do not receive your SENTINEL regularly, please notify us immediately, either in person or by postal card, that we may remedy the fault.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

Mr. Frank Purcell, of Clayton, Purcell & Co., went east on the limited last night.

Loose's Red Cloves Pills Cure Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, 25c per Box, 5 Boxes for $1. For sale by Dreier Bros.

FOURTH OF JULY EXCURSIONS

Via. the Pennsylvania Lines.

Excursion tickets will be sold, at one fare for round trip, on July 3rd and 4th, good to return until July 5th, between all stations on the Pennsylvania Lines west of Pittsburgh. No excursion tickets will be sold to adults at less rate than twenty-five cents, nor to children at less rate than fifteen cents. For further information apply to the nearest passenger or ticket agent.

24,28,30july2w2t

DIETER'S CROWN

BAKING POWDER

Recommended by the highest medical and chemical authorities, who testify to its absolute purity, wholesomeness and wonderful strength. Every can guaranteed to do the work of any other baking powder costing twice as much. Every can guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded.

1 lb. Can, 20c.; ½ lb., 10c.; ¼ lb., 5c.

If your dealer does not keep Crown, do not let him persuade you to buy some other he claims to be just as good, but ask him to oblige you by getting

DIETER'S CROWN BAKING POWDER.

BALL'S

CORSETS

BONED WITH KABO.

Warranted Not to Break or Roll Up with 1-Yrs' Wear

If they do we will cheerfully return the money paid for them, or if the Corset is not SATISFACTORY IN ALL RESPECTS after 3 weeks' wear it may be returned to us and money will be refunded.

CHICAGO CORSET CO.
CHICAGO AND NEW YORK.

W. D. KYLE & CO

FOR Mosquito Bites Sunburn Piles Burns Inflammations Hemorrhages Soreness Sprains Lameness Sore Eyes Chafing Wounds Bruises and ALL PAIN USE POND'S EXTRACT

DEMAND POND'S EXTRACT. ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE FOR IT

FAC-SIMILE OF BOTTLE WITH BUFF WRAPPER.

TO CURE THE WORST CASES OF PILES USE POND'S EXTRACT OINTMENT.

BY MAIL FOR 50 CENTS A BOTTLE.

POND'S EXTRACT CO., 76 5th Ave., New York.

AMUSEMENTS.

MASONIC TEMPLE.

Cool and Well Ventilated.

TWO NIGHTS,

JULY 3d & 4th.

Grand Holiday Matinee, July 4.

MR. NEWTON BEERS,

Supported by

MISS ✦ MARION ✦ ABBOTT

And a Powerful Dramatic Company, in his Grand Lyric and Pictorial Production

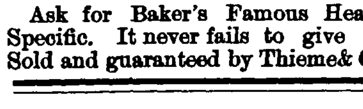
"ENOCH ARDEN."

16—SUPERB STAGE PICTURES—16
14—REFINED SPECIALTIES—14
42—OPERATIC SINGERS—42
70—PEOPLE ON THE STAGE—70

Bring the children to the matinee.
Sale of seats Monday morning.

Prices, 25, 50, 75 and $1.00.

E. F. SITES, DENTIST,
No. 74 Calhoun St., Fort Wayne, Ind



Opposite the Avellene House over the Mordhurst Drug Store.

Ask for Baker's Famous Headeach Specific. It never fails to give relief. Sold and guaranteed by Thieme & Gross.

ANOTHER ADVANCE
ON THE PART OF THE EQUITABLE.

A NEW POLICY
WHICH, LIKE A BANK DRAFT,
IS A SIMPLE PROMISE TO PAY.

NO CONDITIONS WHATEVER ON THE BACK.

HE WHO RUNS MAY READ.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society is again the pioneer in reform.

It now offers a new policy which is *a simple promise to pay.*

The back, instead of being covered with the usual technical provisions in small type, is without conditions. Indeed, if an applicant desire it, the entire back of the policy may be simply blank paper. To meet the preference of most assurers, however, the society, instead of leaving the back of the policy blank, endorses upon it the following list of advantages:

PRIVILEGES.

I.
The policy becomes Incontestable two years from its date of issue.

II.
It provides for a Paid-up Policy three years from its date of issue.

III.
It grants Freedom of Travel and Occupation after one year.

For particulars, apply to

J. E. OHNHAUS, AGENT,
Rooms 19 & 20, Pixley-Long Building,
Fort Wayne, Ind.

L. JAXTHEIMER

Merchant Tailor

CARRIES A

Full Line

—OF—

Foreign & Domestic Goods, Suitings,

Spring Overcoatings, Trouserings

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

32 W. MAIN ST.

JAMES MADDEN,

PLUMBER,

Steam and Gas Fitter,

101 Calhoun Street,

Next door to Y. M. C. A.,

FORT WAYNE, - - - INDIANA

FRUIT HOUSE PRICES FOR 1889.

——:o:——

No Advance on Sugar, Coffee or Teas.

——:o:——

Great Reduction in New Turkish Prunes, Foreign and Domestic Dried Fruits.

——:o:——

Green Tea, Black Tea, Japan Tea, Young Hyson Tea.

Good, 20c. per pound; choice, 30c.; best, 50c. per pound. Imperial Tea, good, 30c.; best, 50c. per pound. Gunpowder Tea, 30c.; best, 50c. Oolong or Black Tea, 20c., 30c.; best, 50c. Japan Tea, 20c., 30c.; best, 50c. The above prices are the lowest on record and the best teas are of the highest quality. No better anywhere. The other grades are good, sweet, drawing tea and will please the most fastidious tea drinkers. Just give them a trial and satisfy yourself.

Coffee—Rio, Java and Roasted Coffee.

Best Rio Coffee, 23c.; Best Roasted Rio, 22c.; Jersey coffee, 24c.; Dannermillers, 24c; Leverings, 24c.; Anchor, 24c.; Victor, 24c.; Best Old Government Java, 27c.; Roasted Java, 32c.

Sugars—White, and Brown.

Choice yellow extra C sugar, 8c; best standard white coffee A sugar, 9½c.; granulated, 9½c.; cut loaf 9½c. pound. powdered 9½c pound

Foreign Fruits for Cakes.

New Valencia Raisins, 8c.; Loose Muscatel Raisins, 12c.; Seedless Sultana Raisins 10c.; Finest Malaga Layer Raisins, 15c.; Zantee Currants, 8c.; Leghorn Citrons, 25c.; Orange and Lemon Peel, 15c.; Layer Figs, 12½c.; Good Figs, 8c.; Golden Layer Dates, 8c.; Shelled Almonds, 30c. per pound.

Domestic Dried Fruits.

Dried Raspberries, 28c.; Pitted Cheries, 20c.; Dried Blackberries, 10c.; California Pared Peaches, 20c.; California Apricots, 20c.; California Pitted Plums, 15c.; California Necterines, 20c.; California Silver Prunes, 15.; California Evaporated Peaches, 20c.; New Turkish Prunes, 5c.; Dried Peaches, 8c.; Dried Apples, 7c., Evaporated Apples, 9c.; German Pears, 10c.; Prunells, 16c.

CANDIES AND NUTS.

Pure stick candy, 12c.; Pure mixed candy, 12c.; Fancy candy, 20c.; Brazil nuts, 10c. quart; Almond nuts, 15c; Mixed nuts, 12½c.; Walnuts and Filberts, 12½c. quart.

Syrups—Maple and Sugar Syrups.

Pure Maple syrup, 70c.; golden drips, 40c.; Sorghum, 40c.; New Orleans molasses, 35c.; best, 50c. a gallon; The sorghum is splendid and 10c. lower than we ever sold it before.

Fish of all Kinds.

No. 1 White fish, half barrels, $7.00, kits, $1.00; Family White fish, quarter barrels, $1.25, kits, 45c.; Pickerel, quarter barrels, $1.60, kits, 55c.; Extra, Mess Mackerel kits, $2.20; Family Mackeral kits, $1.50; Fine Large Labrador Herring 1c each, or $4.50 per barrel; New Holland Herring, 90c. a keg; Georgia Bank Codfish, 5c. per pound; Dried Herring, 25c. a box.

Liquors and Wines for Medical Purposes.

Old 76, $2.50 per gallon; two years old, $1.75; one year old, $1.40 per gallon; new whisky, $1 and $1.25 per gallon; Port and Sherry, $1.25 a gallon; California wine, $1.25 per gallon; wines in bottles, 35c. and 40c.

Oils—Machine Oil, Fish Oil, Lard Oil, Neatsfoot Oil, Castor and Headlight Oil.

Fish oil, 70c. per gallon; Neatsfoot oil, 80c. per gallon; Lard oil, 70c. per gallon; Machine oil, dark, 20c. per gallon; Golden, 30c. per gallon; Castor oil, $1.75 per gallon; Headlight oil, 10c. per gallon. Water white oil, 12c. per gallon.

Cigars and Tobaccos, Plug Tobacco, Smoking Tobacco and Fine Cut

Good cigars, 60c. and $1 per box; Choice cigars, $1.50 per box; Horse Shoe plug tobacco, 45c. per pound; J. T. or Big Chunk, [illegible]; Wild Flower 40c.; Bob [illegible], 45c.; [illegible], 40c. per pound; Smoking tobacco, 20c, [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

MATCHLESS FOR SHAMPOOING.

THE BEST WHITE SOAP MADE IN AMERICA

MAIL JAS. S. KIRK & CO. CHICAGO. 25 WHITE CLOUD FLOATING SOAP WRAPPERS (LARGE SIZE) and receive a HANDSOME ALBUM Containing Photographs of 12 Celebrated Actors and Actresses.

FOR LACE CURTAINS SILKS AND FINE WOOLENS

EIGHTH POINT

You should read THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS because *everybody likes it*—it will not disappoint your needs. It takes into its purpose the farmer and mechanic, as well as the merchant and professional man. Every farmer can now have daily market reports instead of weekly, and at little more than the old-time price of his weekly. The mechanic can now afford both price and the time for his daily paper. The poor may now be as well informed on current affairs as the rich. Intelligence is within the reach of all. THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS—independent, non-partisan, fair to all—is everybody's paper.

Remember—Its circulation is 220,000 a day—over a million a week—and it costs by mail 25 cts. a month, four months $1.00,—*one cent a day.*

Health is Wealth!

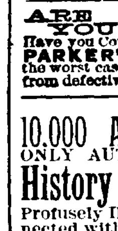
Dr. E. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco. Wakefulness. Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by Thieme & Gross, Druggists, Sole Agents, 94 Calhoun stree, corner of Wayne, Fort Wayne, Ind.

New Advertisements.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM



Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents Dandruff and hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

HINDERCORNS.
The only sure Cure for Corns. Stops all pain. Ensures comfort to the feet. 15c. at Druggists. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

ARE YOU CONSUMPTIVE
Have you Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, Indigestion? Use PARKER'S GINGER TONIC. It has cured the worst cases and is the best remedy for all ills arising from defective nutrition. Take in time. 50c. and $1.00.

10,000 AGENTS WANTED AT ONCE to sell the ONLY AUTHENTIC, Complete and Graphic History of the Johnstown Flood. Profusely Illustrated with views of all sorts connected with the terrible scenes of the mighty inundation. 12 mo. 400 pages. Price $1.50. Liberal terms. Thousand want it. DEMAND IS IMMENSE. Send quickly 30 cents for outfit to HUBBARD BROS, Lakeside Building, Chicago. July 18

EXHAUSTED VITALITY AND UNTOLD MISERIES

Resulting from the Errors of Youth, Folly, Vice, Ignorance, &c., may be cured at home without fail or exposure. Infallible and Confidential. Large Treatise, 300 pages, only $1 by mail, sealed, postpaid. Small book, with endorsements of the press, free. Send now. Address the Peabody Medical Institute, or Dr. W. H. Parker, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass.

HIRES

25c HIRES' IMPROVED 25c ROOT BEER! IN LIQUID NO BOILING EASILY MADE THIS PACKAGE MAKES FIVE GALLONS

MAKES FIVE GALLONS DELICIOUS AND SPARKLING

ROOT BEER

The most APPETIZING and WHOLESOME TEMPERANCE DRINK in the world. TRY IT.

Ask your Druggist or Grocer for it.

C. E. HIRES, PHILADELPHIA.

HIMROD'S CURE *for* ASTHMA

Catarrh, Hay Fever, Diphtheria, Whooping Cough, Croup and Common Colds.

Recommended by Physicians and sold by Druggists throughout the world. Send for Free Sample.

HIMROD MANUF'G CO.,
SOLE PROPRIETORS,
191 FULTON ST., NEW YORK.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS

RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND.

Original, best, only genuine and reliable pill for sale. Never Fail. Ask for Chichester's English Diamond Brand, in red metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. At Druggists. Accept no other. All pills in pasteboard boxes, pink wrappers, are a dangerous counterfeit. Send 4c. (stamps) for particulars and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return mail. 10,000 testimonials from LADIES who have used them. Name Paper. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Sq., Phila., Pa.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO ADVERTISERS

A list of 1,000 newspapers divided into STATES AND SECTIONS will be [illegible]

PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

A Positive Cure for every Skin, Scalp, and Blood Disease except Ichthyosis.

Psoriasis 8 years. Head, arms, and breast a solid scab. Back covered with sores. Best doctors and medicines fail. Cured by Cuticura Remedies at a cost of $3.75.

I have used the Cuticura Remedies with the best results. I used two bottles of the Cuticura Resolvent, three boxes of Cuticura, and one cake of Cuticura Soap, and am cured of a terrible skin and scalp disease known as psoriasis. I had it for eight years. It would get better and worse at times. Sometimes my head would be a solid scab, and was at the time I began the use of the Cuticura Remedies. My arms were covered with scabs from my elbows to shoulders, my breast was almost one solid scab, and my back covered with sores varying in size from a penny to a dollar. I had doctored with all the best doctors with no relief, and used many different medicines without effect. My case was hereditary, and, I began to think, incurable, but it began to heal from the first application of Cuticura. ARCHER RUSSELL,
Deshler, Ohio.

Skin Disease 6 Years Cured.

I am thankful to say that I have used the Cuticura Remedies for about eight months with great success, and consider myself entirely cured of salt rheum, from which I have suffered for six years. I tried a number of medicines and two of the best doctors in the country, but found nothing that would effect a cure until I used your remedies.
MRS. A. McCLAFLIN, Morette, Mo.

The Worst Case of Scrofula Cured.

We have been selling your Cuticura Remedies for years, and have the first complaint yet to receive from a purchaser. One of the worst cases of Scrofula I ever saw was cured by the use of five bottles of Cuticura Resolvent, Cuticura, and Cuticura Soap.
TAYLOR & TAYLOR, Druggists,
Frankfort, Kan.

Cuticura Remedies

Cure every species of agonizing, humilating, itching, burning, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scaly, and blood, with loss of hair, from pimples to scrofula, except possibly ichthyosis.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50.; Soap, 25c.; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black-heads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin prevented by Cuticura Soap.

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE FOR CATARRH.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for One Dollar.

To be freed from the dangers of suffocation while lying down; to breathe freely, sleep soundly and undisturbed; to rise refreshed, head clear, brain active and free from pain or ache; to know that no poisonous, putrid matter defiles the breath and rots away the delicate machinery of smell, taste, and hearing; to feel that the system does not, through its veins and arteries, suck up the poison that is sure to undermine and destroy, is indeed a blessing beyond most human enjoyments. To purchase immunity from such a fate should be the object of all afflicted. But those who have tried many remedies and physicians despair of relief or cure.

Sanford's Radical Cure meets every phase of Catarrh, from a simple head cold to the most loathsome and destructive stages. It is local and constitutional. Instant in relieving, permanent in curing, safe, economical, and rarely failing.

Sanford's Radical Cure

Consists of one bottle of the Radical Cure, one box of Catarrhal Solvent, and one Improved Inhaler, all wrapped in one package, with treatise and directions, and sold by all druggists for $1.00.

POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CORPORATION, BOSTON.

FREE FROM RHEUMATISM

In one minute the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster relieves rheumatic, sciatic, hip, kidney, chest and muscular pains and weaknesses. The first and only pain-killing plaster.

LONG LIFE.

There is nothing in the world more generally desired than long life, yet the majority of people put off caring for their health—not because they are really careless, but because we live our lives at such a pace we have not time to give the subject sufficient thought until we receive a reminder in the shape of a severe illness.

Then, too, we are constantly bewildered by the various schools of medicine, and the physicians who represent them, and *often* blunder in our choice of a doctor.

If people only knew that the very best health-keeper, life-preserver and disease preventer that has yet been discovered, is simmered down into a concentrated and very palatable form in the shape of New Style Pleasant Taste Vinegar Bitters, they would not hesitate a moment to try it.

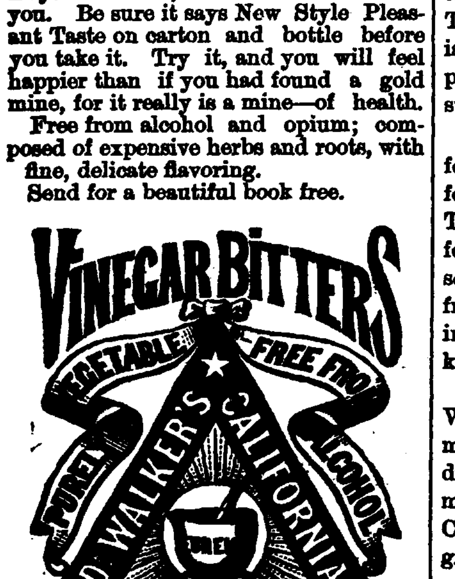
But they do not know. How can they know, when so many not only worthless, but positively injurious drugs are constantly flooding the market under various names and guises, that the New Style Vinegar Bitters is as bad as any of them?

They do not know, of course, unless they have the courage to try the New Style. It straightens out a tangled-up system in a very short while, and those who buy it once buy it always.

Why don't you try it, reader? It is sent out by a responsible house, and is exactly as represented. It costs but a dollar for a very large bottle. Try it once and you will never be so glad of anything in your life. Your druggist may not have it, but he will order it for you. Be sure it says New Style Pleasant Taste on carton and bottle before you take it. Try it, and you will feel happier than if you had found a gold mine, for it really is a mine—of health.

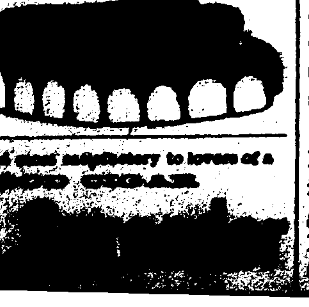
Free from alcohol and opium; composed of expensive herbs and roots, with fine, delicate flavoring.

Send for a beautiful book free.



R. H. McDONALD DRUG CO.,
Cor. Washington & Charlton Sts.,
NEW YORK CITY.

H. C. SITES, DENTIST, NILL'S BLOCK, 88 Calhoun st., Fort Wayne, Ind.
[illegible] same [illegible] 100 [illegible] 14 [illegible] ago.
[illegible] satisfactory to lovers of a GOOD CIGAR.



Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1889.

FOR THE SENTINEL.

A BONNY SCOT'S FAMILY.

BY JOHN B. BROWN.

I ha'e a wife and bairnies three,
They're just as nice as you may see,
There's Rob, Jim and little Jean,
Wi' her sweet face and bonny 'een.

Rob he is a romping chiel,
And doesn't seem to care or feel
How much trouble he gives his mother,
Or how he plagues his little brother.

Jim he is a pawky lad,
With his tricks oft' makes me mad;
Up he'll slip behind my chair,
And, with a shout, try me to scare.

Ah! I wish that I could catch him there,
But Jamie he is wide aware,
For not till again I take my book
Will he stir from out his nook.

Yes, Jim, you are a funny boy;
Yet to me you are a joy,
For, although you thus do play your part,
You have an honest loving heart.

Jeanie, she's a winsome child,
Always gentle, always mild;
She likes to play and have lots o' fun,
But evil always tries to shun.

What shall I say about my wife?
Why! she's the joy of my life,
She's aye sae trig, sae neat and clean,
She is my own, my darling Jean.

So there's the group—my only treasure,
I fondly hope 'twill be God's pleasure
To keep them free and safe from harm,
And shield them with His almighty arm.

CINDERS AS THEY FLY.

Saturday's Budget of News Around the Depots—The East Pittsburg Yard Gossip.

The Wabash shops are taking an inventory of stock.

This is the last working day of this week and month.

All the departments of the Pittsburg shops will close down on July 4.

Most of the manufacturing establishments will close down on July 4th.

A number of the men in the Bass moulding rooms are enjoying a holiday to-day.

The Pittsburg shop clerks have sent in their monthly reports to Shop Clerk Thos. Meegan.

The organ factory will close two days next week, to give employes a Fourth of July vacation.

A freight wreck occurred at Dixon, O., this morning on the Pittsburg, and No. 5 was late.

M. J. Vizzard has resigned his position at the Pittsburg blacksmith shops and gone to Chicago.

Fred Myers and Herman Gerdom, of the Bass works, are out in the country to-day of a hunting expedition.

James Doyle has taken the position at the Pennsylvania company's store room, made vacant by the promotion of James Conley.

Lodge No. 18, of G. I. A. to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, went to Rome City this morning with fifty excursionists.

Assistant Ticket Agent R. F. Douglass has the thanks of THE SENTINEL reporter for some nice fat squirrels, shot by him yesterday in the woods around Columbia City.

Councilman Geo. P. Gordon, the Pittsburg baggemaster, has bought a handsome new harness. This item is published for the benefit of the fellow who stole the harness from Mr. Gordon's stable a few weeks ago.

James Conley has taken the position of shipping clerk at the Pennsylvania company's store room, made vacant by the resignation of H. N. Helfrich. Mr. Conley is a nice young gentleman and will fill the position creditably.

A handsome flower bed has just been placed in the Pennsylvania railroad park between the freight house and the general offices. The words, "Penn Co." set in flowers, is one of the features of this bed, and it is very beautiful.

The Wabash station agents have been instructed to send all the receipts of the road up to to-morrow night to the office of Receiver McNulta, at Chicago. After that the receipts will be sent to the offices of the new consolidated lines at St. Louis.

The private detectives of a railroad company must be constantly shifted so that their faces may not become familiar to the employes and arouse suspicion. The cost of secret service to a railroad is often very large, but can never compare with the proportions of adroit and successful freight robbing.

Charley Taylor was the name of a fellow before the mayor the other day for drunkenness. It wasn't Charley Taylor, the machinist at the Bass works, for he doesen't figure in those kind of scrapes. The latter Charley Taylor is a friend of THE SENTINEL reporter and we insert this item without his consent or knowledge.

The new consolidated lines of the Wabash company will increase the mileage of the road under the new jurisdiction from 956 to 1950 miles, and terminal points taken in will embrace Council Bluffs and Des Moines, and give the company a connection of its own between Detroit and Clymers, Ind., and Detroit and Chicago.

The Vanderbilt lines held their regular semi-annual meetings yesterday in New York. The directors of the New York Central declared a dividend of 1 per cent; the statement presented shows a surplus of $11,000 after paying the dividend. The Lake Shore directors declared the regular semi-annual dividend of 2 per cent; the statement for the six months shows a surplus of $173,800 after paying the dividend.

Councilman J. C. Kensill, of the Pittsburg shops, has a way of preventing chickens from scratching up his garden. He crosses the long-legged Brahmas with the short-legged Ban- [illegible] the result [illegible] breed of scratch they lose their balance and come to grief. After a few demoralizing attempts they desist.

The Meehan family, a member of which—the father—died last evening, as the result of a railroad accident, has been an ill-fated one in this way. Several years ago John, one of the sons, was burned up in a caboose which took fire during a railroad wreck, and only a few years ago Michael, another son, was killed in a railroad accident at the new Pittsburg yards in this city.

A Mormon elder, with his three wifes and ten children, passed through the city last evening on the Pittsburg. Ora Ross, the ticket agent, introduced the old fellow to THE SENTINEL reporter while the family of thirteen were eating supper at the McKinnie house dining room. "Its awful nice to be a Mormon ain't it?" ventured our reporter. "Humph, you don't know anything about it," the elder replied, "Nice! guess you wouldn't relish paying out $9.75 for a single meal would you? That's what this one will cost me."

Henry L. Magee, who is to be general superintendent of the Wabash in place of K. H. Wade, resigned, is somewhat of a stranger in Indiana railroad circles, though a railroad man with a good record. He is forty-two years of age and a robust, active man. He began railroad life as a track layer on the LaCrosse and Milwaukee road in 1861. In 1865 he left that road and became roadmaster of the Southern Minnesota road. In 1876 he left that road to take the assistant superintendency of the Jacksonville, Pensacola and Mobile road, and on leaving that road in 1879, went on the Missouri Pacific, where he has been since, most of the time filling the position of division superintendent.

THE EAST YARDS BUDGET.

Conductor Ed Thork took in Rome City to-day.

Conductor Major is still off duty on account of illness.

Lou Sweeney, engineer of the 184, in the yards, is in Chicago. He will rusticate for two weeks.

Business on the road has assumed shape and everything is moving along in the even tenor of its way again.

Fred Smith, formerly of the east yard but now of Chicago, is in town. His rotundness of body is more apparent.

Night telegraph offices have been again re-opened at Robinson, Ada, Arcola, Pierceton, Bourbon, Hamlet, Wanatah and Clarke.

The east yard boys have had their graceful forms photographed in groups and now are being solicited by all the young ladies to send their profiles.

The switchmen expect to have a rousing time on the 25th prox. at Rome City. A large crowd from Grand Rapids will join them there and Rome will certainly howl.

Harry Gilbert, in the yard office, is sojourning in Dubuque, Iowa, for two weeks. Jas. Haskell is filling his position during his absence and Homer Blakely officiates in the capacity of night clerk in consequence.

George McManigal donned his spike-tail coat and other portions of a society garb and sailed for Arcola Thursday night, where he tripped the light fantastic and made numerous impressions on the fair young lassies of that burg.

Prepared by a combination, proportion and process peculiar to itself, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures hitherto unknown.

Mr. George L. Clayton is at Sandusky, Ohio, on business.

Don't hawk, and blow, and spit, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Remember the Nickel Plate 4th of July excursions. Tickets on sale July 2, 3 and 4. Good returning until July 6, 1889. One fare for the round trip. 25-8t

---

J. T. Franks, formerly of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago office in this city, but now of the Western Union in Chicago, is in the city, the guest of his sister, Mr. T. F. Ogier.

Take Hood's Sarsaparilla 100 Doses One Dollar

The Chief Reason for the marvellous success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is found in the fact that this medicine actually accomplishes all that is claimed for it. Its real merit has won for Hood's Sarsaparilla a popularity and sale greater than that of any other blood purifier. It cures Scrofula, all Humors, Dyspepsia, etc. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Merit Wins

A Noted Divine Says:
"I have been using Tutt's Liver Pills for Dyspepsia, Weak Stomach and Costiveness, with which I have long been afflicted.

Tutt's Pills

ARE A SPECIAL BLESSING.

[illegible]

Mayor's Proclamation.

All dogs running at large between the 1st day of July and the 1st day of October, 1889, are hereby required to be muzzled.

The marshals and police officers will be instructed to shoot all dogs found at large without muzzles between those dates.

I also call the attention of the public to the following ordinance:

"No clothing, goods, merchandise, wares, signs, boxes, or other articles shall be placed in front of any store, shop, or other place in the city, on or above any *sidewalk* or in or upon any alley."

The marshal and police officers will be instructed to *enforce* said ordinance on and after July 1.

DANIEL L. HARDING,
Mayor.

Baker's Famous Headache Specific—the new discovery, should be kept in every family. Its timely use will prevent the occupancy of all those dreadful headaches which you are subject to. It gives relief in from 20 to 30 minutes, and is fast becoming a household remedy. Use it once and you will never be without it. Sold by Thieme & Gross, the druggists.

The Young Men's society of Wayne Street M. E. church had a meeting and social at the church last night.

Made Like Tea.

Have you been to your druggist for a free sample package of Lane's Family Medicine, which is made as simply as tea? It is a harmless vegetable remedy for your blood, stomach, liver and kidneys, and an easy cure for constipation, discovered by Dr. Silas Lane while in the Rocky Mountains. Don't fail to call to-day at any druggist's for a free sample of this grand family medicine. Large size package 50c.

The uniform rank, C. B. L., drilled last night, under command of Capt. J. H. Rohan.

LOOSE'S EXTRACT RED CLOVER BLOSSOM

THE GREAT Blood Purifier.

PURE AND EFFICACIOUS.

IT CURES

Cancers, Humors, Sores, Ulcers, Swellings, Tumors, Abscesses, Blood Poisoning, Salt Rheum, Catarrh, Erysipelas, Rheumatism, and all Blood and Skin Diseases.

PRICE, $1 per Pint Bottle, or 6 Bottles for $5. 1 lb. can Solid Extract $2.50.

J. M. LOOSE RED CLOVER CO.,
Detroit, Mich.

For sale by Dreier Bros.,

A. F. GESSLER,

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

FRESH, SALT
—AND—
SMOKED - MEATS,

60 East Main Street.

He has just placed new machinery in his establishment and is now prepared to make the finest Saussages in the market. Dressed Poultry and Home-made Lard for sale. 24-1yr.

B. R. NOLL.

BRANCH DRUG STORE

No. 10 E. COLUMBIA ST.

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet Articles. Also,

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Window Glass, etc.

PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALTY.

ALSO, 128 BROADWAY. COR. JEFF.

J. S. McCURDY,
DENTIST
OFFICE—Room 15, over First National Bank. tues&sat6m

S. BREIDENSTEIN.
Real Estate & Loans
26 Court Street.
Watch his bulletin for some special bargains.

J. C. PELTIER,
Undertaker & Embalmer
17 WEST WAYNE ST.,
Telephone No. 174 - - - Fort Wayne, Ind

STOP. HEAR. READ.

FINEST, LARGEST and CHEAPEST Stock of Bedding Plants at the City and Avenue Green House.

B. L. AUGER.

DR. T. J. DILLS,
NO. 40 WEST BERRY STREET,
DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR.
Office hours: 9 to 12 a. m. and 1:30 to 4 p. m.

JOHN W. MULDOON,
Practical Painter!
Sign painting, graining and papering. Hard oil finishing and wall painting a specialty. No. 12 East Berry Street

BROU'S INJECTION
An Infallible Remedy for the Cure of all Contagious Diseases of the Urinary organs; [illegible]

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

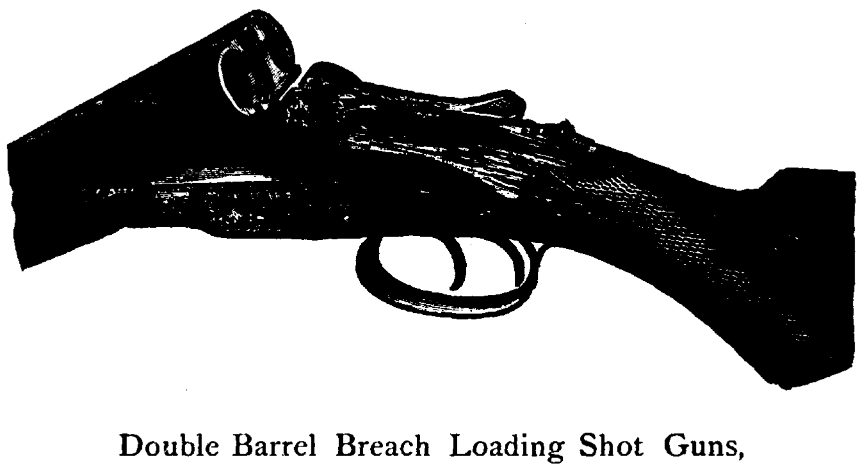
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

STIMULATE the VITAL FORCES to a HEALTHY and NORMAL CONDITION by TAKING **HOPTONIC.**

For sale at Thieme & Gross' Drug Store, Corner Calhoun and Wayne.

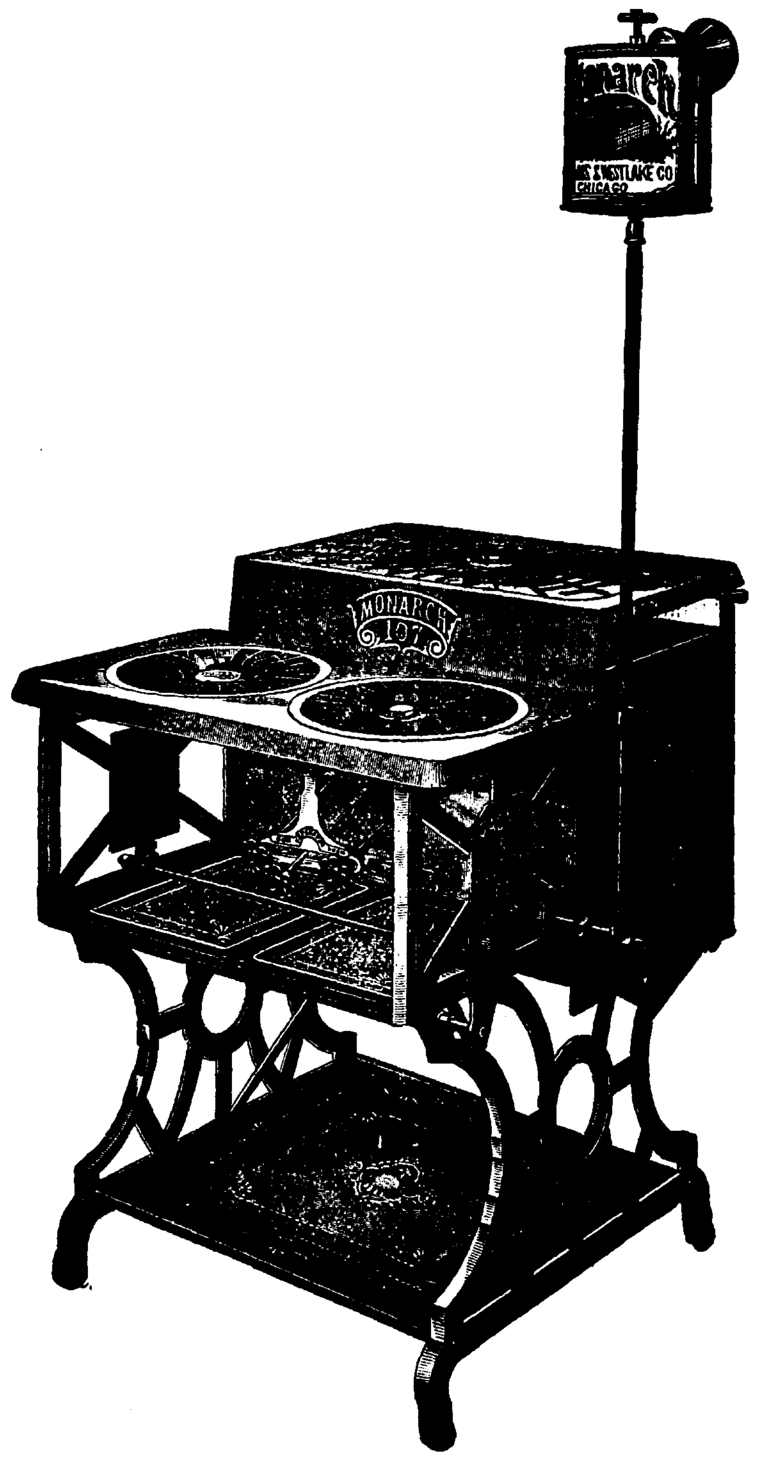
STANDARD
MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE For the Treatment of All Diseases.
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS:
DR. J. W. YOUNGE, DR. E. H. HAAS, DR. J. S. BLENKER, DR. W. L. SCHULTZE, DR. N. B. SMITH.
No. 210 CALHOUN STREET. - FORT WAYNE, IND.

The PARKER GUN.



Double Barrel Breach Loading Shot Guns,
HAMMER AND HAMMERLESS.
Strongest and Best Shooting Guns made. Send for circular.
PARKER BROTHERS, MAKERS,
MERIDEN, CONN.

MONARCH



GASOLINE STOVE.

We desise to announce to our friends and patrons that we have an entirely

New Vapor Stove,

For 1889, embodying every new feature that practical experience has demonstrated to be of real value to the user, simple in construction and easy to manage.

CALL AND SEE IT
Before Buying.
GRUBER & GRAY,

The D&C TO MACKINAC

SUMMER TOURS.
PALACE STEAMERS. LOW RATES.
Four Trips per Week Between
DETROIT, MACKINAC ISLAND
Petoskey, Sault Ste. Marie, and Lake Huron Way Ports.
Every Week Day Between
DETROIT AND CLEVELAND
Special Sunday Trips during June, July, August and Sept.
Double Daily Line Between
CHICAGO AND ST. JOSEPH, MICH.
OUR ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLETS
Rates and Excursion Tickets will be furnished by your Ticket Agent, or address
E. B. WHITCOMB, G. P. A., DETROIT, MICH.,
Detroit and Cleveland Steam Nav. Co.

REMINGTON!

STANDARD
TYPEWRITER

It has been for fifteen years the STANDARD, and embraces the latest and highest achievements of inventive skill.

SEND FOR FULL PARTICULARS.

Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict,

51 North Pennsylvania Street, Indianapolis, Ind.
May 22-5mo

Arrival and Departure of Trains.

PENNSYLVANIA COMPANY.

Under Schedule in Effect May 12, 1889.

Trains leave the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago station at Fort Wayne as follows:

(STANDARD TIME.)

EASTBOUND—For Pittsburg, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York *5:20 a. m., †1:40 p. m., *8:00 p. m., *9:00 p. m.

Crestline accommodation, †7:00 a. m.

WESTBOUND—For Chicago, *5:15 a. m., †11:40 a. m., *5:00 p. m., *1:45 a. m. Chicago accommodation leaves at 6:30 a. m. For Plymouth, [illegible] p. m.

*Daily.
†Daily, except Sunday.

NEW YORK, CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS R. R.

OING EAST		GOING WEST
Lv 2 00 p m	Express	Lv [illegible] p m
Lv 6 10 a m	Accommodation	Lv 6 45 a m

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN.
[Fort Wayne Division.]

FROM NORTH		GOING NORTH
10 30 a m—A.	Cincinnati Ex.......—Lv	
	Detroit Ex	" 4 40 p m
3 40 p m	" —Detroit Fx	"11 30 a m
5 20 p m	" —Way Freight.......	" 6 40 a m

All trains daily except Sunday.

FT. WAYNE, CINCINNATI & LOUISVILLE AND WHITE WATER R. R.

The direct line to and from Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and Fort Wayne.
[Fort Wayne Time Table.]

Going South.	Arrives
5 30 a m—Ft Wayne accommodation—	9 30 a m
10 45 a m—Cin & Lo'v'le mail and ex—	4 20 pm
5 30 p m—Indianapolis express......	10 00 p m

WABASH RAILWAY.
MARCH 31, 1889.

GOING WEST.	Depar
Pacific Express, daily	5 00 a. m.
Kansas City ex, daily ex'pt Sunday	1 45 p. m.
Vestibule Limited and Mail........	8 17 p. m.
Lafayette accom	3 30 p. m.
GOING EAST.	Depart
Vestibule Limited daily.............	5 05 a m
Cannon Ball, except Sunday.......	1 30
Limited Express, daily	6 25
Lafayette accom arrives 11 a. m.	

INDIANAPOLIS TIME CARD.

Lv Ft Wayne	Ar Indianapolis
5 00 a m........................	10 30 a m
1 45 p m........................	6 20 p m
Lv Indianapolis	Ar Ft Wayne
7 15 a m........................	1 20 p m
1 10 p m........................	6 10 p m
7 00 p m........................	5 00 a m

Through Buffalo Palace sleeping cars and new free chair cars on the Pacific and Limited express. Free chair cars, dining car and New York and Boston sleeping car on Vestibule Limited express.

Kansas City express and Cannon Ball has new reclining chair cars for Kansas City free.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.
Time Table for Fort Wayne, in Effect June 16, '89

GOING NORTH.	
*For Grand Rapids and North.........	Lv 2 15 a m
" " " "	" 8 05 a m
For Grand Rapids........................	" 2 50 p m
From Richmond...........................	Ar 6 15 p m
From Portland............................	Ar 7 30 a m
GOING SOUTH.	
For Richmond and Cincinnati......	Lv 5 50 a m
" "	" 12 30 p m
* "	" 12 10 p m
For Portland..............................	6 50 p m
From Grand Rapids...........	Ar 6 35 p m

*Daily between Cin. and Grand Rapids.
All other trains daily except Sunday.

$500 Reward!

We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely Vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large boxes, containing 30 Pills, 25 cents. For sale by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., "The Pill Makers," 862 W. Madison St., Chicago. Free trial package sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of a 3 cent stamp. Sold by Thieme & Gross, Druggists, 94 Calhoun street corner of Wayne, Fort Wayne, Ind.

WATER WORKS.
Bath Tubs, Pumps, Rubber Hose, etc.
—AT—
C. W. BRUNS & CO.,
PLUMBERS,
166 Calhoun Street,
Opposite the Cathedral, Fort Wayne, Ind.

J. M. E. RIEDEL,
ARCHITECT,
ABOVE SCHANZ'S GALLERY.
112 CALHOUN ST. - FORT WAYNE, IND.

The Oldest Firm and Most Reliable in the City,
Wing & Mahurin,
ARCHITECTS!
Rooms 41 and 42, Pixley & Long Block.

FRANK B. KENDRICK,
ARCHITECT,
138 CALHOUN STREET,
FORT WAYNE, - - - - - - - INDIANA.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound [illegible]

PATENT POETRY PUFFER.

BY A. D. BAILIE.

HE came gayly into the sanctum, with a confident air, a yard-wide smile, and a general appearance of mildew about his whole appearance. He was in high spirits; the spirits pervading his being could be olfactively discerned at a distance of ten feet. There was more grease on his coat than in his flesh.

After a flourishing and all-comprehensive bow he handed in a dog-eared card, well marked by frequent cleanings with bread-crumbs, and on it "T. Wellington Hussler, P. P. P."

"P'rmit me introjuce meself; have the honor. Take a seat? Cert! One cheer for Hussler! Ha! How's that?"

And he pulled up the only vacant chair in the place and planted it before the speechless-with-disgust managing editor.

"Hussler's my name; yes, that's it, *T. Wellington Hussler, P. P. P.*; that's *Patent Poetry Puffer*. Idea of my own. Big thing! Starting new century, time for new ideas—I'm the man for the time. Goin' t'show you now how t'revolutionize journalism. Make the *Ledger* greatest paper on earth. Sure thing! Looker here! Just give you er idea, rough notes.

"Now, the old dried and hayseed method's played—'tirely played out. Know that, don'tcher? What makes er paper pay, eh? Why, 'tizing, ads., them's what does the biz, ain't so? Well, looker here! See these notes? Just dashed off on spur moment, you know, but'll give you the idea.

"Run all your ads in poetry—sharp, snappy, f'cetious. I'll write 'em, twenty-five cents line. It'll take like gin bitters. Children'll cry for 'em. Boom *Ledger*. Run up circulation to —to—to anywhere, nowhere, everywhere! See. Look here." And he slapped down slip after slip of soiled paper, with his dirty fingers pointing out the words as he read them to the still dumb-with-demoralization editor.

"See here, one for your tailor. Run any name in. Listen:

"Ben Snipper's coats are all complete;
His vests are of all vestments neat;
His trousers all have double seat;
In overcoats he can't be beat—
With fashions new he'll fashion you
Into a blooming hoop-de-dude-en-doo.

"How's that? Sure to catch on, an ad. of that style. Tailor socks up for a year, sure pop. See!

"Then, look here again. 'Nother line of biz:

"Planter, the gentlemanly undertaker,
General repairer and cabinet-maker,
Has his new shop crammed, from ground to roof,
With furniture, cheap or costly, and fine,
And every article in his line.
In his patent caskets—they're fireproof—
He'll bury a sinner, or bury a saint,
And his hearse-wheels shine in new red paint.
If you want in his line anything at all,
Be sure and give friend Planter a call.

"There's genius for you—neat and comprehensive, ain't it? Why, if your undertaker's got a cent's worth of snap in him, it's good for double column at double rates!

"Now here's how you can 'make a steak' out of your butcher. No charge for that joke. I throw 'em in often that'r way." And he plunked down another shabby bit of paper, reading off:

"Butcher Bones he keeps the shop
Where you get the red, ripe mutton-chop;
The 4-cents a pound soup joints, prime steaks,
And you never eat such head-cheese as he makes.
For all good things in the way of meat,
Old Bones, the butcher, can't be beat.

"Or just take this lay-out to get your wife's bonnets at first cost and an ad. for the *Ledger*:

"Miss Arabella Celestine De Long
Makes her bonnets up a ler bong tong;
In mantua-making she's just jeunessee,
And her fits are entirely le june Paree.
Straw goods bleached and pressed in latest style;
To call on Arabella is quite worth your while.

"And here's one'll get your dentist, sure:

"Jerkem, the Dentist, he's the boy
To ease your pain and give you joy;
If pour teeth want either pulling or plugging,
Jerkem's the chap to do the slugging.
He yanked four for Us, last week, quite slick,
And we never gave a grunt or kick.
Only a qua'ter a-piece he charged us, too;
He'll do the same, good sir, for you.

"Those two last are neat, if I do say it myself. Maybe I'm a little loose in my French on the Arabella squib, but then, what's your compositors and proof-readers for if it ain't to correct such slips of the teeming brain of genius?"

The managing editor still said nothing, but there was a deadly glare in his cold, blue eye.

"Here's a soft plum for your baker, now," continued the P. P. P., producing it:

"For wheat or rye, the white or brown,
Friend Crusty's the best bread man in town;
Upon his pies there are no flies—
To that, my son, you can bet your eyes.
He's got 'em, dried-apple, custard and mince,
Fit for the President's wife or a prince.
Five cents for one-half of a two-inch thick pie,
Nobody can call that figure high;
Occasionally one does our table grace,
And fills a long-felt want in our vacant space.

"No baker in Chicago could growl at a P. P. P. and ad. combined, like that, eh? And here's a dodge to work your lunch-route:

"At Dobbins' Railroad Hotel Caffee
You can your steaming demmy tassee;
His fifteen-cent dinners are most researchee,
And his fish-cakes biggest ever you see.
Finest drinks he has, your heart to cheer,
Five cents buys a pint and a half schooner of beer;
Hard-boiled eggs also, at two for five—
Dobbin is the man that's all alive.

"Now that's just a rough sort of a lay-out of the sceme, and I can take right hold now and——"

But the managing editor had "taken hold" already; dull, sickening thuds were thudding all around the office with the most thudding of the most intense thudness.

All that remains of the P. P. P. now shudders upon a cot in the city hospital.—*Chicago Ledger.*

A WRITER on "the age of pulp," upon which we have entered, declares that paper-makers are not likely to suffer lack of raw material. Few fibrous substances—such as esparto grass, straw and wood—have as yet practically taken the place once occupied exclusively by rags, but pulp has been successfully obtained from East Indian ramie, pineapple fibres, bamboo, bagasse (the refuse from sugar canes), peat, braken or common fern, flags, rushes seaweed, tan and hop stalks. Paper has been made in Scotland from hollyhock stems; in Ireland from the mallow, red clover, hop vine, and yellow water iris; in Demerara from the plantain; and in France from leaves.

THE richest genius, like most fertile soil, when uncultivated, shoots up into the rankest weeds; and instead of [illegible] olives, for the pleasure and [illegible] to its slothful [illegible]

LIGHT MOODS.

SONG of the drygoods clerk—Swinging in delaine.

SARAH BERNHARDT on foot is a continual walking match.

WE should be good to our Indian proteges. They are our kind red.

IT is reasonable to suppose that some trees are very old, especially those that produce chestnuts.

WHEN an orator becomes a great gun in his own estimation he is apt to be a good deal of a smooth-bore in the estimation of others.

ASK permission of a penurious man to interview him for the benefit of some charitable object and the chances are he will not give assent.

THE room was dark, the maiden rose
To fetch a match, she said—
But he persuaded her to stay
And make a match instead.

THERE are small insects that resemble base-ball players, inasmuch as they are liable to go out on fowls. They are liable to make a short stop on bats.

COULD "the father of his county" see how the stars in the field on our flag have increased from thirteen to forty-two he would be surprised at the growth of his family.

"KEEP 'way from dat nigger, I tell you," said Uncle Rube to his sable daughter. "He's like wot John de Babtis lived on." "How's dat?" she asked. "Low cus an' wild, honey," was the reply.

ONE HUNDRED years ago New Jersey was a "frontier State." It is so still when you take into consideration the size and savagery of the wild game. Where can the Jersey mosquito's peer be found?

AT the theater: Blobson (rising excitedly)—Down with that red umbrella in front! Mrs. Blobson (drawing him back)—For mercy's sake, hush up! That ain't an umbrella. It's a new spring hat.

AT a recent examination of girls for the rite of confirmation, in answer to the question: "What is the outward and visible sign and form of baptism?" the reply was: "Please, sir, the baby."

ALAS!

I had told her that I loved her,
She had whispered me the same;
Then in innocent flirtation
I was caught. The climax came.
She demanded back her letters;
And my mind is in a whirl,
For by some mistake I sent her
Letters from another girl.

MAINE, Iowa and Kansas are said to use up more cloves than any other three States in the Union. The area suitable for clove cultivation is very limited, as they require a peculiar kind of soil; and if prohibition ever becomes a United States law they will become worth their weight in gold.

"WHAT'S the occasion?" queried the tramp as he came to a dozen or more carriages before a home on Fourteenth avenue. "Funeral," answered one of the drivers. "Old or young?" "Baby, believe." "Good! I struck an old man out here for a quarter the other day, and I was afraid the shock had killed him."

A GOOD work: "So this is where Congress sits?" said a traveling man who was going through the United States Capitol for the first time. "Yes," was the reply; "you want to take off your hat when you come in here." "Take off my hat, what for?" "Out of respect for our Congressmen and the great work they are doing." "What great work did they do last session?" "Why—er. Why, they adjourned." "So they did," said the traveler, uncovering his head, "so they did."

A MIDNIGHT RAID ON A HEN-ROOST.

Sambo—"Now where all dem ornary dawg catchas? Dey's jist like de good fer nuthin' perleece; nebber 'roun when dey's needed!"

Private Hamlin.

"Did you ever know," asked a gentleman at the Union League Club banquet, "that Hannibal Hamlin once served this government in a dual capacity, holding a position near the top of the ladder and another near the bottom at one and the same time?"

The reporter admitted that he had never heard of the incident.

"Well, he did," said the club man. "While he was Vice-President of the United States he served for a time as a private in the volunteer army. Queer idea, wasn't it? I'll tell you how it happened.

"You see, he was an honorary member of a little company of militia in Bangor, Me., and when Lincoln issued his call for troops, it promptly responded and came to Washington. There it was ordered to the navy yard to do guard duty, and to the surprise of every one Mr. Hamlin announced his intention to go with it. The officers rather rebelled at the idea of having a Vice-President under them, but Mr. Hamlin was determined.

"'Why not?' he asked. 'If I'm a good enough man to be an honorary member of the company, I guess I am good enough to be private.'

"And he shouldered a gun and went with them. Well, at the navy yard there were, of course, more complications. The officers decided that it would not do to put the distinguished private on guard duty, but he objected again, and pertinently inquired:

"'What am I here for—to look pretty?'

"And the result was that he marched up and down as a sentinel in his regular turn. Odd, wasn't it? Imagine the Vice-President of the United States receiving orders from a sergeant of a militia company.

"Then when the company was mustered out he was offered the regular pay of a private for the time he was at the navy yard, but declined to accept it.

"'Why?' he was asked. 'You served with the rest of us.'

"'Well,' he said, 'I don't think it's [illegible] service from [illegible]

Laughable Blunders.

Typographical errors, like the poor, we have always with us. Until recently there was said to be no typographical errors in the Bible. But lately several have been pointed out. A company of scientists once tried to issue a book without a single typographical error. Proof was read and re-read scores of times, but when the book was published a typographical error was discovered on the title page. Below we give a few of these amusing errors:

A Philadelphia paper, several years ago, wished to announce that "Hon. Mr. —— will address them asses." etc.

The conductor of a religious paper was vexed because, when he quoted the line, "Love lies bleeding," it appeared "raw rice pudding."

Advertisements furnish many ludicrous mistakes. A prominent mercantile house in New York desired to bring to the knowledge of the public the fact that it had for sale a large quantity of brass hoppers such as are used in coffee mills. "Brass hoppers" was printed "grass hoppers."

"Old hats made new, while you wait for twenty-five cents," was the advertisement of a repairer of gentlemen's head gear; and he was greatly surprised when one of his patrons, on receiving a hat which had been "made new" said, "I am in somewhat of a hurry, and will take the quarter now, if you please!"

But an explanation followed, and the "ad." was properly punctuated before it again appeared.

"Her chest tones are full and prominent," wrote a critic, concerning a celebrated cantatrice. The compositor and proof reader were not versed in musical nomenclature, and the unfortunate outcome of their dereliction was, "Her breast bones are full and prominent."

Of a new minister, whose favor he desired to secure to himself, an editor said, "He is a most venerable sample of antiquity." In print it read, "He is a most venerable sample of iniquity."

One line of a poem, dedicated to its author's lady was, "I kissed her under the stars." His feelings can better be imagined than described, when he saw it transformed into, "I kicked her under the stairs."

Another poet intended to say: "See the pale martyr in a sheet of fire!" The types made him say, "See the pale martyr in a shirt on fire!"

"I offer my most respectable shanks to all who have honored me with their patronage," read a dancing master's card to the public.

"May they always live in peace and harmony," is the way in which a marriage notice should have concluded. The happy couple must have felt decidedly uncomfortable when they saw, "May they always live on peas and hominy," in the announcement of their nuptials.

Noticing the applause elicited by the remarks of a speaker at a public meeting in England, a party organ said, "The air was rent with the snouts of three thousand people."

The Strongest Proof.

Andy Feterage, a ferryman, was summoned to appear before the United States court and give his testimony in a case of ballot-box stealing. The old fellow had never seen a higher judicial functionary than a justice of the peace, and was much astonished to find that the judge did not weigh at least five hundred pounds.

"You will please tell the jury what you know about this case," said the judge.

"Yes, suh, but lemme tell you what I thought about this case, jedge. I 'lowed that as the election is all over, we mout as well let this thing drap."

"Makes no difference what you thought. Tell the jury what you know."

"Well, I'll tell you why I thought so. We air all gittin' along putty well now—everything has quieted down—an' I don't see no use in stirrin' up hornets jest fur the fun uv seein' 'em swarm, fur the fack is, somebody mout git stung."

"Are you going to tell the jury what you know about this case?"

"Jedge, lemme tell you suthin', Ken I turn State's evidence right here?"

"Yes, United States evidence."

"Wall, I'll do it, I b'l'eve Tobo Parker stole the box."

"What has that to do with turning——'

"Oh, well, now, never mind; Tobe's the man."

"That can hardly be when it was proved yesterday that Parker was out of the State at the time."

"I don't kere where he was, jedge; he's the man."

"But how do you know?"

"Wall, I'll tell you. That man Parker toted a jug uv licker through a Prohibition districk an' didn't pull out the corn-cob stopper, an', jedge, a man what'll do that will steal—steal a ballot-box, er a hoss."

The jury convicted Mr. Parker.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Our Echo.

You remember the story of the boy who went out into the woods and cried out, "Hello!" and echo said "Hello!" The boy got mad, thought he was being made fun of and he said, "I hate you!" His anger increased, and he cried out, "I'll hit you!" Again Echo says, "I'll hit you!" The little fellow, indignant, went into the house and told his mother that a boy out in the woods was going to hit him, and that he hated him, and so on. The mother saw the secret, and said to him, "Now, my son, if you will go out into the woods and cry out, 'I love you', you will find that the boy says he loves you." So out he went, and said "I love you,!" and Echo immediately replied, "I love you!" When we go out into church, into the world, with this life of love in us, producing harmony of all our faculties, we can project into our environments or circumstances this life of love, and by it make men love us, and beget in the lives of men this life of love.

THE specific weight of a human body exceeds that of river water, but so very slightly that the addition of a little salt will equalize the difference. In waters holding an unusually large solution of saline elements, like the Dead Sea, even inexpert swimmers would float like driftwood, and by means of a few pounds of cork fastened between the shoulders, river-bathing children would be made almost accident-proof.

I HAVE lived to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: "Never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of "too many irons in the fire" conveys an untruth. You cannot have too many—poker, tongs, and all—keep them all going.

[illegible] selfish knowledge are [illegible]

FICTION OUTDONE.

Reade's Description of an English Village Swept Away by Flood.

Charles Reade, in one of the chapters of his novel, "Put Yourself in His Place," gives a graphic description of the bursting of a dam situated above an English village. The dismay and terror of the villagers as they saw the immense sheet of water coming down toward them found a parallel in the little Pennsylvania town of Johnstown. The great novelist writes:

"Farmer Emden was standing at the door of his house, and, in reply to Ransome, told him he had just come down from the reservoir. He had seen the crack and believed it to be a mere frost He apprehended no danger and had sent his people to bed. * * By and by Ransome looked up, and observed a thin sheet of water beginning to stream over the the centre of the embankment and trickle down; the quantity was nothing; but it alarmed him. He thought it was better to give a false warning than withhold a true one; he ran to his horse, jumped on him, galloped on, shouting as he went: "It's coming! It's coming!" He galloped through Hatfield, shouting: "Save yourselves! Save yourselves!" and the people poured out and ran for high ground, shrieking wildly; looking back, he saw the hill dotted with what he took for sheep at first, but it was the folk in their night clothes. He galloped on to Damflask, still shouting as he went. At the edge of the hamlet he found a cottage with no light in it; he dismounted and thundered at the door: "Escape for your lives! for your lives!"

At the top of the hill he turned a moment, and looked up the valley; soon he saw a lofty white wall running down on Hatfield mill. It struck the mill and left nothing visible but the roof, surrounded by white foam. Another moment, and he distinctly saw the mill swim a yard or two, then disappear and leave no trace; and on came the white wall, hissing and thundering. Ransome uttered a cry of horror, and galloped madly forward to save what lives he might. Whenever he passed a house he shrieked his warning, but he never drew rein.

* * * * * *

At Poma Bridge the devastation was horrible. The flood had bombarded a row of fifty houses, and demolished them so utterly that only one arch of one cellar remained; the very foundations were torn up, and huge holes of incredible breadth and depth bored by the furious eddies. And now the day began to dawn.

There was nothing to be done and Ransome went back to Hillsborough. Daybreak realized his worst fears; between Poma Bridge and the first suburb of Hillsborough the place was like a battlefield; not that many had been drowned on the spot, but that, drowned all up the valley by the flood at its highest, they had been brought down and deposited in the thick layer of mud left by the abating waters. Some were cruelly gashed and mangled by the hard objects with which they had come in contact. Others wore a peaceful expression and had color in their cheeks. One drew tears from both these valiant men. It was a lovely little girl, with her little hands before her face to keep out the sight of death. Here and there a hand or ghastly face appearing above the mud showed how many must be hidden altogether, and Ransome hurried home to get more assistance to disinter the dead.

Railroad Sleepers.

"A great many travelers," said a well-known railroad man the other day, "imagine that sleepers or ties, as they are familiarly called, form one of the biggest items in the expense of constructing a first-class railroad. Such is not the case, however. The timber used for sleepers, while of the hardest kind, is fairly inexpensive, when the labor of raising and dressing is considered. The road with which I am connected is supplied with sleepers at fifty cents each. These are of the finest material, being thoroughly seasoned and prepared. Besides furnishing the timber the lumber man is obliged, under the rules of the contract, to deliver or scatter the ties along our tracks within six feet of each side. Once deposited there the contract closes. Our own workmen, of course, lay them."

"How long does a sleeper remain in good condition?"

"In Northern, Eastern and Western climates, if the ballast be ordinary, a sleeper will live seven years. Bad ballast and surroundings kill a sleeper quicker thon anything else. Wear and tear caused by traffic do not perform as much destruction as one would suppose. In the South an ordinary sleeper will live about three or four years only. In Northern parts rain and snow storms also assist greatly in ending the days of a sleeper."

"Could not chemicals help to prevent a hasty decay of wooden ties?"

"There is a chemical compound which is very effective in preventing the rotting away of wood, but this compound is so expensive that it would require a big mint to coat all the ties with it. The mixture is used with success on the stanchions and lifts of those improved freight cars which carry so many different kinds of damaging cargoes."

"Why not try iron or steel in the construction of sleepers?"

"In Central America there is a railroad which is built entirely of iron ties. Wood takes to a spike with great effect, but on this Central American road the rails are secured by huge bolts run through the flat side of the rail into the sleeper, where they are fastened by nuts. There are many objections to the use of iron. It does not give a spring like wood, and this is much desired in the haul of a heavy train of cars over rails. The expensive side of the innovation must also be considered, and iron is likely to break and fall to pieces from constant rust. No, worms do not figure very prominently in the premature destruction of wooden ties. Perhaps they would if there were not such a continual scattering of oil and live cinders along the path of the rails."—[New York Mail and Express.

Storm Centres.

The largest number of destructive cyclones have been recorded in the eastern hemisphere, on the southern coast of the Strait of Malacca (between Sumatra and the Asiatic mainland), in the western world on the east shore of San Domingo. On the eastern islands of the Caribbean Sea architecture has, indeed, been discouraged by storms as much as in the volcanic regions of South America by earthquakes. Even less [illegible] colonists than the present [illegible]

Now.

The benefit to be derived from a good medicine in early spring is undoubted, but many people neglect taking any until the approach of warmer weather, when they wilt like a tender flower in a hot sun. Something must be done to overcome that tired feeling and give the strength necessary to do daily work. Vacation is earnestly longed for, but many weeks, perhaps months, must elapse before rest can be indulged in. To impart strength and to give a feeling of health and vigor throughout the system, there is nothing equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It seems peculiarly adapted to overcome that prostration caused by change of season, climate, or life, and while it tones and sustains the system it purifies and renovates the blood.

Life in Pizen Creek.

New York Man (looking about the city of Pizen Creek, Dakota, addressing native)—It seems to me that your race track is remarkably close to your schoolhouse. Why, you might use the porch for the judges' stand.

Native (unmoved)—We gen'rally does, stranger. The crowd stands on the other side in front o' the con't-house.

"I should think the parents of the children would object."

"Well, I don't see why they should—there ain't never any racing till 4 o'clock. I have never heard a word of complaint, partner, and I have been principal of that air school and acted as starter fer the races fer the last six years.—*Texas Siftings.*

A Multitude of Ailments.

The ailments which afflict the kidneys and bladder are so numerous that merely to name them would fill a space far outrunning the limits of this article. Suffice it to say, that they are both obstinate and dangerous. To their prevention Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is well adapted. The stimulus which it lends to the action of the kidneys when they are lethargic, serve to counteract a tendency in them to lapse, first, into a state of pernicious inactivity, and afterwards into one of positive organic disease, which soon destroys their delicate integuments, poisons the blood, and causes death. A double purpose is served by this depurent. It promotes activity of the kidneys, and expels impurities from the blood which have no natural channel of outlot, except these organs. Constipation, biliousness, fever and ague, rheumatism, and dyspepsia are also remedied by this medicine of thorough action and wide scope.

His Last Resort.

Physician—Now Mrs. Smalltalk, will you let me look at your tongue?

Mrs. Smalltalk (two minutes later) Well, doctor, why in the world don't you look at my tongue, if you want to, instead of writing away like a newspaper editor? How long do you expect I am going to sit here with my mouth wide open?

Physician—Just one moment more, please, madam. I only wanted you to keep still long enough so that I could write this prescription. — *Somerville Journal.*

Lessons of Experience.

Newsboy—Extra! Extra!

Gentleman—How much is it?

Newsboy—Two cents. Have one?

Gentleman—No.

Friend—Two cents is the regular price of that paper. Why didn't you buy?

Gentleman—If there had been anything in it worth reading the boy would have charged five cents.—*New York Weekly.*

COUNSEL OF EMINENT PHYSICIANS.

The People of Oakland County Wild with Excitement.

PONTIAC, Mich., March 16, 1887.

On the 10th day of December, 1886, I came from Orion to Pontiac to visit my parents, and was taken suddenly ill. Dr. Galbreith, of this place, was called, and after making careful examination of my case, desired a council, and named as councilor, Dr. McGraw, of Detroit. They met in council Dec. 15th, made a careful examination, and pronounced my disease as Cancer of the Liver, and stated that there was no hope for me, and it was impossible to cure me. The pain was very severe and Dr. Galbreith continued his visits, administering quieting powders. A swelling or bunch had formed upon my right ribs almost as large as my fist, and I had given up all hopes of recovery. But having heard of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup, I sent, Feb. 1, 1887, and bought a bottle of the Syrup from Mr. Peter Schmitz, a druggist of this place, and took it as directed. About March 1st something broke and the swelling commenced to go down, until it has almost disappeared. Up to this date I have taken two and one-half bottles of the Syrup, and have so far recovered as to be able to visit my neighbors, and am truly rejoicing that I am fast being relieved of such terrible pain, and desiring to acknowledge the benefit I have received in using your Syrup, I send you this statement, hoping you will use it so that others who are afflicted may be benefited and relieved from pain as I have been. Very truly,

CHARLES A. SPIER,
of Orion, Mich.

PONTIAC, Mich., March 16, 1887.

This is to certify that Mr. Charles A. Spier, my son, has made a correct statement of his case, as I have watched by his bedside during his entire illness.

JOHN SPIER.

The undersigned certify that they are well acquainted with Charles A. Spier, whose signature appears above, and we have no hesitation in saying that any statement made by him can be relied upon as being true in every particular.

BERRIDGE & BERRIDGE,
Druggists, Orion, Mich.
J. A. NEAL,
Editor *Weekly Review* and Justice of the Peace, Orion, Mich.
J. S. KITCHER,
Postmaster.

ORION, Mich., March 19, 1887.

Keen Enjoyment.

Mistress—So you will not stay with us? Are you going to have more wages in the new place?

Maid—No, the pay is the same.

"But you will have four stories, here on one floor is easier."

"The man-servant has to bring the wood and water."

"Yes, but we have water in the rooms and wood-shed off the kitchen."

"I know, but I shall see some one working hard instead of me, and the bossing is worth something."—*Wasp.*

THE peculiarity of Dobbins' Electric Soap is that it acts right on the *dirt and stains* in clothes and makes them *pure as snow*, at the same time it *preserves the clothes.* Have your grocer order it.

FIRST Workingman—Let's go to the art museum. Second Workingman—Closed on Sunday, you know. Third Workingman—Well, let's take a ride in the stage, up Fifth avenue. Second Workingman—Don't run on Sundays. First Workingman—Gad! then let's go in Van Bier's back door and fill up.—*Puck.*

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers.

Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass and stock country in the world. Full information free. Address the Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

AT a stand still—the Pea-nut business.—*New York News.*

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
THE GREAT
REMEDY FOR PAIN
IT CONQUERS PAIN.
Relieves and cures [illegible] HEADACHE, [illegible]

A Piece of Her Mind.

A lady correspondent has this to say: "I want to give a piece of my mind to a certain class who object to advertising, when it costs them anything; this won't cost them a cent. I suffered a living death for nearly two years with headaches, backache, in pain standing or walking, was being literally dragged out of existence, my misery increased by drugging. At last, in despair, I committed the sin of trying an advertised medicine, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and it restored me to the blessedness of sound health. I honor the physician who, when he knows he can cure, has the moral courage to advertise the fact." The medicine mentioned is *guaranteed* to cure those delicate diseases peculiar to females. Read printed guarantee on bottle-wrapper.

FOR all derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels take Dr. Pierce's Pellets. One a dose.

A Woman of the World.

A pretty fan was presented to a little girl 4 years of age, and she, wishing to show her new treasure, hung it on her finger and held it out at arm's length. A lady, on entering the parlor, was attracted by the peculiar attitude of the little girl, and finally said to her, "Isn't it very fatiguing to hold out your arm in that way so long?" Said little Elsie in answer, with a deep sigh, "Isn't it always fatiguing to be elegant?"—*Wide Awake.*

100 Ladies Wanted,

And 100 men to call daily on any druggist for a *free* trial package of Lane's Family Medicine, the great root and herb remedy, discovered by Dr. Silas Lane while in the Rocky Mountains. For diseases of the blood, liver, and kidneys it is a positive cure. For constipation and clearing up the complexion it does wonders. Children like it. Everyone praises it. Large size package, 50 cents. At all druggists.

THE man who knows everything is generous with his knowledge. He always wants to tell it.

A DRY spell—S-a-h-a-r-a. Spellbound—The Dictionary.—*Puck.*

"MOTHERS' FRIEND"
MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY
SHORTENS LABOR
LESSENS PAIN
DIMINISHES DANGER TO LIFE OF MOTHER AND CHILD
BOOK "MOTHERS" MAILED FREE
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA GA
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

DROPSY
TREATED FREE.
Positively Cured with Vegetable Remedies.
Have cured many thousand cases. Cure patients pronounced hopeless by the best physicians. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. Send for free book of testimonials of miraculous cures. Ten days treatment furnished free by mail. If you order trial, send 10 cents in stamps to pay postage. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

AGENTS WANTED!
We hire on salary and pay expenses. You can earn from $10 to $25 per week. Apply at once stating age. Address E. C. PIERSON & Co., Maple Grove Nurseries, Waterloo, N. Y. (Established 1866.)

Johnstown Horror!
Our New Book, THE JOHNSTOWN HORROR OR VALLEY OF DEATH. The most thrilling book ever issued. AGENTS WANTED in every township. For terms and circulars, address National Pub. Co., 130 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

PERFECTION BRONZE PAINTS.
Rich Gold, Orange, Fire, Pale Gold, Silver, Copper, Flesh, Green, Lemon, and Carmine. For Lustral Painting and Gilding Ornaments. Package by mail, 10cts. Ag'ts wanted. CUSHING & Co., Foxcroft, Maine.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Sure relief ASTHMA. Price 35 cts. by mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.

PATENTS F. A. LEHMANN, Washington, D. C. Send for Circulars

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $2.15, FREE; lines not under the horse's feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein-Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

A NEW INVENTION
PALMER'S MAGNETIC INHALER.
Patented June 19, 1888
Price, One Dollar.
Magnetism and Menthol as a Remedial and Curative Agent.
From time to time many inventions and devices have been placed upon the market claiming to cure catarrh, neuralgia, bronchitis, etc., many of which are said to contain electric or magnetic curative powers.
Dr. Palmer is a gentleman who has devoted a life of study to the subject of catarrh and diseases of the head, throat, and lungs, and some time since he commenced a series of experiments with a view to determining whether any combination could be formed which would kill the parasite and act as a healing power at the same time, and at length succeeded in determining that menthol, when combined with magnetism, would do so, but how to arrange these seemingly opposite agents so as to render their use convenient and effectual was a question of some difficulty. At length he succeeded in confining within a vulcanite tube three inches long and about three-quarters of an inch in diameter a perfect magnetic battery in the form of a coil of steel wire. In the interior of this battery is stored a fine grade of imported menthol. The ends of the tube are closed by nickel caps, which, when removed, admit of the free inhalation of the electro-mentholized air. The menthol acts as a germacide, while the magneto-electric force stimulating the weakened nerves of the diseased parts into healthy action, forms a wonderful healing power, thereby successfully stopping any further depredations.
The fumes when inhaled are refreshing and cooling, and for the immediate relief and speedy cure of catarrh, cold in the head, hay fever, headache, neuralgia, catarrhal deafness, etc., it is unequaled.
It cures headache in five minutes. Sore throat is one of the diseases immediately affected by the Inhaler. Commencing colds can be broken up in 24 hours by a few inspirations from this little benefactor. To clear the throat and head, and produce sound and refreshing sleep at night, it has no equal. The inspiration is pleasant and effect wonderful.
Nothing like it has ever been placed on the market before. Its price is moderate. Its working is marvelous, and no family can afford to be without one of these inventions.
Beware of imitation, as there are unscrupulous persons engaged in the manufacture of a spurious inhaler that strongly resembles the genuine.
Full directions, testimonials, etc., sent with each instrument.
If you are afflicted with Catarrh, send $1.00 and get a Magnetic Inhaler, which is certain to afford instant relief and a permanent cure. Address E. A. GAVISK, Western Agent, 271 Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.

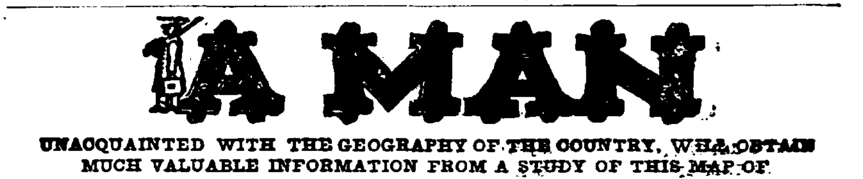
GARMENTS Guaranteed TO FIT PERFECT without trying on.
FREE by return mail, full descriptive circulars of MOODY'S NEW TAILOR SYSTEM OF DRESS CUTTING Any lady of ordinary intelligence can easily and quickly learn to cut and make any garment in any style to any measure for lady or child. Address MOODY & CO. Cincinnati, O.

IF YOU WISH A GOOD REVOLVER purchase one of the celebrated SMITH & WESSON arms. The finest small arms ever manufactured and the first choice of all experts. Manufactured in calibres 32, 38 and 44-100. Single or double action, Safety Hammerless and Target models. Constructed entirely of best quality wrought steel, carefully inspected for workmanship and stock, they are unrivaled for finish, durability and accuracy. Do not be deceived by cheap malleable cast-iron imitations which are often sold for the genuine article and are not only unreliable, but dangerous. The SMITH & WESSON Revolvers are all stamped upon the barrels with firm's name, address and dates of patents and are guaranteed perfect in every detail. Insist upon having the genuine article, and if your dealer cannot supply you an order sent to address below will receive prompt and careful attention. Descriptive catalogue and prices furnished upon application.
SMITH & WESSON,
Mention this paper. Springfield, Mass.

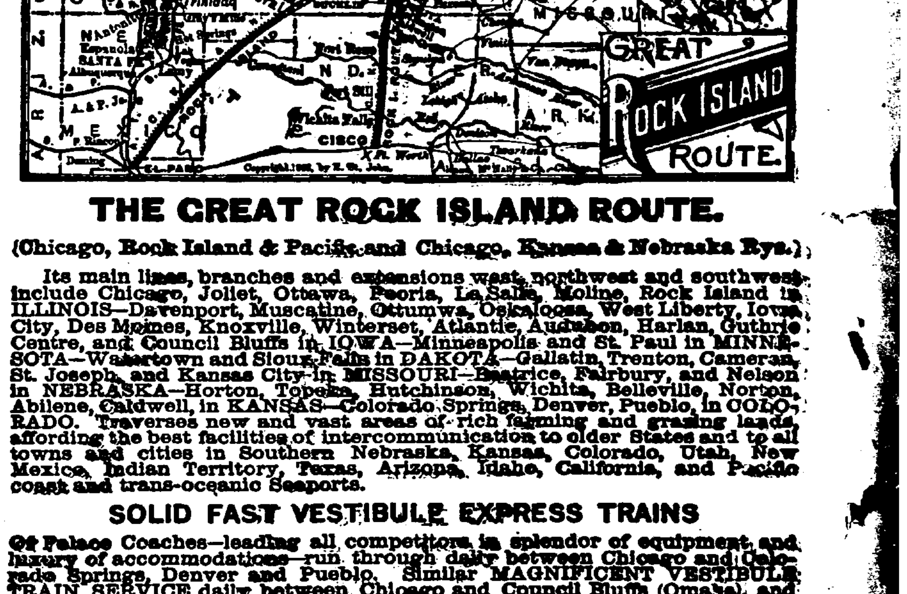
WELL DRILLS for all purposes. Send 20cts. for mailing catalogues with full particulars. CARPENTER ST. AND CARROLL AVE.

DETECTIVES
Wanted in every county. Shrewd men to act under instruction, in our Secret Service. Experience not necessary. Send 2c. stamp. Grannan Detective Bureau Co. 44 Arcade, Cincinnati, O.

ORATORS find that Piso's Cure for Consumption not only PREVENTS, but also CURES, Hoarseness.



A TELESCOPE FOR ONLY $1.00
FINE FRENCH TELESCOPE
WARRANTED
We have imported expressly for our summer trade 3,000 large French Telescopes at a very low price & they open 39 inches in three sections, and measure closed 11 inches. They are strictly brass bound with brass safety caps on each end to exclude dust, &c. The lenses are very [illegible] & CO., of Paris. With this fine telescope objects miles away are brought to view [illegible]. Never before was a telescope of this size sold for less than from $5.00 to [illegible] at this price. Every sojourner in the country or at seaside resorts should [illegible] and no farmer should be without one. Sent by mail or express, [illegible] $1.00. 6 for $5.00. KIRTLAND BROS. & CO., 55 Fulton Street, New York City.



A MAN
UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF
THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE.
(Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific and Chicago, Kansas & Nebraska Rys.)
Its main lines, branches and extensions west, northwest and southwest include Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, Peoria, La Salle, Moline, Rock Island in ILLINOIS—Davenport, Muscatine, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Knoxville, Winterset, Atlantic, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre, and Council Bluffs in IOWA—Minneapolis and St. Paul in MINNESOTA—Watertown and Sioux Falls in DAKOTA—Gallatin, Trenton, Cameron, St. Joseph, and Kansas City in MISSOURI—Beatrice, Fairbury, and Nelson in NEBRASKA—Horton, Topeka, Hutchinson, Wichita, Belleville, Norton, Abilene, Caldwell, in KANSAS—Colorado Springs, Denver, Pueblo, in COLORADO. Traverses new and vast areas of rich farming and grazing lands, affording the best facilities of intercommunication to older States and to all towns and cities in Southern Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, New Mexico, Indian Territory, Texas, Arizona, Idaho, California, and Pacific coast and trans-oceanic Seaports.
SOLID FAST VESTIBULE EXPRESS TRAINS
Of Palace Coaches—leading all competitors in splendor of equipment and luxury of accommodations—run through daily between Chicago and Colorado Springs, Denver and Pueblo. Similar MAGNIFICENT VESTIBULE TRAIN SERVICE daily between Chicago and Council Bluffs (Omaha), and between Chicago and Kansas City. Elegant Day Coaches, Dining Cars, Reclining Chair Cars (FREE), and Palace Sleeping Cars. California Excursions daily. Choice of routes to and from Salt Lake City, Portland, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco, and intervening localities. Quick time, prompt connections and transfers in Union Depots.
THE FAMOUS ALBERT LEA ROUTE
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IN THE VINEYARD.

What Some of the Workers Therein Are Doing And Saying.

COLUMN FOR SUNDAY READING.

Sin Must Be Hated—Is It Right?—Study Yourself.

Sin Must Be Hated.

No man is safe until he hates sin. Here's a mother sitting with little Willie and she has a little pearl-handled penknife, the gift of a friend. She goes out and Willie takes the knife out into the flower garden to play with it. By-and-by they hunt him and the nurse screams, "Come here quick." The mother runs and sees that the little boy has fallen and the knife has pierced his jugular vein and she clasps him into her arms and cried, "Precious darling, oh, speak, to me once more." Later she stands at his grave while the minister says, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." At the desolate house she pushes back her black veil when the nurse says, "Here's your little penknife," and she sees the blood upon it and screams, "Take it away; it has the blood of my precious boy upon it." The only safe attitude is to reach a point so that no matter how much I prize a sin, I say, "Take it away; it has the blood of my Saviour upon it." Every sin in the world is covered with the blood of my Divine Lord.—*Sam Jones.*

Is it Right?

Is it right to build churches to save men and license shops that destroy them?

Is it right to license a man to sell that which will make a man drunk, and then punish a man for being drunk?

Is it right to license a man to make paupers, and then tax sober men to take care of them?

Is it right to license a drinkshop to teach vice, and then tax people for schools to teach virtue?

Is it right to derive a revenue out of a traffic which no decent man defends?

Is it right to teach your boy not to drink, and then vote to license a place where he may be taught to drink?

Is it right to teach your boy to be honest, and then vote to license a place where he may be taught to gamble?

Is it right to teach a boy to restrain his passions, and then vote to license a place where his worst passions may be inflamed?

Is it right to take care of your own boy, and vote to license a place which will ruin your neighbor's boy?

Is it right to preach justice and charity, and then vote to license a thing that robs the widow and orphans of their bread?

Is it right for you to go to the polls and vote without having studied this question seriously and carefully?—*Casselton Blizzard.*

Study Yourself.

"Work, while you have light," especially while you have the light of the morning. There are few things more wonderful to me than that old people never tell young ones how precious their youth is. They sometimes sentimentally regret their own earlier days; sometimes prudently forget them; often foolishly rebuke the young, often more foolishly indulge, often most foolishly thwart and restrain, but scarcely ever warn or watch them. Remember, then, that I, at least, have warned you, that the happiness of your life, and its power, and its part and rank on earth or in Heaven, depend on the way you pass your days now. They are not to be sad days; far from that, the first duty of young people is to be delighted and delightful, but they are to be in the deepest sense solemn days. There is no solemnity so deep to a rightly thinking creature, as that of dawn. But not only that beautiful sense, but in all their character and method they are to be solemn days.

Take your Latin dictionary and look up "sollenis," and fix the sense of the word well in your mind, and remember that every day of your life is ordained irrevocably, for good or evil, the custom and practice of your soul; ordaining either sacred customs of dear and lovely recurrence, or trenching deeper and deeper the furrows for seed and sorrow. Now, therefore, see that no day passes in which you do not make yourself a somewhat better creature; in order to do that, find out, first, what you are now. Do not think vaguely about it; take pen and paper and write down as accurate a description of yourself as you can, with a date to it. If you dare not do so, find out why you dare not, and try to get strength of heart enough to look yourself fairly in the face, in mind as well as in body. I do not doubt but that the mind is a less pleasant thing to look at than the face, and for that very reason it needs more looking at; so always have two mirrors on your toilet table, and see that with proper care you dress body and mind before them daily. After dressing is once over for the day, think no more about it; as your hair will blow about your ears, so your temper and thoughts will get ruffled with the day's work, and may need, sometimes, twice dressing; but I don't want you to carry about a mental pocket-comb; only to be smooth braided always in the morning.

Write down, then, frankly, what you are, or at least, what you think yourself, not dwelling upon these inevitable faults which I have just told you are of [illegible] and which the action [illegible] smooth [illegible] to be useless, and the honest desire to help other people, will in the quickest and most delicate way, improve yourself.—*John Ruskin.*

BEAUTIFUL CREOLE GIRLS.

"Many of our Northern friends picture all creoles with dark, swarthy skins, hair black as a raven's wings, and the eyes of ebon darkness," writes a Louisiana woman in the New Orleans *Picayune.* "Now, this is altogether an erroneous fancy. Why, some of the girls have lily-white complexions, golden locks, and eyes of Heaven's own blue! In the little village where I live there are four sisters, all of the purest blonde type, and it would be difficult to find anywhere in the wide world fairer, sweeter, lovelier maidens than they. Whenever I read of 'the dark-skinned creole' a smile crosses my face, and I wish the readers' eyes could rest upon my 'rosebud garden of girls.'

"As I write these lines a dainty creole maiden enters my presence. She has come, like a gleam of sunshine athwart a murky sky, to chase away the clouds which sometimes surround me; and truly she is a fair vision to gaze upon, sitting where the sun shines full upon her, revealing the glint of gold in her wavy brown hair, which ripples above a broad fair brow. Her pearly cheeks are slightly tinged by the sun's kisses, and her eyes, of 'passionless peaceful blue,' are gazing tenderly upon me, utterly unconscious of her own picturesque loveliness. The mind of this gentle girl is as pure and bright as her face. Altogether she is one of earth's fairest flowers.

"I have lived among the creoles nearly all my life, but I am not one of them. I am what they call 'an American.' Why that term should not be applied to them is a mystery which I cannot solve. I have a penchant for creole girls. They are usually dainty and refined, sensitive and sympathetic, light-hearted and sunny-tempered. Then the marks of deference they pay to old age is truly something to be admired, and might well be imitated by many of my American sisters. A creole girl rarely ever sullies her lips with that slang which is so generally used nowadays. She is usually reared in seclusion, and her days glide by peacefully and tranquilly. This tranquillity is seldom disturbed by a storm cloud. She is content to remain at home, where there is always a wide field of action, and 'do her duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call her.'"

BISMARCK TREATED TO A WAR-DANCE.

A Berlin correspondent says, apropos of the recent visit to that city of an embassy of the Sultan of Mandara: "Society has treated the negro Ambassadors with distinction and made them the chief attraction of numerous drawing-rooms. They are more dangerous to satin-covered furniture and Brussels carpets, however, than was the Shah of Persia on his first trip to Europe, and *they are strictly guarded accordingly.* They, of course, called upon Prince Bismarck in the Wilhelms-strasse Palace, and were presented to the Chancellor's family. They gave the Prince a magnificent spear, which had been sent to him by their Sultan, and received *bracelets from the Chancellor in return.* After supping wine and beer with the family until they felt equal to the attempt, they executed a war-dance in the Prince's parlor, to the great amusement of the family, but with disastrous consequences to several pieces of furniture. The leader of the embassy was so well pleased with his treatment by Bismarck that, upon going, he offered him a pinch of snuff, which the Chancellor accepted with thanks. The negroes were greatly impressed with the stature of the Prince, who was taller than any one of them, and will probably relate long stories in Madara of the Giant of Berlin."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

HE PLAYED TO LOSE.

He was a keen, sharp-looking young man, and he said to the lady of the house on Second avenue as he stood in the hall:

"Madam, I have called for the suit of clothes which need brushing and fixing."

"What suit?" she asked.

"Your husband's Sunday suit, ma'am. He called as he went down this morning."

"And he said I was to let you have them?"

"Yes'm."

"Did he appear in good health and spirits?"

"Why, certainly."

"Look and act natural?"

"Of course. Why do you ask?"

"Because he has been dead eighteen years, and I have some curiosity on the subject."

"I—I—have made a mistake, perhaps," stammered the young man.

"Perhaps you have. The old man you saw go out of here an hour ago is my brother. You may have better luck in the next block with the old-fashioned confidence game. Good-morning."

ONLY ENOUGH FOR TWO.

An impecunious actor met Mr. Goodwin one day in New York, according to the San Francisco *Chronicle.*

"My dear boy, Nat, how do you do? How do you do? I'm very glad to see you. You can't—can you—to-day—only a quarter, you know."

He got the quarter and held it in his hand contemplating it. Then he said: "Nat, my boy, let us go in here," pointing to a bar-room frequented by impecunious actors. "I'll stand you a drink, Nat, dear boy—but—let us go in here—but—ahem! Nat, dear boy," looking at the quarter, "no shaking hands, dear boy; no shaking hands."

A MAN died in London recently and left £100,000 to his wife to be used for the advancement of women. The first [illegible] for "advancement" came [illegible] who wanted [illegible]

AN INSPIRING SERMON

DR. TALMAGE DISCOURSES ON THE POWER OF CHRISTIANITY.

"The Mightiest Weapon Is the Gospel" His Subject, and His Text the Words: "There Is None Like That; Give It Me."

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage delivered one of his characteristic and forcible sermons at the Brooklyn Tabernacle upon the subject: "The Mightiest Weapon Is the Gospel." His text was I. Samuel xxi, 9: "There is none like that; give it me." The preacher said:

David fled from his pursuers. The world runs very fast when it is chasing a good man. The country is trying to catch David, and to slay him. David goes into the house of a priest, and asks him for a sword or spear with which to defend himself. The priest, not being accustomed to use deadly weapons, tells David that he cannot supply him; but suddenly the priest thinks of an old sword that had been carefully wrapped up and laid away—the very sword that Goliah formerly used—and he takes down that sword, and while he is unwrapping the sharp, glittering, memorable blade, it flashes upon David's mind that this was the very sword that was used against himself when he was in the fight with Goliah, and David can hardly keep his hands off it until the priest has unwound it. David stretched out his hand toward that old sword, and says: "There is none like that; give it me." In other words, "I want in my own hand the sword that has been used against me, and against the cause of God." So it was given him. Well, my friends, that is not the first or the last sword once used by giant and Philistine iniquity which is to come into the possession of Jesus Christ, and of His glorious church. I want, as well as God may help me, to show you that many a weapon which has been used against the armies of God is yet to be captured and used on our side; and I only imitate David when I stretch out my hand toward the blade of the Philistine, and cry: "There is none like that; give it me."

I remark, first, that this is true in regard to all scientific exploration. You know that the first discoveries in astronomy and geology and chronology were used to battle Christianity. World philosophy came out of its laboratory and out of its observatory, and said: "Now, we will prove, by the very structure of the earth, and by the movement of the heavenly bodies, that the Bible is a lie, and that Christianity, as we have it among men, is a positive imposition." Good men trembled. The telescope, the Leyden jars, the electric batteries, all in the hands of the Philistines. But one day, Christianity, looking about for some weapon with which to defend itself, happened to see the very old sword that these atheistic Philistines had been using against the truth and cried out: "There is none like that; give it me!" And Copernicus, and Galileo, and Kepler, and Isaac Newton came forth and told the world that, in their ransacking of the earth and Heaven, they had found overwhelming presence of the God whom we worship; and this old Bible began to shake itself from the Koran, and Shaster, and Zendavesta with which it had been covered up, and lay on the desk of the scholar, and in the laboratory of the chemist, and in the lap of the Christian, unharmed and unanswered, while the towers of the midnight heavens struck a silvery chime in its praise.

Wordly philosophy said: "Matter is eternal. The world always was. God did not make it." Christian philosophy plunges its crowbar into rocks, and finds that the world was gradually made, and if gradually made, there must have been some point at which the process started; then, who started it? and so that objection was overcome, and in the first three words of the Bible we find that Moses stated a magnificent truth when he said: "In the beginning."

Worldly philosophy said: "Your Bible is a most inaccurate book; all that story in the Old Testament, again and again told, about the army of the locusts—it is preposterous. There is nothing in the coming of the locusts like an army. An army walks, locusts fly. An army goes in order and procession, locusts without order." "Wait!" said Christian philosophy; and in 1868, in the south-western part of this country, Christian men went out to examine the march of the locust. There are men right before me who must have noticed in that very part of the country the coming up of the locust like an army, and it was found that all the newspapers unwittingly spoke of them as an army. Why? They seem to have a commander. They march like a host. They halt like a host. No arrow ever went with straighter flight than the locusts come—not even turning aside for the wind. If the wind rises, the locusts drop and then rise again after it has gone down, taking the same line of march, not varying a foot. The old Bible right every time when it speaks of locusts coming like an army; worldly philosophy wrong.

Worldly philosophy said: "All that story about the light 'turned as clay to the seal' is simply an absurdity." Old time wordly philosophy said: "The light comes straight." Christian philosophy said: "Wait a little while," and it goes on and makes discoveries and finds that the *atmosphere* curves and bends the rays of light around the earth, literally "as the clay to the seal." The Bible right again; worldly philosophy wrong again. "Ah," says worldly philosophy, "all that illusion in Job about the foundations of the earth is simply an absurdity. 'Where wast thou,' says God, 'when I set the foundations of the earth?' The earth has no foundations." Christian philosophy comes and finds that the word as translated "foundation" may be better translated "sockets." So now see how it will read if it is translated right: "Where wast thou when I set the sockets of the earth?" Where is the socket? It is the hollow of God's hand—a socket large enough for any world to turn in.

Worldly philosophy said: "What an absurd story about Joshua making the sun and moon stand still. If the world had stopped an instant, the whole universe would have been out of gear." "Stop," said Christian philosophy, "not quite so quick." The world has two motions—one on its own axis, and the other around the sun. It was not necessary in making them stand still that both motions should be stopped—only the one turning the world on its own axis. There was no reason why the halting of the earth should have jarred and disarranged the whole universe. Joshua right and God right; infidelity wrong every time. I knew it would be wrong. I thank God that the time has come when Christians need not be scared at any scientific exploration. The fact is that religion and science have struck hand in eternal friendship, and the deeper down geology can dig and the higher up astronomy can soar, all the better for us. The armies of the Lord Jesus Christ have stormed the observatories of the world's science, and from the highest towers have flung out the banner of the cross, and Christianity to-night, from the observatories of Albany and Washington, stretches out its hand toward the opposing scientific weapon, crying: "There is none like that; give it me!" I was reading this afternoon of Herschel, who was looking at a meteor through a telescope, and when it came over the face of the telescope it was so powerful he had to avert his eyes, and it has been just so that many an astronomer has gone into his observatory and looked up into the [illegible] and the learned man cried out: "Who am I? Undone! Unclean! Have mercy, Lord God!"

Again, I remark, that the traveling disposition of the world, which was averse to morals and religion, is to be brought on our side. The man that went down to Jericho and fell amidst thieves was a type of a great many travelers. There is many a man who is very honest at home who, when he is abroad, has his honor filched and his good habits stolen. There are but very few men who can stand the stress of an expedition. Six weeks at a watering place has damned many a man. In the olden times God forbade the traveling of men for the purposes of trade because of the corrupting influences attending it. A good many men now cannot stand the transition from one place to another. Some men who seem to be very consistent at home in the way of keeping the Sabbath, when they got into Spain, on the Lord's day always go out to see the bull fights. Plato said that no city ought to be built nearer to the sea than ten miles, lest it be tempted to commerce. But this traveling disposition of the world, which was adverse to that which is good, is to be brought on our side. These rail trains, why, they are to take our Bibles; these steamboats, they are to transport our missionaries; these sailors rushing from city to city all around the world, are to be converted into Christian heralds and go out and preach Christ among the heathen nations. The Gospels are infinitely multiplied in beauty and power since Robinson, and Thompson, and Burckhardt have come back and talked to us about Siloam, and Capernaum, and Jerusalem, pointing out to us the lilies about which Jesus preached, the beach upon which Paul was shipwrecked, the fords at which Jordan was passed, the Red Sea bank on which were tossed the carcasses of the drowned Egyptians. A man said: "I went to the Holy Land an infidel; I came back a Christian. I could not help it."

I am not shocked at the idea of building a railroad to the Holy Land. I wish that all the world might go and see Golgotha and Bethlehem. If we cannot afford to pay for muleteers now, perhaps when the rail train goes we can afford to buy a ticket from Constantinople to Joppa, and so we will get to see the Holy Land. Then let Christians travel! God speed the rail trains, and guide the steamships this night panting across the deep in the phosphorescent wake of the shining feet of Him who, from wave cliff to wave cliff trod the stormed Tiberias. The Japanese come across the water and see our civilization, and examine our Christianity, and go back and tell the story, and keep that empire rocking until Jesus shall reign

Where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run.

And the firearms, with which the infidel traveler brought down the Arab horseman and the jackals of the desert, have been surrendered to the church, and we reach forth our hands, crying: "There is none like that; give it me!"

So it has also been with the learning and the eloquence of the world. People say: "Religion is very good for women, it is very good for children, but not for men." But we have in the roll of Christ's host Mozart and Handel in music; Canova and Angelo in sculpture; Raphael and Reynolds in painting; Harvey and Boerhaave in medicine; Cowper and Scott in poetry; Crotius and Burke in statesmanship; Boyle and Leibnitz in philosophy; Thomas Chalmers and John Mason in theology. The most brilliant writings of a worldly nature are all aglow with scriptural allusions. Through senatorial speech and through essyaist's discourse Sinai thunders and Calvary pleads and Siloam sparkles.

Samuel L. Southard was mighty in the court room and in the Senate Chamber, but he reserved his strongest eloquence for that day when he stood before the literary societies at Princeton commencement and pleaded for the grandeur of our Bible. Daniel Webster won not his chief garlands while he was consuming Hayne, nor when he opened the batteries of his eloquence on Bunker Hill, that rocking Sinai of the American revolution, but on that day when, in the famous Girard will case, he showed his affection for the Christian religion and eulogized the Bible. The eloquence and the learning that have been on the other side came over to our side. Where is Gibbon's historical pen? Where is Robespierre's sword? Captured for God. "There is none like that; give it me!"

So, also, has it been with the picture making of the world. We are very anxious on this day to have the printing press and the platform on the side of Christianity; but we overlook the engraver's knife and the painter's pencil. The antiquariam goes and looks at pictured ruins, or examines the chiseled pillars of Thebes, and Nineveh, and Pompeii, and then comes back to tell us of the beastliness of ancient art; and it is a fact now, that many of the finest specimens—merely artistically considered—of sculpture and painting that are to be found amidst those ruins are not fit to be looked at and they are locked up. How Paul must have felt, when, standing amidst those impurities that stared on him from the walls and the pavements and the bazars of Corinth, he preached of the pure and holy Jesus. The art of the world on the side of obscenity and crime and death.

In later days the palaces of kings were adorned with pictures. But what to unclean Henry VIII was a beautiful picture of the Madonna? What to Lord Jeffries, the unjust judge, the picture of the "Last Judgment?" What to Nero, the unwashed, a picture of the baptism in the Jordan? The art of the world still on the side of superstition and death. But that is being changed now. The Christian artist goes across the water, looks at the pictures, and brings back to his American studio much of the power of those old masters. The Christian minister goes over to Venice, looks at the "Crucifixion of Christ," and comes back to his American pulpit to talk as never before of the sufferings of the Saviour. The private tourist goes to Rome and looks at Raphael's picture of the "Last Judgment." The tears start, and he goes back to his room in the hotel, and prays God for preparation for that day when,

Shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll.

Our Sunday-school newspapers and walls are adorned with pictures of Joseph in the court, Daniel in the den, Shadrach in the fire, Paul in the shipwreck, Christ on the cross. Oh that we might, in our families, think more of the power of Christian pictures! One little sketch of Samuel kneeling in prayer will mean more to your children than twenty sermons on devotion. One patient face of Christ by the hand of the artist will be more to your child than fifty sermons on forbearance. The art of the world is to be taken for Christ. What has become of Thorwaldsen's chisel and Ghirlandajo's crayon? Captured for the truth. "There is none like that; give it me!"

So, I remark, it is with business acumen and tact. When Christ was upon earth, the people that followed him, for the most part, had no social position. There was but one man naturally brilliant in all the apostleship. Joseph of Arimathea, the rich man, risked nothing when he offered a hole in the rock for dead Christ. How many of the merchants in Asia Minor befriended Jesus? I think of only one, Lydia. How many of the castles on the beach of Galilee entertained Christ? Not one. When Peter came to Joppa, he stopped with one Simon, a tanner. What power had Christ's name on the Roman exchange, or in the bazaars of Corinth? None. The prominent men of the day did not want [illegible] mightiest men in our great cities to-day are the Christian merchants and the Christian bankers; and if to-morrow, at the Board of Trade, any man should get up and malign the name of Jesus, he would be quickly silenced or put out. In the front rank of all our Christian workers to-day are the Christian merchants; and the enterprises of the world are coming on the right side. There was a farm willed away some years ago, all the proceeds of that farm to go for spreading infidel books. Somehow matters have changed and now all the proceeds of that farm go toward the missionary cause. One of the finest printing presses ever built was built for the express purpose of publishing infidel tracts and books. Now it does nothing but print Holy Bibles. I believe that the time will come when, in commercial circles, the voice of Christ will be the mightiest of all voices, and the ships of Tarshish will bring presents and the Queen of Sheba her glory and the wise men of the East their myrrh and frankincense. I look off upon the business men of our cities and rejoice at the prospect that their tact, and ingenuity, and talent will, after a while, all be brought into the service of Christ. It will be one of the mightiest of weapons. "There is none like that, give it me!"

Now, if what I have said be true, away with all downheartedness! If science is to be on the right side, and the traveling disposition of the world on the right side, and the learning of the world on the right side, and the picture making on the right side, and the business acumen and tact of the world on the right side—thine, O Lord, is the kingdom! Oh, fall into line, all ye people! It is a grand thing to be in such an army, and led by such a commander, and on the way to such a victory. If what I have said is true, then Christ is going to gather up for himself out of this world everything that is worth anything, and there will be nothing but the scum left. A proclamation of amnesty goes forth now from the throne of God, saying: "Whosoever will, let him come." However long you may have wandered, however great your sins may have been, "whosoever will, let him come." Oh, that I could marshal all this audience on the side of Christ. He is the best friend a man ever had. He is so kind—He is so lovely, so sympathetic. I cannot see how you can stay away from Him. Come now and accept His mercy. Behold Him as He stretches out the arms of His salvation, saying: "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved; for I am God." Make final choice now. Ye will either be willows planted by the water courses or the chaff which the wind driveth away.

An Astonished "Dago."

A gentleman at the depot, while watching the departure of a gang of Italians, who were going to work on the Carthage and Adirondack Railroad, said: "I was along a portion of that road recently, and a large force of these fellows were blasting out stumps with giant powder. They would punch holes down in the ground under the stumps and put in a quantity of the explosive, then tramp down the ground around it and touch it off with a fuse. Five or six stumps would be prepared, all the workmen but one would retire several hundred feet to a safe place, and that one would set the fuses of all the stumps on fire and then run for safety behind some tree or stump. There was a place where there were five stumps in a clump. Four of them were loaded for blasting and the fifth one left for the man who set the fuses to run behind. In setting the fuses the Italian got mixed up. It is a confusing business, and he had to do it in a hurry. He laid down behind one of the stumps that was 'loaded.' No one could warn him. A moment of suspense and the explosion came. Dirt, stones, water, roots, and Italian went high into the air. One after another the other three exploded, and when danger had passed we ran forward, expecting to see his mangled remains. He sat in the cavity caused by the uplifting of the stump he had laid behind, worming the dirt out of his ears, stupefied but unhurt. The expression that rested on his face when his countrymen laughed and joked him could only be equaled in comicality by the look of surprise that must have overcome him when the retreat he supposed was secure rose in sudden violence by the explosion of several pounds of dynamite."—*The Utica Observer.*

A Poser.

The wisest philosoper sometimes cannot answer the simplest question of a child. This is well illustrated in the following anecdote as told by the Philadelphia *Press*:

"What are you doing here, my lad?"

"Tending swine, sir."

"How much do you get?"

"One florin a week, sir."

"I also am a shepherd," continued the bishop, "but I have a much better salary"

"That may be, but then I suppose you have more hogs under your care." The shepherd was about retiring when the boy continued: "Say, can God do anything?"

"Yes, my boy."

"Can he make a 2-year-old colt in two minutes?"

"Why," said the astonished bishop, "He would not wish to do that, my boy."

"But if He did want to, could He?" insisted the boy.

"Yes, certainly, if He wished to."

"What! in two minutes?"

"Yes, in two minutes."

"Well, then, he wouldn't be two years old, would he?"

The bishop collapsed.

Breaking Up Bonanza Farms.

The breaking up of a bonanza farm block of 100,000 acres of land in the Red River Valley into tracts, not to exceed 640 acres to be sold to one man, is commented on favorably by some of the papers, says the Chicago *Tribune.* They think they see in it the beginning of an important change in the system of land distribution in North Dakota, which in the course of a few years from now will result in placing the soil in the ownership of the many, instead of the comparatively few who now farm a large part of it in a way that strongly suggests features in the serf labor of other days in Europe. The case under consideration seems to have its success assured by the fact that payment may be made in half the crop each year, taken at its market value, till the whole debt is cleared off. The extension of this plan to include most of the large farms would not only give to that part of the world a different class of residents to what it has now, but would arrest the wholesale impoverishment of the land now in progress, and which probably will not be stopped in any other way.

Two of a Kind.

Young Lady (entering empty street car)—Oh my! I've lost my purse. What shall I do?

Irish Conductor—Yez can pay me with a kiss, Miss.

Y. L.—Insolent creature; I will tell the driver.

I. C.—Oh! he won't mind [illegible]

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

SERIOUS SUBJECTS CAREFULLY AND ABLY CONSIDERED.

A Scholarly Exposition of the Lesson—Thoughts Worthy of Calm Reflection—Half an Hour's Study of the Scriptures—Time Well Spent.

The lesson for Sunday, June 30, may be found in 1 Cor. 8: 4-13.

Lesson 1. The Triumphal Entry. Mark 11: 1-11. Memorize 8-10. Golden Text: "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem; behold thy King cometh unto thee." Zech. 9: 9.

Lesson 2. The Rejected Son. Mark 12: 1-12. Memorize 6-8. Golden Text: "He came unto his own, and his own received him not." John 1: 11.

Lesson 3. The Two Great Commandments. Mark 12: 28-34. Memorize 30-31. Golden Text: "Love is the fulfilling of the law." Rom. 13: 10.

Lesson 4. Destruction of the Temple Foretold. Mark 13: 1-13. Memorize 1, 2. Golden Text: "But I say unto you, that in this place is one greater than the temple." Matt. 12: 6.

Lesson 5. The Command to Watch. Mark 13: 24-37. Memorize 35-37. Golden Text: "Take ye heed, watch and pray; for ye know not when the time is." Mark 13: 33.

Lesson 6. The Anointing at Bethany. Mark 14: 1-9. Memorize 8, 9. Golden Text: "She hath done what she could." Mark 14: 8.

Lesson 7. The Lord's Supper. Mark 14: 12-26. Memorize 22-24. Golden Text: "This do in remembrance of me." Luke 22: 19.

Lesson 8. Jesus Betrayed. Mark 14: 43-54. Memorize 48-50. Golden Text: "Betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?" Luke 22: 48.

Lesson 9. Jesus before the Council. Mark 14: 55-65. Memorize 55, 56. Golden Text: "They hated me without a cause." John 15: 25.

LESSON PARAGRAPHS.

As concerning therefore the eating. What does religion have to do with so indifferent a thing as *eating*? Need we concern ourselves about meat and drink? No, certainly not, if we are going to stand still. Neither does that engine standing on the side-track concern itself about water for the boiler or the right sort of fuel for the furnaces. But if it were about to go somewhere, or thinking of pulling something up the grade, it would have a regard for such things. Are any of us on the side-track?

We know that an idiot is nothing. Yes, we *know* a very great deal. There is no trouble about the knowing. The fact is, some of us know *too much.* We *know,* for instance, that there is no intrinsic vileness in cards. Of course not; they are made of paper pulp just like tracts, you see. Too bad that after awhile the outside of them should get to looking and smelling so bad. Can it be the associations? We *know,* too, that there is nothing wrong in the dance, in itself. David danced, you remember, before the ark of the Lord, singing Psalms. But there! It must have been something else than the modern mixed dance. Who would ever think of the ark of the Lord or of psalm-singing in a ball-room? And do we not *know* also that there is no evil necessarily in a glass of wine? Especially if, as Kate Field urges, it be strictly pure. There is nothing bad about it "*per se.*" But then, as Col. Bainf observes, when you put it along side of a man with a strong appetite for drink it is no longer simply "*per se.*" Perdition rather.

But to us there is but one God. Is it so? Then why are some so inclined to make a god of their belly? The trouble with this knowledge of ours is that it concerns itself too much with the things temporal and sensual. Do we know God? Rather, do we know the "one Lord Jesus Christ?" Take your Bibles and read the opening verses of this chapter—why omitted?—"Now as touching things offered unto idols, we know that we all have knowledge. Knowledge puffeth up, but charity (love) edifieth." That is, knowledge *swelleth* up, but love *buildeth* us up; and so Paul would much rather see love than see knowledge. "And if any man think that he knoweth anything, he knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know. But if any man love God, the same is known of him." Better to know little and love much, only that we are known of God, rather than to think to know much of earth and miss the communion and love of heaven. It is the blessed thirteenth chapter anticipated. "Covet earnestly the best gifts: and yet show I unto you a more excellent way." *Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels—and though I have—all knowledge—and have not charity, I am nothing,* which is to be interpreted, *good for nothing.*

Meat commendeth us not to God. Otherwise some of us would be in great honor with God, for we live for the meat that perisheth. It is love and self-confidence that makes us commendable to God, for Jesus' sake; that is pretty strong language used at the close of the last paragraph. But take a little comparison of passages. Your New Testament lexicon will tell you that the same word (*ouden*) is used in two other familiar verses of Scripture. They are in place. Look at them. "If," (says Christ, John 8: 54) "I honor myself my honor is *nothing*" (amounts to nothing). "Take and purify thyself" (said the brethren at Jerusalem to Paul, Acts 21: 24), "and all may know that those things, whereof they were informed concerning thee, are *nothing*" (have nothing in them). And so we say he that has not love and knows not how to sacrifice is not only not commendable to God, but "he is nothing"—in the kingdom of grace and goodness he "amounts to nothing" in the ministry of life. God *finds nothing* in him; in a word, as a worker for the Divine Master he is "good for nothing." He may be saved, though as by fire, but his works they do not follow him; "for meat commendeth us not to God."

Take heed lest by any means this liberty of yours. O this liberty of ours, how proud we are of it. And yet, like "knowledge," if unguarded by "love," it will lead us sadly away from the spirit of Christ. Mrs. Abbie C. Morrow, of Minneapolis, has so wholesome a message for some of us here that we will let her speak in her own language.

Take heed, Christian voter, lest by any means this liberty of yours, to vote for any candidate you please, become a stumbling-block to the weak. Take heed to the teaching in the following parable: A farmer found a rattlesnake, carried it home and called his neighbors together, saying; "Behold, I have captured a snake and it is big and strong; now, what shall I do with it?" Then one of the men said: "This is a harmless-looking reptile. I think he might be allowed to go wherever he pleases." Another said: "My friend, do you not know that this harmless looking serpent has a sting? *Now, therefore, I move that all people, and especially young people, be warned faithfully to keep out of the way of the serpent, lest they be bitten.*" This counsel seemed to impress the assembly favorably. Then a third speaker said: "Since the bite of this reptile is so very dangerous, I submit that it might be well to make certain regulations; as, for instance, that he is not to go abroad on Sunday; and that he must not be allowed to sting anybody who is not of age; that he shall not be let out from his cage at all until a council of citizens shall so decide; that the farmer pay the city $1,000 for the privilege of allowing him to go abroad; and finally that an oath be administered to the keeper of the snake, that he will faithfully carry out all those provisions." Now, it came to pass that all the neighbors were so moved with these words that with one voice they cried out: "So let it be," and the snake still lives and many thousands are annually bitten and die.

For whom Christ died. This the potent and paramount argument. If the love of Christ will not constrain us what will? But it does constrain, and will constrain more and more. Our hope for the temperance cause and for all reform is that it is indissolubly connected with the growth of the kingdom of Christ. The saloon, the brothel and the gambling house are to be more and more forbidden a place on earth as the principles of Christ find sway in men's hearts. There is but one position for the Christian. "When ye sin so against the brethren, and wound their weak consciences, *ye sin against Christ.*" Ah, Christ, we love thee too well to knowingly sin against thee, and so we will not sin against the weak brother "for whom Christ died." Yea, as the spirit of Christ grows in the church we shall all be able at last, as one man, to say, as the ideal of Christian living: "Wherefore, if meat makes my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend." Christ's love, how much of a response has there been to it in our own lives?"

"I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for me?"

Next Lesson—"Samuel Called of God." 1 Sam. 3: 1-14.

[illegible] were invented [illegible] made [illegible] in 1590.

THE UST KARA P[illegible]

A Vivid Picture of Convict Life in Russia.

From George Kennan's article in the Century we quote the following: "A Cossack corporal ran to the entrance with a bunch of keys in his hand, unlocked the huge padlock that secured the small door in the larger wooden gate, and admitted us to the prison court-yard. Three or four convicts, with half-shaven heads, ran hastily across the yard as we entered, to take their places in their cells for inspection. We ascended two or three steps incrusted with an indescribable coating of filth and ice an inch and a half thick, and entered, through a heavy plank door, a long, low, and very dark corridor, the broken and decaying floor of which felt wet and slippery to the feet, and where the atmosphere, although warm, was very damp, and saturated with the strong peculiar odor that is characteristic of Siberian prisons. A person who has once inhaled that odor can never forget it; and yet it is so unlike any other bad smell in the world that I hardly know with what to compare it. I can ask you to imagine cellar air, every atom of which has been half a dozen times through human lungs and is heavy with carbonic acid; to imagine that air still further vitiated by foul, pungent, slightly ammoniacal exhalations from long unwashed human bodies; to imagine that it has a suggestion of damp, decaying wood and more than a suggestion of human excrement—and still you will have no adequate idea of it. To unaccustomed senses it seems so saturated with foulness and disease as to be almost unsupportable. As we entered the corridor, slipped upon the wet, filthy floor, and caught the first breath of this air, Major Potulof turned to me with a scowl of disgust, and exclaimed, 'Otvratitelni tiurma!' (Ot-vra-te-tel-nee tyoor-ma)—'It is a repulsive prison!'

"The Cossack corporal who preceded us threw opened the heavy wooden door of the first kamera (kah-mer-ah) and shouted, 'Smirno!' (Smeer-no)—'Be quiet!' the customary warning of the guard to the prisoners when an officer is about to enter the cell. We stepped across the threshold into a room about 24 feet long, 22 feet wide and 8 feet high, which contained 29 convicts. The air here was so much worse than the air in the corridor that it made me faint and sick. The room was lighted by two nearly square, heavily grated windows with double sashes, that could not be raised or opened, and there was not the least apparent provision anywhere for ventilation. Even the brick oven, by which the cell was warmed, drew its air from the corridor. The walls of the kamera were of squared logs and had once been whitewashed; but they had become dark and grimy from lapse of time, and were blotched in hundreds of places with dull red blood-stains where the convicts had crushed bed-bugs. The floor was made of heavy planks, and, although it had recently been swept, it was incrusted with dry, hard-trodden filth. Out from the walls on three sides of the room projected low sloping wooden platforms about six feet wide, upon which the convicts slept, side by side, in closely packed rows, with their heads to the walls and their feet extended towards the middle of the cell. They had neither pillows nor blankets, and were compelled to lie down upon these sleeping-benches at night without removing their clothing and without other covering than their coarse gray overcoats. The cell contained no furniture of any kind, except these sleeping-platforms, the brick oven, and a large wooden tub. When the door was locked for the night each one of these 29 prisoners would have, for 8 or 10 hours' consumption, about as much air as would be contained in a packing-box 5 five feet square and 5 feet high. I could discover no way in which a single cubic foot of fresh air could get into that cell after the doors had been closed for the night."

Falls Into Holes For a Living.

Michael Emperor, of Cherry street N. Y., brought suit against the city for $5,000 for injuries sustained by falling into a hole at Catharine and Cherry streets in October, 1886. The case was tried before Judge Daly and a jury in the Court of Common Pleas. The result is that Mr. Emperor has got himself into another hole.

The testimony showed that Mr. Emperor has a habit of tumbling into holes. He usually injures his leg, and then "pulls the leg" of the unfortunate person or corporation back of the hole. The hurt to his leg at Catharine and Cherry streets was caused by a fall over the precipitous edge of a hole three inches deep and ten inches wide.

Corporation Counsel Clark's young assistant, Mr. Francis Wellman, and Detective Lake hunted up Mr. Emperor's record and found that he was a "professional." Then Mr. Wellman artfully asked Mr. Emperor if he had ever brought suit against anybody before for injuries of any kind. He swore that he had not. After the jury had returned with a verdict against Mr. Emperor, he was arrested by Detective Lake on a bench warrant for perjury, and taken to the Tombs.

In 1884 Mr. Emperor sued the Second Avenue Railroad for $5,000 for injuries to his leg caused by falling into a hole. The company gave Emperor $250 to withdraw the suit. He next fell into a hole owned by the Eighth Avenue Railroad Company, and hurt his leg some more. The hole was probably not very deep, as Mr. Emperor let up on the company for $10. He hunted around and ascertained that the Ninth Avenue road was maintaining a three-inch trench somewhere. He sought it out and fell into it in the presence of witnesses. Unfortunately for Mr. Emperor, the same lawyer who had his case against the Eighth Avenue road attended to his suit against the Ninth. The lawyer told him to get out, and he got. The record of the other holes into which Mr. Emperor fell, in anticipation of getting damages, had not been completed up to the hour of going to press.—[New York Sun.

A Sun-Stove.

A simple stove for warming rooms by means of solar heat has been contrived by Prof. E. S. Morse. It consists of a shallow box, having a bottom of corrugated iron and a glass top. This device is placed outside the building where the sun can shine directly into it. The rays pass through the glass and are absorbed by the metal, heating it to a high temperature and warming the air of the box. The air, which on sunny days rises to 90 degrees F., is conveyed into the room to be heated.

THE graduating class of female students at Franklin College, Franklin, Ind., decided that every one of the nine girls must get an equal chance and deliver an oration. The Faculty vetoed this arr[illegible] solidly. [illegible]

[illegible]E'LL GIVE YOU

[illegible] pleasant chill on hot weather.

FANS.

They do the business—and do you believe it—a fan from Root's always gives the coolest breezes.

BAMBOO AND PAPER,

2c, 3c, 4c, 5c, 6c, 7c, 10c.

COMMON PALM FANS

From 1c, up to the nice Satin Palms—Round, Square, Octagon.

BRAIDED FANS,

The fans of our Grandmothers—the best, decidedly, for all purposes,

25c. EACH.

Decoration Fans,

Bright, big enough to hide the Fire place and add cheer to the room.

Dainty ♦ Gauze ♦ Fans

in almost any color you can wish—with Blacks, White, Cream,

At 50, 75c, 90c, $1.00,

And some that are real choice.

OSTRICH ❋ FEATHER ❋ FANS,

In Black, White, Cream, Grey.

Fans suggest Sun Embrellas and Parasols—and the new lots in will be just to your liking.

ROOT & COMPANY

JOS. M. CLARK. PERRY N. DeHAVEN.

Jos. M. Clark & Co.,

FASHIONABLE

Merchant Tailors

34 East Berry Street,

Largest assortment of Spring and Summer Suitings, embracing all the latest novelties. An early inspection is requested.

Steam Carpet Beating!

Carpets Taken Up
Cleaned and Relaid.

All Work Warranted to be Satisfactory.

Mattress Factory!

All kinds of Mattresses Renovated and made Over on Short Notice.

PAUL E. WOLF,

33 and 35 Clinton St.

COSGROVE & SNYDER,

Tubular and Drive Wells

Put Down by Skilled Workmen.

Special Attention Given to Pump Repairing.

We keep on hand a full line of Pumps and Repairs. PERKINS WIND MILLS.

NUMBER 9 HARRISON STREET.

Sign of Wind Mill Rudder. jun19-tf

Here in Fort Wayne—First Three Months Free of Charge.

Five eminent English and German doctors are now permanently located at their residence, 16 West Jefferson street, between Calhoun and Harrison street. All who visit the doctors before the 7th of July will receive services for the first three months free of charge. The only favor desired is a recommendation from those whom they cure. These English physicians treat every variety of disease and deformity, but will not accept an incurable case. If your malady is beyond all hope they will frankly tell you so, also caution you against spending more money for unnessary treatment. Remember dates and go early, as their offices are crowded from morning till night. Office hours: 9 a. m. to 8 p. m. Sundays: 10 a. m. to 7:30 p. m. 29-4t w-1t

Before piping your house for natural gas call on Robert Spice, 42 West Main street. 26 28 29.

The Pape & Roehm Furniture Co. have a full line of Chamber Suits of their own make. They are closing out cheap to make room.

No. 15 and 17 Court St., Pixley's Old Stand.

Try the "My Choice" cigars, equal to the best five cent cigar in the city.

[illegible] JULY EXCURSIONS. [illegible] Railway will sell excursion [illegible] the Fourth of July, between [illegible] on its lines, at the rate [illegible] FOR THE ROUND TRIP. [illegible] on sale July 3d and 4th, [illegible] to return up to and including [illegible]

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1889.

LOCAL NEWS.

Monday will be July 1st.

Mr. C. L. Olds is at Auburn to-day.

The Caledonian club will meet next Monday evening.

Prof. W. F. Heath left last night for New York city and eastern points.

Miss Lydia Harries is in Michigan spending the summer with relatives.

Mr. Ed. Knox will leave for Kokomo next Monday to spend a couple of weeks.

Miss Winnie Lauferty, of New York, is in the city the guest of her sister Miss Eva Lauferty.

Fred Kimball's glee club is being brought into prominence by their nightly out-door choruses.

Mr. W. G. Blymyer, manager of the Defiance *Republican Express*, was in the city yesterday afternoon.

A number of extra girls have been employed to join the forces at the Keller Medicine company next Monday.

This evening Dr. R. S. Knode and daughter, Carrie, will leave for Omaha, Neb., to remain several weeks.

Mrs. John Houlihan, who was visiting relatives on Locust street, has returned to her home at Vincennes, Ind.

Collars, the Fort Wayne pitcher, has secured a situation at Portland and he will hereafter be a member of the club there.

Miss Effie Lane, of Warsaw, is in the city to visit friends. Miss Lane will be remembered as a former teacher in our public schools.

Mrs. Alexander Brown, who has been visiting at the residence of ex-Congressman White, has returned to her home in New York city.

Rev. S. D. Miller, who is with Mr. F. X. Schuler, agent for the Farmer's Insurance company in this city, will preach at Monroeville to-morrow.

Mystic Shrine club had their first annual banquet at Masonic Temple last night, at which there was hardly an absent member. A jolly time is reported.

Mr. John C. Collins, of 71 Francis street, suffered a dislocation of the elbow and a fracture yesterday. Dr. Miller, assisted by Dr. U. G. Lipes, attended.

Hon. and Mrs. J. M. Barrett observed in an elegant though unostentatious manner the twelfth anniversary of their marriage at their residence in South Wayne last night.

Bluffton *Bugle*: "Miss Kate Wesener, of Fort Wayne, is visiting Mrs. C. A. Arnold, of South Main street.—George Taylor transacted business in Fort Wayne to-day."

Mr. August Detzer has joined the army of amateur photographers and is now seen frequently on a ramble in search of a romantic scene with a shy country lassie for the chief subject.

Mr. F. J. Woulfe, of this city, who has been with the Wabash offices at Chicago, will leave to-night for St. Louis. The change was made through the transfer of the general offices.

A horse belonging to the street railway fell while being driven on the belt line last night. The car could not be stopped in time to prevent the wheels from lacerating the animal's flanks severely.

The Portland *Sun* passes this compliment on one of our base ball nines: "The 'Brunswicks' are a nice, gentlemanly set of fellows, play good ball and their battery, Collar and Heit, is a 'corker.'"

Dr. U. G. Lipes, who is traveling for the Beeman Chemical company, Cleveland, will leave this evening to report to his house. Next week he will accomplish his final trip previous to going on his summer vacation.

Mr. George Esmond and family are at Kansas City, to remain permanently. Mr. Esmond recently held the mayor's chair at Medicine Lodge, Kas., to which place he moved after disposing of his flouring mill interest in this city.

The Illustrious Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Schrine gave their first annual banquet at the parlors of the Fort Wayne commandery last evening. Mr. John D. Olds, president of the club, did the honors and a right royal time they had.

Word has been received in this city of the death of Mrs. Emma Davis, nee Knapp, which occurred at Parmer, Neb., June 10. Deceased had relatives and friends in Fort Wayne, who knew her as an estimable lady, a devoted wife and a loving mother.

Judge R. S. Taylor arrived home from New York Thursday and will return there in a few days to continue taking depositions for the case of M. M. Slattery against the Westinghouse company for infringement. The judge is having a voluminous brief printed for the case.

A stranger hired a team of ponies and single buggy from Mentzner & Taylor, liverymen at Monroeville, last Monday to drive to Fort Wayne, since which time nothing has been heard from them. Parties from Monroeville were here yesterday looking for the outfit, which is valued at $200.

Next Monday the state board of education will meet to consider bids again for the publication of text-books under the [illegible]. What the course will be if [illegible]

[illegible] is at Indianapolis.

Miss Grace White entertained friends last night.

Rev. Father O'Leary has gone to Brandon, Wis.

Mr. S. B. Sweet is in the city to remain over Sunday.

Hon. R. C. Bell is registered at the Grand hotel, Indianapolis.

Mrs. W. H. Jones, of the Hamilton house, is at Lima, Ohio, on a visit.

New grates and mantels have been placed in the addition to the Wayne hotel.

Mr. Frank Fisk, of DeWald street, who traveled with Dr. Lighthall, has arrived home.

Miss Ollie Patton, of Altoona, Pa., is the guest of Mrs. G. W. Morgan, of 184 East Jefferson street.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bassett and daughter, Cora, left to-day to visit their friends at Van Wert, O.

Mr. Oscar Liebman, of Barr street, had a fit at the market house this morning and he was carried home.

Manager Tucke had a fair house to witness the performance of "Peck's Bad Boy," at the People's theatre, last night.

The council at Auburn will have a meeting Monday night to decide about introducing the Jenney electric light for town lighting.

The Tri-State Building and Loan association will hold a meeting to-night. A committee is negotiating for office rooms in the Pixley-Long block.

J. S. Bash, Washington, D. C.; F. R. Horton, New York City; C. G. Magee, Tiffin, Ohio; M. Stein, Chicago; Wm. McDonald, Philadelphia, are at the Wayne.

Messrs. J. H. and Robert F. Douglass returned home last night from Columbia City where they were out hunting yesterday. They shot twenty-nine large squirrels.

L. A. Centlivre, W. T. Lamb, R. Dohnson, H. W. Aikens, Henry Keller, J. C. Armfield and L. H. Fisher, of this city, were registered at Bluffton hotels yesterday.

Mr. James Fess, of Rochester, N. Y., who was the gust of Misses Kittie and Minnie Mischo, of 33 Pritchard street, for the past two weeks, returned home this morning.

Henry P. Drover, R. Simonton, Huntington, Ind.; L. A. Saxton, Battle Creek, Mich.; J. O. Pelton, Peru, Ind.; S. A. Brant, Chicago; D. P. Ellis, Boston, are at the Rich.

Miss Kitty Miller, of Stewart & Hahn's Boston store, will go to Monroeville, her home, next week, on a vacation. She will entertain there several young lady friends from Muncie.

A telephone wire conducted lightning into the residence of George R. Driver, in Archer's addition yesterday afternoon, creating consternation among the members of the family. None were injured.

J. M. Waldorf and W. I. Hull, South Bend, Ind.; G. W. Crosby, Paulding, Ohio; Geo. W. Stiles, Auburn Junction, Ind.; John A. Provines, Spencerville, Ind.; O. L. Plunger, Jeffersonville, are at the Brunswick.

Miss Annie Rossington has returned from Topeka, Kas., and is again at the residence of Mr. John Wilson, on Hanna street. She was accompanied home by Miss Nannie Holliday, who will be her guest for a few weeks.

Mr. W. C. Baade has been given a permit to build a two story frame house on East Jefferson street, on lot 284, Hanna's addition, to cost $1,100; S. F. Swayne a 1½ story frame house on lot 38, Fairfield's addition, to cost $450.

The Peters Box and Lumber company are turning out eighteen suites for the Wayne hotel, the material being white quartered oak, and there being five pieces in each suite. These will be placed in the new addition to the hotel.

The friends of Mr. Jud Hollister did not propose to allow such an important event as his third-score birthday to pass by unnoticed, and last evening they crowded into his residence in a genuine surprise and made the welkin ring till a late hour.

A portion of the old Bowser homestead, on East Berry street, is being razed. The building was built half a century ago and is an old land-mark. Mr. J. H. Bass, who owns the property, says that he will erect a fine business building if he can find tenants.

General McNulta has issued a general circular to the agents and employes thanking them for their efforts in behalf of the Wabash and instructing them to keep close record of the business of the road prior to midnight, June 30, when the purchasing committee will take charge.

In speaking of their Fourth of July exercises the Portland *Sun* says: "In addition to the above the Fort Wayne base ball club will be here to match the local champions, as well as Hon. Wm. P. Breen, of Fort Wayne, and other well known orators. Mr. Breen is one of the most fascinating orators in the country and never fails to take his audience by storm."

Yesterday, at the Cathedral, was celebrated for the first time in this city the Feast of the Sacred Heart. It began with high mass in the morning and ended with vespers in the evening. It was the bi-centenary of the Devotion, and the pope enjoins the faithful throughout the world to [illegible]

There was no police court this morning.

Mr. A. E. Foutch, of Indianola, Iowa, is in the city.

Mr. R. D. Romy is laying out a new addition northwest.

Mr. O. Warner, of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy is in the city.

W. H. Miner, of Lima, Ohio, was a visitor at the Y. M. C. A. last evening.

Mr. Thomas Fleming has resigned as justice of the peace of Washington township.

Mrs. W. P. Cooper and baby returned from Lafayette to-day. Mrs. Cooper's parents reside there.

Mr. Noah L. Snider, of Columbus, Ohio, is at the Haffner bakery for about two months, as their fancy baker.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger went to Valparaiso this afternoon, where he administers confirmation to-morrow.

Mr. Wm. H. Goshorn, who was civil engineer for the Little River ditch, is recovering from a severe attack of rheumatism.

The Bluffton *Bugle* says: "Misses Grace Conover and Sadie Griffith, of Fort Wayne, are in the city, the guests of the Misses Empie."

The Transfer and Storage company have hauled to the jewelry store of Mr. R. S. Krull, on East Washington street, a safe weighing 4,500 pounds.

Eastern parties who already conduct a boot and shoe business in this city have leased the store occupied by Knox & Wilner, who are closing out their business.

The mail carries inaugurate their summer vacation next week. The government gives each man a fifteen day rest and George Alter and Con Shuler will be first to enjoy it.

Miss Amanda Niemann and Miss Louisa Brocksmidt, of Chicago, are the guests of the Misses Sadie and Mamie Wenninghoff and the Misses Anna and Amelia Hollenbeck.

Mr. J. B. Shoaff has returned from Michigan City, where he saw his son Jerry, who is getting along well. The young man's conduct is spoken well of by the prison authorities.

Mr. LeRoy Hartzler, of the Nickel Plate dispatcher's office, returned yesterday afternoon from a brief trip and left on the evening train for Indianapolis. He is enjoying a vacation.

Mr. James E. Lonergan, the foreman of THE SENTINEL book binding department, with Mrs. Lonergan and children, left to-day for a week's visit with his sister, Mrs. George Luke, at Elkhart, Indiana.

Mr. Cass Hunter, deputy treasurer, has made a remittance of $42.50 to Winslow, Lamer & Co., New York, in payment of interest on the $170,000 bonds of Allen county. The payments are made semi-annually.

President Hartman, of the St. Julian council, No. 89, C. B. L., will call a special meeting for to-morrow evening, to make arrangements to go to Huntington on July 4, to attend the picnic given by St. George's council of that place.

The features of to-day's entertainment will be a game of base ball at the fair grounds between the Kimball and Woodward teams. It is not said how much stake money is up, but enough to purchase a cigar for the winning captain.

Master Alfred, son of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Thurman, of 89 West Jefferson streeet, celebrated his fourteenth birthday to-day. He was made the recipient of a handsome "Pschyco" bicycle, the lightest wheel of standard manufacture in the city.

A very interesting time is expected at the St. Paul M. E. church fair this evening. One of the best orchestras in the city has been engaged to furnish the music and the hall is expected to be crowded to its utmost capacity. The fair will continue next week.

To-day Sheriff Vieberg's attention was called to the condition of the Arabian woman who claimed some days ago that she was robbed at the Edsal boarding house, corner of Clinton and Superior streets. The woman is penniless, and wants the county to pay her board and lodging.

The Knights of the Golden Eagle elected the following officers last night: P. C., W. Harrison; N. C., C. W. Peno; V. C., J. W. Flickenger; S. H., J. E. Miller; H. P., C. Thieme, V. H., I. Swihart; C. of E., W. C. Seabold; K. of E., C. W. Shaw; M. of R., J. O. Brown; trustee, J. E. Miller.

The Huntington *Democrat* says: "J. F. Schrey, is at Fort Wayne this afternoon.—J. P. Stults is at Fort Wayne for the afternoon.—Freddie Noll, of Fort Wayne, is visiting Master Fred Foster.—Miss Josephine Mast came down from Fort Wayne last evening, where she was attending school, to spend the vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Mast.—Sing Sing, Huntington's washee-washee, is at Fort Wayne this afternoon.—B. F. Ibach went to Fort Wayne this noon. He will return to-morrow morning."

The Aftermath society of the Second Presbyterian church, consisting of Misses Birdie Richey, Jennie Creighton, Lillie Fisk, Lulu Hulse, Maude Hendricks, Sophie Seaton, Edith Holsworth, Mary Biddle, and Messrs. Will Sherbondy, Ethan Allen, Frank Winhurst, Edward Barbier, Bert Olds, Will Ferguson, Bert Evans and others, were pleasantly entertained at the residence of Mr. John Evans, on South Webster [illegible]

Mr. [illegible] has filed his bond as notary public.

The Fort Wayne party have returned from their fishing excursion to Blue Lake.

Mrs. Dr. T. J. Dills and little daughter, Margaret, returned to-day from Kendallville.

Mrs. Lee, wife of Officer George Lee, went to Dunkirk, Ohio, to-day to visit relatives and friends.

Messrs. H. C. Hanna and B. F. Harper, left for Warsaw this afternoon to remain over Sunday.

Miss Clara Andrews, of Huntertown, who was in the city a few days, has gone to Cleveland to visit friends.

Mr. Mont Fay, the commission merchant, has returned from Cincinnati, where he recently buried his mother.

Mr. Ed Matheney, son of J. M. Matheney, superintendent of the northern division of the Grand Rapids and Indiana road, is in the city with his wife, visiting friends.

Charles Flynn was arraigned before 'Squire France yesterday afternoon on a charge of assault and battery on Edward Pritchard and will have a hearing one week from next Monday.

Miss Tillie, daughter of Dr. Theo. Heuchling, formerly of this city, but now of Chicago, arrived here to-day and will accept a position as stenographer in the office of the Jenney Electric Light company.

The will of Elizabeth Bowman has been entered for probate. She bequeaths to her son, Samuel, money and notes equal to one-third of the estate. To her daughter, Phoebe, she bequeaths forty acres in Lafayette township and also personal property. William H. Schnoover is named as executor.

MR. JOHN B. HARRISON, of Springfield, Ill., says that he had blood trouble for quite a time; his tonsils were swollen, eruptions over his hands and face, followed by paralysis of the face, which was all relieved by Swift's Specific, and after the lapse of seven years there has been no sign of a return of the disease.

EXCURSION TO HUNTINGTON ON THE 4th.

The Catholic Benevolent Legion, Catholic Knights of St. Charles and Catholic Knights of America will excurt to Huntington, to attend a grand picnic given by St. George Council, C. B. L., of Huntington. A grand time is promised to all who will attend. Excursion will leave the North Depot at 8 a. m., standard time. Fare for round trip, 70c. 29-3t

Robert Spice is prepared to pipe your house with natural gas. Call and get his prices. 48 West Main street. 26 28 29

Excursion Rates Fourth of July.

The Fort Wayne, Cinncinnati and Louisville railroad, will sell tickets at one fare for the round trip on July 3rd and 4th. Good returning up to and including the 5th. 29-4t

"The Wonderland," No. 5 East Main street, are closing out their entire line of Men's and Boys' Straw Hats and Caps at cost.

Fourth of July Excursion Rates.

The Lake Shore will sell tickets at one fare for the round trip on July 3 and 4. Good returning up to and including the 5. 29 4t

Your choice of any Straw Hat in our store for 29 cents, "The Wonderland," No. 5 East Main street.

For Sale.

Three car loads of Texas ponies, several matched teams; inquire at Tom Hunt's, Spy Run avenue. 29 2t

All those wishing to enjoy the Fourth should join the excursion to Huntington, via the Muncie R. R., North Depot, at 8 a. m. 29-3t

Sugars—No Advance in Prices.

Crushed and Powdered, 9½c pound.
Cut Loaf and Granulated, 9½c pound.
Standard White Coffee A, 9c.
Choice Yelllow Extra C, 8c.

FRUIT HOUSE.

The brightest, most lasting and safest colored fires for the stage and street illuminating sold and made by Meyer Bros. & Co., the druggists. 28-5t

Try the "My Choice" cigars, equal to the best five cent cigar in the city. 6eodtf

Reduction on New Potatoes. Down 30c Bushel.

Choice New Potatoes, 75c bushel, or 20c peck.

FRUIT HOUSE.

Fort Wayne Market.

Corrected by J. B. Monning & Co.

Flour—No, 1 white, $4.50; No. 1 red, $4.50; second class family, $4.00; Graham, 50c per sack.
Wheat—75@77.
Oats—25@26.
Corn—In ear, 40.
Rye—48.
Oil Meal—Percwt. $1.30.
Corn Meal—Percwt. $1.00@1.25.
Clover Seed—$4.75@4.80.
Timothy Seed—$1.75@2.00.
Flax Seed—100@$1.10.
Barley—45.
Hay—$8@9 per ton.

Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Ry

Steam Heated and Electric Light Vestibuled Trains to St. Paul and Minneapolis.
Finest Dining Cars in the World.
Through Sleeping Cars to Denver.
The route of the first "Golden Gate Special."
Excursion Tickets to Colorado.
[illegible] Tickets to California.
[illegible]

[illegible]

Trustee Brackenridge Files the Enumeration of Wayne Township To-Day.

Mr. G. W. Brackenridge, township trustee, has filed with the county auditor the enumeration of the white and colored inhabitants of Wayne township over twenty-one years of age. It shows that the township has 8,852 voters. This is a good per cent. of the total county enumeration, which is something over 13,000.

OVER four years ago Swift's Specific cured me of a troublesome eruption which covered my shoulders, back and limbs. This was after I had been treated by six doctors, some of whom said I never would get well.

E. M. HURSEY, Sherman, Texas.

You can not spend an hour more profitably than wandering through "The Wonderland," No. 5, East Main street, and observing the bargains in every department.

The Pape & Roehm Furniture Co. have made a cut in prices on their whole line of elegant furniture for the next ten days. Go and see them at No. 15 and 17 Court St.

The bargains obtained at "The Wonderland," No. 5 East Main street, is becoming the town talk.

No Advance on Lemons and Oranges

Best Lemons, 25c dozen.
Choice Oranges, 40c dozen.
Choice Large Pine Apples, 20c each.

FRUIT HOUSE.

DR. TAYLOR,

CHIROPODIST

—AND—

FOOT DOCTOR,

Is in the city for a short time only, and is prepared to test and cure all kinds of Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Toe-nails and every ailment that affects the feet.

Dr. Taylor has effected numerous cures without pain, and guarantees satisfaction, not only immediate relief, but permanent cure.

Will call anywhere in the city to treat patients. May be seen at No. 459 South Lafayette street from 7:30 to 10:30 a. m. and 5:30 to 9:30 p. m. Orders may be left at Post-office, or No. 459 South Lafayette street. Home Sunday all day.

SPECIALTIES

FOR ❋ THIS ● WEEK

AT THE

PEOPLE'S STORE,

EAST BERRY STREET.

Pixley & Long Block.

10 PIECES LACE FLOUNCINGS,

Skirt Width, Will be Sold at

25c PER YARD.

Just Received, an immense Lot of Swiss and Cambric Flouncings, Bought at Big Reductions, and Will be Sold Accordingly.

ONE ♦ PRICE ♦ TO ♦ ALL.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE,

Dozois, Beadell & Co.

1776. 1889.

FOURTH OF JULY

Fireworks, Flags and Balloons.

Largest Assortment in the City.

RENNER, CRATSLEY & CO.,

56 CALHOUN ST.

CHEAPEST + PLACE + TO + BUY.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

BUY

Challenge Brand SUGAR - CURED - HAMS!

ENGLISH BREAKFAST BACON!

AND EXTRA NO. 1

FAT SHORE MACKEREL.

PYKE'S GROCERY

80 CALHOUN STREET.

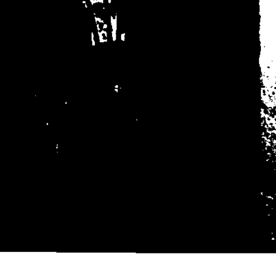
FIRE WORKS

Of Every Description.

The Very Latest Novelties at the Very Lowest Prices.

My friends are respectfully invited to call and see my goods before purchasing elsewhere.

C. H. MILLER.



The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY. JUNE 29 1889. PRICE FIVE CENTS

Geo. DeWald & Company.

BLACK GOODS
—AND—
MOURNING GOODS.

We make a specialty of these and are offering great inducements to our customers in this Department light and medium weights, suited at this time especially for Summer wear, and at prices lower than ever offered before.

GEORGE -|- DEWALD
—AND—
COMPANY,
Calhoun and Columbia Sts

GREAT BARGAINS
—IN—
Straw and Light
Colored Stiff Hats.
A Large Variety of
Children's & Youth's Straw Hats

Sold at Cost and some below cost. Owing to the cool weather we are obliged to do this. We also carry the largest line of furnishing goods in the city and sell them cheaper than anybody. Come in and satisfy yourself.

WM. MEYER & BRO.,
34 CALHOUN ST.

Buy your Paris Green, Insect Powder and all insecticides and disinfectant, at Meyer Bros., the druggists. 28-5t

Dr. Wau-Ke-Maugh, the Indian doctor, is at the Hotel Brunswick, where he is prepared to heal the sick. The doctor had a great list of patients yesterday and was kept busy all day.

Scalper Harrett, the new landlord of the Hotel Brunswick, will furnish meal tickets and day board at reasonable prices. Give him a trial 27-3t

Get Robert Spice's estimate to pipe your house for natural gas before contracting. 26 28 29.

Smoke the Don Carlos cigar, the best in the market. All first-class retail dealers handle them. 6eodtf

Before fitting your house for natural gas call on Robert Spice, No. 48 West Main street. Thur Fri&Sat.

Smoke the Don Carlos cigar, the best in the market. All first-class retail dealers handle them. 6eodtf

In order to combine both Millinery Stocks in her Calhoun street establishment, Mrs. N. B. Rowe will sell Millinery Goods from now until August 1 regardless of cost. 25-5t

For your non-spontaneous colored fires, go to Meyer Bros., the druggists. 28-5t

BADLY
RAZZLE-
DAZZLED

Babies' Kid Button....$	15
Ladies' Kid Toe Slippers............	50
Ladies Tan Oxfords...	97
Men's Sewed Government Shoes.......	1 00
Gent's fine Sewed Dress Shoes...........	1 50

Massachusetts Shoe Co.
16 Calhoun Street.

THE MYSTIC SEVEN!

The Grand Jury Will Probably Return Seven Indictments in the Cronin Murder Case.

CHICAGO, June 29.—It is believed that indictments will be returned by the grand jury, and that the men pronounced guilty of Dr. Cronin's murderer, or parties to the conspiracy to murder him will be: Alexander Sullivan, Martin Burke, Patrick Cooney, John F. Beggs, Daniel Coughlin, Patrick O'Sullivan and Frank Woodruff. There is some gossip around the corridors of the court house to the effect that Alexander Sullivan's conviction will be assured by not indicting him, that no bill will be found against him in order to show the others what dupes they have been. It is reasoned that when the others see the gallows preparing for them, while Alexander Sullivan walks the streets a free man, they will, out of their bitterness against the discrimination, confess all they know.

There was a stir about the criminal court building about 10:30 o'clock, when the members of the grand jury came out of their room and went into Judge Sheperd's court. A large crowd followed, thinking the jury would return true bills against the Cronin suspects, but the spectators were doomed to disappointment, for, although there were twenty-four indictments returned into court, they were all in common jail cases.

WINNIPEG, Man., June 29.—Assistant State's Attorney Baker arrived yesterday and was closeted all the afternoon and part of the evening with H. M. Howell, who has been going over the evidence to see that it is in proper form. The examination will be finished to-day and all will be in readiness for the trial Tuesday. It is quite possible Burke may not be brought back before October on account of the delays from appeals and other legal proceedings.

PIERCED THE BRAIN.

The Horrible Death of a Little Girl at Delphi, Ind.

DELPHI, Ind., June 29.—AsSanford J. Baugh, of Monticello, was in the act of using a pitchfork in his stable yesterday, his twelve-year-old daughter, ran around the corner of the barn and dashed upon the prongs of the fork. One of the prongs pierced her eye into the brain and she died before the cruel instrument of death could be withdrawn. The father is almost crazed with grief.

MURDERED BY OUTLAWS.

A Boy Witness Put Out of the Way.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., June 28.—Great excitement is reported at Berryville, occasioned by the mysterious disappearance of a sixteen-year-old boy, Thomas Allen, who is an important witness in the case against Bonne Terry, a noted character and leader in the Terry-Wagoner fued along the Missouri border. Allen is believed to have been murdered by the Terry outlaws.

Michigan's Legislature.

LANSING, Mich., June 29.—The legislature adjourned last night after having been six months in session. The appropriations made to be levied on the tax rulls this year and the next amount to $3,086,000; the last legislature's appropriation amounted to $3,400,000. A great deal of business of a miscellaneous character was done during the closing hours. The governor has approved the liquor tax bill, the local option bill, and the two-cent railroad passenger fare bill.

An Ohio Wreck.

CINCINNATI, June 29.—At 5:30 o'clock, last evening, a passenger train from Portsmouth to Cincinnati on the Cincinnati, Georgetown and Portsmouth railway, with the directors' car, two passenger coaches and a baggage car went down a trestle, one and one-half miles west of Batavia. Fourteen persons were injured.

The Yale Wins.

NEW LONDON, Conn., June 29.—The fourteenth annual four-mile straight-away right oared race between Yale and Harvard crews, was rowed last evening over the Thames river course and was won by Yale by six-boat lengths. Official time, Yale 21 minutes 30 seconds; Harvard, 21 minutes 55 seconds.

The Pharmacists.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., June 28.—The session of all sections of the American pharmaceutical association closed yesterday, and the association adjourned to meet at old Point Comfort, Va., the second Monday in September, 1889.

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, June 29.—Indiana—Fair, warmer, southeasterly winds.

Special—Fair; warmer weather may be expected in the lower lake region and Ohio valley until Sunday night.

Will Withdraw.

KANSAS CITY, June 29.—It was announced last night that the Atchinson, Topeka and Santa Fe is about to withdraw from the Inter-State Commerce association.

Mill Burned.

LANCASTER, Pa., June 29.—The flouring mill of H. B. Graff, at Fertility, was burned last night. Loss, $22,000; insurance, [illegible].

THE TEMPLE OF THE LORD.

The Doors of the City Churches Will Be Thrown Open To-morrow for Religious Worship.

"Coveting in Fort Wayne," is the subject of Pastor Northrop's Sunday evening talk.

Boys' meeting at 2 o'clock, city time, at the Y. M. C. A. Boys, come and help in the singing.

Gospel and song service at the Y. M. C. A. hall, 103 and 105 Calhoun street, at 4:30 city time. For men only, come.

Simpson M. E. Church—Preaching at 10:30, a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 2:30. Rev. G. B. M. Rogers, pastor.

Trinity M. E. church. Services at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m. Rev. N. D. Shackelford, pastor.

Trinity Lutheran church—Services at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2 p. m. Pastor's bible class at the same hour.

Regular services to-morrow morning and evening, in the First Presbyterian church by Rev. Dr. Moffat. Sunday School at 9 a. m.

Free Methodist church, East Creighton avenue—Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. Rev. Hardin, pastor.

The First U. B. church, corner East Lewis and Harmer streets. Preaching at 10:45 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sabbath school at 9 o'clock, standard time.

Trinity Episcopal church, corner Barry and Fulton streets. Rev. A. W. Seabreeze, rector. The rector will preach in the evening. Sunday school, at 9:30 a. m.

Second Presbyterian church services the Y. M. C. A. chapel, to-morrow at 10:30 a. m. Sunday school at 12 m. No evening service. Rev. J. L. Leeper, pastor.

Congregational church, corner of Washington and Fulton streets. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. Preaching morning and evening by Rev. T. Arthur Frey.

Remember the regular meeting of the Loyal Temperance Legion at W. C. T. U. headquarters on Harrison street. Be there promptly at 3:30 o'clock and bring your children.

Rev. G. W. Carder will preach at the Nebraska Mission church, Sabbath morning at 10:30.; Rev. James Trythall will preach in the evening at 8 p. m. All are invited.

The usual services will be held at the Wayne street church. Preaching by pastor at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday school at 2 p. m. Young people's meeting at 7:30 p. m.

Berry street M. E. church, corner West Berry and Harrison streets. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m., by the pastor, the Rev. W. M. Van-Slyke. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

St. Paul's M. E. church. Preaching by the pastor, Rev. M. C. Cooper, at 7:45 p. m. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m. No morning service on account of the funeral of Mr. Samuel Tillbury.

Christian church, corner Griffith and Jefferson streets. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 8:00 p. m. Sunday school at 9:15 a. m. Morning lesson, "Christ, the Deliverer;" evening, "Esau Sells His Birthright."

The men's meeting at the rooms of the R. R. Y. M. C. A. will be held at the usual time to-morrow afternoon, at 3 o'clock, standard time. All men are cordially invited to spend an hour there, as the service will close promptly at 4 o'clock.

Grace Reformed church invites you to attend their services to-morrow, at 10:30 a. m., and 8 p. m. Sabbath school at 9:30. Evening service will be in charge of Secretary Esmond, of the Railroad Y. M. C. A. Rev. A. K. Zartman, pastor.

Quarterly meeting at the Evangelical church, corner Clinton and Holman streets, conducted by Rev. H. Arlen, from Winchester. Services this evening at the usual hour. To-morrow, Sunday school at 9:15 a. m. and German preaching at 10:15 a. m., followed by communion. English preaching at 7:45 p. m. D. D. Speicher, pastor.

Preaching at the Third Presbyterian church, Sabbath, at 10:30 a. m. and 8:00 p. m. Sabbath school at 2 p. m. Young peoples' meeting at 7:30 p. m. Rev. J. M. Boggs, pastor. Morning theme: "In Remembrance of Christ." Evening theme, "Christ's Epistle." The sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be celebrated at the morning service.

A SMALL LIST.

Only Six Deaths Occur During the Week.

The following is the list of deaths reported by the city undertakers since last Saturday:

Michael Curren, 67 years, consumption.

Harriet Heming, 46 years, consumption.

James Meehan, 52 years, accident.

Henry Hellerman, 85 years, old age.

Mary O'Grady, 62 years, dyspepsia.

John Nathood, 75 years, old age.

WITHOUT A MAYOR!

The Municipal Head of Braidwood, Ill., Refuses to Aid in Oppressing the Miners.

BRAIDWOOD, Ill., June 29.—It is impossible to exaggerate the gravity of the situation at Braidwood, with 3,000 people completely helpless and half famished, and yet the officials of the Chicago, Wilmington and Vermillion Coal company are busily engaged in an attempt to check the movement to raise money for the wretched miners.

A. L. Sweet, president of the Coal company, is now afraid that his scheme to starve the men, women and children is about to be frustrated by the liberality of Chicago. Superintendent Corey, mayor of Braidwood, has abandoned the cursed town and will no longer aid in the work of oppression. Braidwood has now been without a municipal head for several weeks. The loss is not noticed, as there is nothing to govern. There is no money in the treasury and no prospect that any will be paid in from taxes.

STRUCK IT RICH!

While Sinking an Artesian Well a Gold Vein is Struck--Bloodshed Feared Among the Miners.

BLACKFOOT CITY, Mont., June 29.—Grave fears are entertained of a general uprising and wholesale butchery in the Oro Fino mining district, on account of the operations of an organized gang of town site and claim jumpers from the east and south.

Last Saturday the Moore brothers, with their gang jumped the town site of Granite, where, in sinking an artesian well, they uncovered what was supposed to be the richest vein of gold and silver bearing quartz in the territory. Declining an offer from the Granite company to compromise for a third interest in the find, the brothers set to work to develope their claim, while Wier and Andrews, who are in on the deal, moved over to Champion, a new town a few miles west of Deer Lodge. They started in boring a well, and as a result of their investigations, and with the aid of the Moores and their cowboys, they yesterday jumped the whole town site under the mineral laws.

It developed that pay-dirt was struck twenty feet from the surface, the ledge running north and south for nobody knows how far. Dozens of claims, each running 100 feet, with the ledge, have been staked out by the jumpers, who have dispatched a mounted messenger to Helena for aid to enable them to retain possession of the property.

There is a great deal of excitement over the affair and old miners who have seen the quartz ledge uncovered by the gang, say it is richer than that at Granite, which is estimated to be worth $5,000,000. The sheriff and a posse of deputies, have gone to prevent trouble.

A PLUMBER HONORED.

Mr. James Madden Elected Vice-President for Indiana of the National Association.

Mr. James Madden, the popular young plumber, of this city, is home from Pittsburg, where he attended the annual convention of the plumbers of America. The association transacted a good deal of business which will interest plumbers all over the United States and Canada.

Mr. Madden was chosen by unanimous vote to the vice-presidency of the association for the state of Indiana. The congratulations of THE SENTINEL go out to good natured "Jim, the Plumber," as he has been humorously titled by Colonel Alf. T. Lukens.

CHARGED WITH SLANDER.

Frederick Baus Sues Anna Johnson For $1,000 Damages.

To-day Mr. P. B. Colerick, attorney, filed in the circuit court a complaint in which, Mr. Frederick Baus, plaintiff, seeks to recover $1,000 damages from Anna Johnson, on a charger of slander.

It is claimed that the gentle Anna applied to Baus the accusation that he stole certain goods from Moellering's grocery, in consequence of which he was forcibly ejected from the premises.

He thinks about $1,000 will restore the reputation he claims to have had previous to the above mentioned slanderous charges.

UNDER THE WHEELS.

Young Ellis Karns Has a Foot Crushed by a Locomotive.

About 2:30 o'clock this afternoon Master Ellis Karns, who lives at 156 Horace street, was walking along the railroad track at Hanna street, when an engine on the Pittsburg track came thundering on. The lad was completely dazed for a few seconds, and, instead of getting out of the way, he stopped right in the way of the approaching locomotive. He was struck and his left foot caught under the ponderous drivers. Amputation of the foot will be necessary. The patrol wagon conveyed the unfortunate boy to his home.

Mrs. Joseph Studer and son left for Chillicothe, Mo., where they will spend the summer.

SHERMAN MALCOLM'S SUIT.

A Damage Suit That Will Become Famous--Witnesses From Afar.

One of the most interesting damage suits that has been heard in the Allen county courts for a long time, that of Sherman Malcolm vs. the Pennsylvania company for $10,000 damages, is now pending in the superior court. Judge Chapin adjourned the case to-day, until Monday.

The points of the complaint briefly set forth are that the plaintiff wants to recover $10,000 damages for injuries.

Some months ago Malcolm, who was firing for Engineer Schwind, on the Fort Wayne road, was injured by the crown sheet of the locomotive boiler bursting. He claims in consequence he is a physical wreck.

The case brings up expert testimony, even to the workmen who built the locomotive. A great many railroad men have been subpoenaed and the court room is crowded during the trial. Witnesses for the plaintiff began three days ago and their testimony is not all in yet. Mr. Wils. McDermut is stenographer in the case.

The attorneys for the plaintiff, are L. M. Ninde and Randall & Vesey. For the defense, Allen Zollars and Judge Brackenridge.

Senator Cameron's Funeral.

HARRISBURG, June 29.—The funeral of the late Simon Cameron this afternoon, was the simplest imaginable in accordance with a wish often expressed by the deceased.

LOCAL LINES.

Peter J. Sheppert and Rosetta Budge have been licensed to wed.

A plat of Gillett's addition has been filed with the county recorder.

Mr. Patrick Ryan, city weighmaster, reports $120.10 as his receipts for June.

Captain Frank Rawles is expected home from Washington the first of next week.

The Burnie shooting case was set for hearing before 'Squire France this afternoon.

Wm. H. Schnoover has filed his bond as executor of the will of the late Elizabeth Bowman.

An affidavit has been filed by Charles Brinsley before 'Squire Hays, charging William Grove with assault and battery.

Mr. James Armstrong, of the millinery firm of Adams & Armstrong, with his family, left this afternoon to spend a few weeks at Rome City.

This morning at Richie the second section of Pittsburg freight train No. 76 crashed into the first section, resulting in the demolition of several cars.

Mr. S. C. Lumbard, wife and children, with his mother, will leave to-night for Bear Lake, to occupy a cottage. Mr. H. G. Olds and family willl go there next Tuesday.

Professor Pieper, St. Louis, Professor Hahman, Milwaukee, and Professor Stockhart, St. Louis, who were attending the fiftieth anniversary of Concordia college, left for home this afternoon.

Daniel Rynhard, who claimed he was robbed, now wants to settle with certain creditors at fifty cents on the dollar. An investigation was ordered and the sheriff thinks it looks like a queer robbery all through.

This afternoon there was filed with County Recorder Thompson the report of the city commissioners in the matter of vacating the alley between lots 46, 47, 51 and 52, Taber's addition, also in the matter of opening and extending Clay street and the opening of Columbia street.

Last Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, at Huntington, occurred the marriage of Mr. H. L. Wells, a most worthy gentleman from West Point, to Miss Anna E. the accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Seber, and an operator for the Wabash railway in this city. The ceremony was conducted by the Rev. C. M. Schaff, at the Reform church, at Huntington. The affair was very quiet, but most pleasant to those attending. The bride was handsomely attired in serpent green moire silk. The groom in conventional black. The bride was attended by Miss Mary Kelly, of this city, charmingly attired in cream alvatross, and the groom by Mr. Judd Ross, of this city, who did honor to the occasion in his usual pleasant way.

Thursday evening last the Misses Trix Jourdain and Tillie Jacoby gave an elaborate basket picnic and six o'clock dinner to a few select friends at Williams' park. The following couples were present: Charles Klug and Trix Jourdain, Will Pierce and Sophia Jourdain, Pierre Thompson and Laura Casper, Mr. Snowberger and May Jourdain, Ben Bottenberg and Tillie Jacoby, Will Donnelson and Nellie Cushow, and Misses Mollie Jacoby and Lotta Blakesley. After dinner the evening was spent with many interesting games prepared by the O. O. K. club, of which all the young ladies are members. Night and the approaching storm warned the pleasure party to abandon the park, which was done with regret and many thanks to the pretty hostesses.

COLUMBIA CITY'S P. M.

The President Names George S. Meeley for the Place--Several Other Appointments Made.

WASHINGTON, June 29.—The president to-day appointed George S. Meeley postmaster at Columbia City, Ind., and Robert H. Hunter, of New York, to be collector of internal revenue in the Fourteenth district of New York.

The following United States consuls were appointed: Wm. T. Sorsby, of Mississippi, at Guayaquil; Edward C. Goodinow, of Maine, St. Stephens, N. B.; Daniel K. Hubbard, of Massachusetts, Annabar, Germany; Hugo M. Starkloff, of Missouri, Bremin; Wm. T. Grinnell, of New York, Manchester; John. A. Tibbets, of Conneticut, Bradford; Robert W. Turner, of Kansas, Cadiz; M. D. Sampson, of Kansas, St. Johns, N. B.

Attorney General Miller to-day appointed John E. Smith assistant United States district attorney for the northern district of New York. The resignation of John W. Neoms, United States marshal for the northern district of Georgia was received in the department to-day.

Mrs. Harrison, accompanied by the president, Dr. Scott and ex-Senator Sewall, returned to Washington at 1:10 this afternoon.

Dr. Scott and ex-Senator Sewall accompanied Mrs. Harrison from Cape May. The president joined the party at Baltimore.

A NOTABLE EVENT.

The Marriage of Miss Drexel to Mr. Dahlgren at New York.

NEW YORK, June 29.—The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Drexel, daughter of the late Joseph Drexel, and Mr. John Vinton Dahlgren, son of the late Rear Admiral Dahlgren and stepson of the late Consul Dahlgren at Rome, who married Miss Morgan, a daughter of the late Dr. Morgan, of St. Thomas church, was solemnized to-day at St. Patrick's Cathedral. The ceremony was performed by His Grace Archbishop Corrigan.

OPEN DOORS ON THE FOURTH.

The Mayor Will Not Order Saloons Closed on the National Holiday.

Mayor Harding told a SENTINEL reporter this morning that he would not issue an order to close up saloons on the Fourth of July.

"I think," said he, "that there are extremes to matters of this kind. I will do my utmost to keep saloons shut on Sundays and after 11 o'clock at night, but I think it is carrying the enforcement too far to order everything shut up on the Fourth of July."

The mayor does not think the clause of "national holidays" ought to be included in the statute, especially when it affects the Fourth of July. He thinks the natal day and the Sabbath are by no means alike as regards the enforcement of this law.

DEATH OF JIMMY MEEHAN.

The Well Known Fiddler and Fifer Could Not Survive His Injuries.

Last night, at the St. Joe hospital, occurred the death of Mr. James Meehan, more commonly known as "Jimmy the Fifer."

Last Tuesday he was struck and mangled by a Nickel Plate locomotive and the injuries, which were not considered fatal at first, gradually grew worse until the unfortunate man succumbed at 7 o'clock last evening.

Jimmy Meehan was a general character about town. His hobby was to fiddle or fife some days for hours at a time.

A widow and seven children survive him and they live at 36 Brandriff street.

The funeral occurred this afternoon from the late residence, 36 Brandriff street, and from the Catholic church.

TAPPED THE TILL.

The Bar Money at the Saloon of Christian Schafer Stolen Yesterday.

Yesterday, while Billy Linderman, who runs the saloon at 99 Calhoun street for Mr. Christian Schafer, was out on the sidewalk, a sneak thief slid in the door and possessed himself of all the money he could find in the drawer, something over $25. The officers were notified, but the thief has not been apprehended.

LATER.

This afternoon Deputy Sheriff Tom Wilkinson got a clue and with Officer Patton instituted a search. Later, Albert Moritz, a man whose limbs are partially paralyzed, was arrested and he acknowledged having stolen the money.

CHICAGO MARKETS.

CHICAGO, June 29.—Wheat: June, 81¼; July, 80½; August, 78¾; September, 78¾; December, 80¾. Corn: June, 35@½; July, 34½; August, 35½@¼; September, 35½@¾. Oats: June, 22¼; July, 22¼@¾; August, 22¼; September, 22¼. Pork: June, $11.77½@11.80; July, $11.75@11.77½; August, $11.87½; September, $11.95. Lard: June, $6.50; July, $6.50; August, $6.60@6.62½; September, $6.70. Short ribs: June, $5.90; July, $5.90; August, $5.95; September, $6.02½.

TO-NIGHT.

An Important Meeting at the Business Men's Exchange.

This evening there will be a called meeting at the Business Men's exchange over Baldwin's music store, looking to the location of another industry in this city. The following postal card has been circulated, and plainly sets forth the object of the meeting:

FORT WAYNE, Ind., June 28, 1889.

The Barber Match company, one of the largest manufacturing institutions in the world, and which is now building at Wabash an enormous straw board plant, proposes to put up, either at Fort Wayne or Indianapolis, an extensive match factory, which will employ in the neighborhood of 1,000 persons. The superintendent and architect of the company will be here Saturday evening, June 29, to look over the advantages of this city. It is important that they be met by our large manufacturers and influential citizens and everything done to prevail upon them to locate here. Will you be sure to be at the rooms of the Business Men's exchange prompt at 8 o'clock, Saturday evening, June 29, to meet these gentlemen, and assist in securing this valuable industry to Fort Wayne.
COMMITTEE BUSINESS MEN'S EXCHANGE.

MEETING POSTPONED.

The meeting of the Business Men's exchange, called for this evening, has been postponed until further notice. The gentlemen who were to meet with our citizens are prevented from being present. The Traveling Men's association will, therefore, occupy the rooms of the exchange this evening.

OUR NATAL DAY.

Young America Will Give Vent to Their Enthusiasm on July 4.

The approach of the anniversary of America's Independence day is always hailed with gladness, and to none is it a more joyous occasion than to the young, inspired as they are with the patriotism which led our fathers of revolutionary times to deeds of valor and crowned their efforts with a grand and glorious victory.

In preparation for this event, Rose, the grocer, has stocked his store at 75 and 77 East Wayne street, with one of the largest assortments of fire works in the city, and the purchasers will find there everything in that line.

In addition to this, Mr. Rose has one of the best places in Fort Wayne for vegetables, dressed poultry, fancy groceries of all kinds. He receives fresh berries every day and his assortment of canned goods is very large. He has fresh roasted coffee every morning and his patrons will always find it the best.

If you want good goods and wish to be treated in a handsome way give Mr. Rose a call.

POSTMASTER HIGGINS.

He May Enter Upon His New Duties Next Week.

Postmaster Higgins received his commission yesterday from Washington. The paper is dated June 15. It was rumored that Mr. Higgins would take possession of the office next Monday. Mr. Kaough is ready to turn it over to him at once, but Mr. Higgins says he does not know just when he will assume the duties of the office.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

Spring Fountain Park, at Eagle Lake, to be a Blaze of Glory.

The enterprising Beyer Bros., of Spring Fountain Park, Eagle Lake, near Warsaw, have made arrangements for the grandest celebration that has ever taken place, at their popular resort, on Thursday, July 4th. The Rifles, of this city, the finest drilled company in the state, together with the Logansport Greys, the Elkhart Rifles and Warsaw Cadets, will give a grand competitive exhibition drill. Conn's celebrated gatling gun squad will be present with their fine battery. Sigs. Marchonelle and Underdown, from the Chicago Marine Wrecking Co.'s Crew, will give an exhibition of sub-marine work, diving, exploring swimming, etc. There will be a grand bicycle tournament, base ball match and a variety of exciting out-door contests. The great switch-back roller coasting railway will be in operation and the great cyclorama painting of the Battle of Lookout Mountain will be on exhibition. In the evening there will be the grandest display of fire-works ever seen in northern Indiana. A full-rigged ship will be blown up and sunk by guns from an imitation fort in the harbor. The festivities will be appropriate to the celebration of our nation's anniversary, and no pains or expense have been spared to make this a most interesting occasion. Admission to the park, 10 cents. Half fare rates on all railroads. Special train runs to and from Warsaw every fifteen minutes.

Ball Games.

The following is the result of the base ball games played yesterday.

National League: Cleveland, 7, Washington, 2; Pittsburg, 3, Philadelphia, 0; Chicago, 11, Boston, 3; Indianapolis, 2, New York, 5.

American Association: Baltimore, 0, Columbus, 5; first game: Kansas City, 7, Louisville, 3; second game: Kansas City, 9, Louisville, 3.

Inter-State League: Evansville, 5, Burlington, 8.

MY CORNET.

BY FLORENCE JOSEPHINE BOYCE.

When evening has ushered, on dim wings of love,
The shades, from the heavens advancing;
When twilight appears like a sylph from above,
And renders its stillness entrancing;

There comes a sweet sadness borne in on the breeze,
The grief of our past life revealing:
And whispers it o'er, like the murmuring trees,
While thro' them the zephyrs are stealing.

Ah, why do sad memories hover so near,
When twilight has lowered its curtain?
And why do life's mysteries, darksome or clear,
Alike seem secret and uncertain?

The cause I would know, still I pause in despair,
And my ignorance sadly regret;
I sound a few strains on the cool evening air
From my musical friend—the cornet.

It soothes the tired spirit, and lulls into rest,
While the notes rise and tremble on high;
It tells of the loved ones in heav'n ever blest,
And our meeting with them by-and-by.

It carols, like songsters, the pleasures of life.
So perfect—no power could rob
Its mode of expression—but when there is strife
It ends in a great soulless sob.

Ah, hear'st! give me language in which to repeat
My pleasure, my grief, or regret,
In accents as pure, and in music as sweet,
As my silvery-voiced cornet.
WAITSFIELD, Vermont.

THE BATTLE OF FAYAL.

The Most Wonderful Sea-Fight in History.

The fight of Sir Richard Grenville, in the Revenge, against a Spanish fleet, at "Flores, in the Azores," has been celebrated by the English laureate in one of the most stirring ballads of the language; but a grander battle even than that of the Revenge was fought in the same waters seventy-five years ago, and has never been commemorated in song or story. It was a more important engagement than that of Sir Richard, because it directly influenced the result of one of the decisive battles of history, and insured victory to America in what has been called the second war of Independence, the war of 1812. The Revenge gallantly fought and lost, but the American privateer, Armstrong, more gallantly fought and won.

It was about a month after the burning of Washington, in August, 1814, that the British fleet, destined for New Orleans, had sailed from the Chesapeake for the island of Jamaica, to wait reinforcements from England, when the United States private armed brig, General Armstrong, commanded by Captain Samuel C. Reid, sailed from New York on a cruise, and put into the harbor of Fayal, one of the Azore Islands, September 26. Captain Reid, then hardly thirty years of age, had served as a midshipman under Commodore Truxton and was a man of indomitable courage and splendid seamanly qualities. The Armstrong was a small brigantine, of only 246 tons, carrying but seven guns and a crew of ninety men all told, including officers.

Captain Reid had dined that day with the American Consul, Mr. John B. Dabney, who, with a number of other gentlemen, returned with him on board his vessel. Toward sundown the British brig-of-war, Carnation, of eighteen guns, hove in sight, stood up the harbor, and anchored within a half-cable's length of the Armstrong. Soon after the frigate Rota, of forty-four guns, and the ship-of-the-line Plantagenet, of seventy-four guns, came to anchor in [illegible]. Admiral Lloyd, who commanded the [illegible], had previously been informed by the pilot that the Armstrong was in the harbor, and he at once determined upon her capture. The brig Carnation immediately began signaling with the fleet, threw out four large launches or boats, and commenced passing arms into them. All these movements could be seen, and the orders given were distinctly heard on board the Armstrong. At the same time the British brig made every preparation to intercept the privateer should she attempt to escape. Although Captain Reid had been assured of the perfect safety of his vessel by the American Consul, being in a neutral port, he now felt certain, from the maneuvers of the fleet and the preparations going on, that there would be trouble, and he accordingly told the gentlemen that they had better go on shore. After their departure a council was held among the officers of the Armstrong, and it was first suggested that they should make an effort to get out to sea; but the wind being very light it was determined to haul close in under the guns of the castle [illegible].

Capt. Reid immediately gave secret orders to clear the deck for action, and cautioned the crew to make as little noise as possible. He then cut his cable, got out sweeps and commenced pulling in shore to the castle. The Carnation immediately dropped her top-sails and made sail, to prevent the privateer from going out of the harbor should she attempt it, while the boats, which were lying alongside, were ordered in chase of the Armstrong. It was now about eight o'clock in the evening. The moon, which was near its full, was gradually rising, and silver-sprinkling with its beams the beautiful bay, while not a ripple broke the stillness of the glittering surface, save the splash of the oars of the four large launches, well-armed, carrying about forty men each, which were pulling swiftly toward the privateer. Capt. Reid immediately ceased pulling towards the shore, let go an anchor, and got springs on his cable so as to bring the vessel broadside to the enemy.

At this time one of the large launches, which was considerably in the advance, pulled up under the stern of the Armstrong, when Capt. Reid, with speaking-trumpet in hand, being in his shirt-sleeves, and all hands at quarters, hailed the boat three times. No answer was returned except by one of the sailors, who asked in a gruff voice what was the matter. The officer replied: "Make no answer, sir; pull away, my lads," and the next moment the word was given to "toss oars," and with their boat-hooks they hauled alongside under the port quarter of the privateer. The officer in the boat then cried out: "Fire and board, my lads!" And, as the men rose from their seats, Capt. Reid instantly gave the word to his marines to fire, which was almost simultaneous on the part of both. One man on board the privateer was instantly killed, and the first lieutenant, Fred A. Worth, a brother of the late Gen. Worth, of the United States army, was wounded. The men in the boat were severely cut up, and they cried out for quarter, while the other three boats, pulling up at full speed on the starboard side, immediately opened their fire. They were received with a full broadside of grape and canister, which was followed by the shrieks and groans of the wounded and dying. A fierce struggle now ensued, in which the enemy made a desperate attempt to board; but, staggered and appalled by the galling fire of the privateer, they cried out for quarter, and the boats pulled off in a sinking condition with great loss, Capt. Reid refusing to take them prisoners.

The Gen. Armstrong then weighed anchor and pulled in toward the shore, about half-pistol shot from the castle, where she was moored head and stern near the beach, with her port side next to the shore. The Carnation, in the meanwhile, sailed down to the fleet, and it was soon evident that they had determined on a more formidable attack. The American Consul at this time had written a note to the Portuguese Governor, demanding protection for the privateer, but the Governor simply dispatched a note to Admiral Lloyd, requesting him to abstain from further hostilities. To this note Lloyd replied that, as the Americans had first fired into one of their boats without any provocation, he now determined to take the privateer at all hazards, and, if protection were afforded her, he would fire into the town.

About 9 p. m., the wind having breezed up, the enemy's brig was observed standing in with a large fleet of boats in tow, numbering fourteen, and carrying between forty and fifty men each. When within gun-shot, the boats cast off from the brig, and took their stations in three divisions under cover of a small reef or island of rocks, within musket-shot of the privateer. The brig kept under way to act with the boats, in case the privateer attempted to escape. In the meantime terror and consternation had spread through the town. The windows of the houses nearest the scene were filled with women, and the whole shore was crowded with the inhabitants, awaiting with intense excitement and breathless expectation the coming attack. There lay the American brig, with her tall, tapering spars, sleeping on the moonlit waters as quiet and as peaceful as an over-wearied child. There she lay, like the apparition of a phantom ship; not a movement was to be seen, not a sound was heard to break the stillness of her decks, and seemingly deserted, from the death-like silence which prevailed. Notwithstanding, Capt. Reid had made every preparation to receive the enemy on all sides, and his crew were then lying concealed at their quarters. In this position the belligerents remained for nearly three hours, watching each other with painful interest. When it is considered that the crew of the Armstrong had nothing to gain, and had no motive for remaining by their vessel but the defense of their country's honor, when they saw the terrible odds that opposed them, and while threatened a fearful retribution, with no hope of reward except death for the defense of the American flag, while a leap to the shore held out to them the inducement of safety, it is remarkable that they stood so firm, and their wonderful discipline may be imagined.

At length, at midnight, the enemy seemed resolved upon the attack, and the boats were observed in motion. Instead of approaching by divisions, as Captain Reid expected, they came on in solid column in a direct line. When about twenty-five yards off, Captain Reid ordered his men to stand by after the fire, to run in the guns and lash in the ports, in order to prevent the enemy from getting through the port-holes on boarding, as they would not have time to reload the guns before the enemy would be alongside. The men were then cautioned to wait for the word, and to be sure of their object. The "Long Tom," a heavy 48-pounder, placed on a pivot amidships, was sighted with fearful accuracy. On came the British boats with undaunted intrepidity, when they were again hailed by Captain Reid, but no answer was returned. The fatal command was then given, and a tremendous fire was opened on the enemy, the thunder and crash of which broke the charmed stillness of the before quiet midnight scene. Reeling back and recoiling from the missiles of death, they warmly returned the fire, remanned their oars, and, giving three cheers, came on most spiritedly. The crew of the privateer asked if they should return the cheer? "No," replied Captain Reid; "no cheering until we have gained a victory." In a moment they succeeded in gaining the bow and starboard quarter of the Armstrong. The cry of the officers commanding the boats was, "Up and aboard, my lads—give the enemy no quarter!" At the same instant they opened a terrific fire with cannonades, swivels, blunderbusses and musketry. They were gallantly met by the crew of the privateer in their black leather boarding caps strapped with steel, looking like demons, with boarding-pikes, muskets, battle-axes, pistols and cutlasses. The vessel soon became one broad sheet of fire, the red glare of which strangely contrasted with the brilliant light of the moon, now riding high in mid-heaven. Shrieks and yells, orders and oaths, amid the clang of sabres, were heard on both sides through the din and roar of the musketry. Again and again the enemy, led by their officers, attempted to gain the decks of the privateer, but were repulsed at all times with immense loss. The battle now raged with the greatest fury. The Americans fought with the desperation of fiends. Making a last desperate effort to board, the enemy gained the spritsail-yard and bowsprit of the privateer, and were pressing their way to her decks, when the American sailors, wielding their battle-axes with the skill and might of knights of old, drove back England's best and bravest men with horrid slaughter. The second lieutenant of the Armstrong, Mr. Alex. O. Williams, was killed at this moment while gallantly leading on his forward division; and the third lieutenant, Mr. Robert Johnson, also fell dangerously wounded. At the same instant Capt. Reid, who commanded the after division, was engaged beating off two large launches, the men and officers of which had succeeded in climbing up the sides of the privateer. One of the latter, the first lieutenant of the Plantagenet, had engaged Capt. Reid in a hand-to-hand fight with cutlasses, and once or twice came near overpowering him. Capt. Reid being left-handed used his right in firing pistols, which the powder boys handed him, while he continued to fight with the British Lieutenant with his left hand, disdaining to shoot down his adversary. At last, the British lieutenant, making a feint, brought down a desperate blow, which Capt. Reid had just time to break the force of, cutting the Captain slightly across the head, and nearly severing his thumb and forefinger. Before the Englishman could recover, Capt. Reid struck him down, and he fell back a corpse into the boat.

It was at this critical juncture that Captain Reid was informed of the death of his second lieutenant and that his third lieutenant was badly wounded. Having succeeded in beating the boats off the quarter, and thus left the only officer on the deck, he perceived that the fire had slackened on the forecastle. At once rallying the whole of the after division, they rushed forward with a shout and opened fire, while he ordered the forward division to heave cold shot into the boats and sink them, as those men were out of cartridges. The enemy, appalled with consternation and dismay, fell back to their boats and retreated, when Captain Reid, bringing the Long Tom to bear upon them, fired the gun himself (which flew off the carriage), doing fearful destruction, and ending in the total defeat of the British. Then it was that Captain Reid cried out, "Now is the time, my boys, to cheer," and three wild, enthusiastic cheers re-echoed over the bay from shore to shore. The Americans among the crowd on the beach hailed the privateer, and asked if Captain Reid was safe, and, being answered in the affirmative, gave three tremendous cheers in return.

The scene which now presented itself was one of indescribable horror. The silvered waters of the bay were crimsoned with blood. Dark forms of numerous dead bodies floated around on every side, while the groans and death shrieks of the wounded struggling around the boats pierced the very air. Many of the boats had been sunk. Two large launches belonging to the frigate Rota lay alongside the privateer, with two other boats, literally loaded with their own dead. In a boat belonging to the Plantagenet all were killed save four. In another boat which had contained fifty souls, but one solitary officer escaped, and he was wounded. Four boats floated ashore full of dead bodies. Some of the boats were left with but a single man, while others had but three or four to row them. The termination was nearly a total massacre. This action lasted about forty minutes. The English force, estimating forty men to a boat, was about 500 men. The English themselves acknowledged a loss in this attack of 120 killed and 130 wounded, but it must have been far greater. The loss of the Americans in this action was but two killed and six wounded!

The deck of the Armstrong, which was in such confusion and slippery with human gore, was now cleared up, the Long Tom remounted, and preparations made for a fresh action, should the enemy again attack her. About this time Capt. Reid received the following note from the American Consul:

"CAPT. REID—DEAR SIR: You have performed a most brilliant action in beating off fourteen boats of the British ships in this road. They say they will carry the brig, cost what it will, and that the English brig will haul close in to attack you at the same time the boats do. My dear fellow, do not uselessly expose yourself if attacked by an overwhelming force, but scuttle the brig near the beach and come on shore with your brave crew. Yours truly,

"J. B. DABNEY.

"Two o'clock, Tuesday morning, Sept. 27, 1814."

Capt. Reid then went on shore, and, after receiving the congratulations of the Consul, was informed that the Governor had again written to Admiral Lloyd, remonstrating against any further attack, but Lloyd sent for answer that he was determined on the capture of the privateer, and that if the Governor suffered the Americans to injure her in any manner he should consider the place an enemy's port and treat it accordingly. Returning on board, Capt. Reid gave up all hope of saving his vessel, but determined to defend her to the last. He accordingly ordered the dead and wounded to be taken on shore, and prepared for the worst. At daylight on the morning of the 27th the Carnation was observed under way, and stood close in for the privateer, when she immediately opened a heavy fire with all her force. The crew of the Armstrong, as if supernatural spirits, or holding charmed lives, still grimly stood by their little bark, returning broadside for broadside with wonderful effect. The maintop-mast of the Carnation soon fell by the board, and she became so much cut up in her hull and rigging, and with the loss of men, that her guns became silenced and she was forced to retire. It was a sublime spectacle, that of the little privateer, with but a handful of men fighting a hopeless battle against such tremendous odds. In vindication of her rights and her country's honor, with her colors flying in reckless defiance.

Finding all further resistance fruitless, Capt. Reid scuttled his vessel to prevent the English from obtaining possession of her, and then, with his gallant crew, went on shore. The enemy soon after boarded the Armstrong and set her on fire, when she blew up, and thus ended the fate of this noble little craft.

After burning the privateer Commodore Lloyd made a demand on the Governor to deliver up the Americans as his prisoners, which the Governor refused. He threatened to send 500 men on shore and take them by force. The Americans immediately retired, with their arms, to an old Gothic convent, knocked away the adjoining drawbridge, and determined to defend themselves to the last. The Commodore, however, thought better than to send his men.

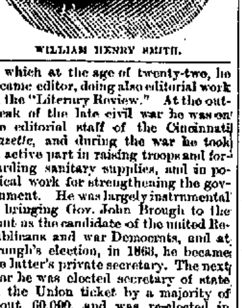
Lloyd was detained over ten days at Fayal, refitting his vessels and burying his dead. Two sloops of war, the Thais and Calypso, a part of his fleet, which arrived a few days after the battle, were sent back to England with a portion of the wounded. The expedition against New Orleans was planned by the English Government at the same time with that against Washington. In proof of which, Lord Castlereagh, the British Prime Minister, who happened to be in Paris when the news arrived of the burning of Washington, publicly boasted that it would not be long ere Louisiana would be in the possession of his countrymen. It is well known that Gen. Pakenham and Admiral Cochrane had charge of those expeditions, and, having executed the first, concentrated their forces at Jamaica, awaiting re-enforcements to carry out the latter. On Lloyd's arrival they were furious at the occasion of his delay, and heaped upon him the most bitter reproaches, while charging him with having jeoparded the success of the expedition, which only proved too true.

This remarkable battle was the last fought upon the seas in the war with England, while, strange enough, that of New Orleans was the last fought upon the land. When Gen. Jackson afterward learned that a portion of the fleet which was engaged in the assault upon New Orleans was composed of the same vessels which attacked the Armstrong, he declared to Capt. Reid that, but for his determined bravery in resisting the enemy, he (Jackson) would never have fought the battle of New Orleans, but that, most probably, the battle-ground would have been nearer the shores of his own State.

To show the unparalleled victory of the Armstrong, we will state that in the great naval engagement off Cape St. Vincent in 1797, between a Spanish fleet of twenty-seven ships-of-the-line and twelve frigates, and a British squadron of fifteen ships of the line and seven frigates and two sloops of war, the British acknowledged a loss of only 73 killed and 223 wounded. Yet in this tremendous conflict, which lasted over six hours, the English did not lose as many men as they did in trying to capture a little brig of only seven guns! Admiral Jervis, who commanded the British fleet, having defeated the Spaniards, was created an earl by the king of England, and granted a pension of $25,000 a year; while Capt. Reid and his men were granted the privilege of prosecuting their claim before Congress for nearly half a century, and died without receiving one cent of recompense. While to prove more fully the ingratitude of republics, Capt. Reid, in 1818, on the admission of Indiana into the Union, made the design of the present flag of the United States, which was then adopted by Congress, thus having been not only the defender of the old flag, but the designer of the new one.

William Henry Smith.

There are few journalists in America who have had a more varied and interesting career than William Henry Smith, general manager of the Associated Press, New York. William Henry Smith first saw the light of day in Columbia County, New York, on the 1st of December, 1838, and is descended from two old English families. His father, William DeForrest Smith, who was born in Litchfield County, Connecticut, in 1805, was a grandson of Bethel Smith, of Kent, who was a grandson of Rev. Henry Smith, a clergyman well known in the Connecticut valley. His mother was a daughter of Deacon Story Gobb, of Spencertown, Columbia County, who was a lieutenant in the army during the Revolutionary war, and was descended from Daniel Gobb, who settled in the Connecticut valley prior to 1690. The family was of Dutch origin and came to America for religious freedom. The parents of W. H. Smith emigrated to Ohio and settled on the Darby Plain, in Union County, in 1835, when the subject of this sketch was about two years old. He, being of a studious turn of mind, was given the advantage of a thorough education. Subsequently he was tutor in a Western college, and then assistant editor of a weekly paper in Cincinnati, of which at the age of twenty-two, he became editor, doing also editorial work on the "Literary Review." At the outbreak of the late civil war he was on the editorial staff of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, and during the war he took an active part in raising troops and forwarding sanitary supplies, and in political work for strengthening the government. He was largely instrumental in bringing Gov. John Brough to the front as the candidate of the united Republicans and war Democrats, and at Brough's election, in 1863, he became the latter's private secretary. The next year he was elected secretary of state on the Union ticket by a majority of about 60,000, and was re-elected in 1866. He retired from public office to establish the *Evening Chronicle* at Cincinnati, but his health giving way he was forced to withdraw from all active work. In January, 1870, he took charge of the affairs of the Western Associated Press, with headquarters at Chicago. In 1877 he was appointed by President Hayes collector of the port at that city, and was instrumental in bringing about important reforms in customs methods in harmony with the civil-service policy of the administration. In January, 1883, he effected the union of the New York Associated Press with the Western Associated Press, and became general manager of the consolidated association. Mr. Smith is a student of historical subjects. He is author of "The St. Clair Papers," a biography of Charles Hammond, and many contributions to American periodicals. He has partly completed a "Political History of the United States." By his investigations in the British Museum he has brought to light many unpublished letters of Washington to Col. Henry Bouquet, and has shown that those which were published by Jared Sparks were not given correctly.


WILLIAM HENRY SMITH.

THE following squib has its moral: "Talk about wives," said Farmer Hawback. "I've got one wife in a million. Why, she gets up in the mornin', milks seventeen cows, and gets breakfast for twenty hardworkin' men by six o'clock." "She must be a very robust woman, Hawback," remarked one of his hearers. "On the contrary," put in the farmer, "she is pale and delikit-like. Gosh, ef that woman was strong, I dunno what work she couldn't do."

OUR greatest hold on happiness, is to tread firmly and faithfully in the path of duty; knowing and practically submitting to the knowledge that in seeming loss is sometimes the greatest gain for us.

SCHWATKA IN MEXICO

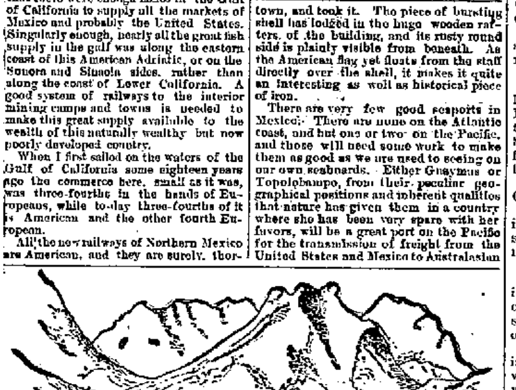
THE CITY OF MEXICO AND ITS BEAUTIFUL HARBOR.

Prospective Fishery Interests at Guaymas —A Pointer for American Manufacturers —A Visit to San Vicente Cave—Relic of the Mexican War.

THE harbor of Guaymas is picturesque to an extreme, writes Lieut. Schwatka in the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, after being used to the low, flat coasts of Eastern Mexico, and even those of the more southern ports on the Pacific side. It is completely land locked and swarms with a hundred kinds of fishes. It looks not unlike the harbor of San Francisco, California, but while it is smaller it is also far more scenic in the many beautiful vistas it opens to sight from the various points as one sails over its tortuous waters running deep into the land and studded with beautiful islands. While we were here the United States fish commission steamer "Albatross" came into the harbor from a long cruise in investigating the fishes of the Gulf of California, and Capt. Tanner, of the United States Navy, told a small party of us that there were enough fishes in the Gulf of California to supply all the markets of Mexico and probably the United States. Singularly enough, nearly all the great fish supply in the gulf was along the eastern coast of this American Adriatic, or on the Sonora and Sinaloa sides, rather than along the coast of Lower California. A good system of railways to the interior mining camps and towns is needed to make this great supply available to the wealth of this naturally wealthy but now poorly developed country.

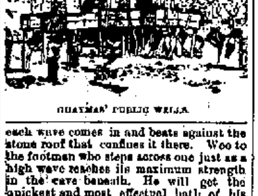
When I first sailed on the waters of the Gulf of California some eighteen years ago the commerce here, small as it was, was three-fourths in the hands of Europeans, while to-day three-fourths of it is American and the other fourth European.

All the new railways of Northern Mexico are American, and they are surely, thoroughly, slowly driving the steamship lines, and especially foreign steamship lines, from the Mexican trade. We labor at one disadvantage, however, and that is the fact that we will not attempt to cater to any other one's taste, even though to do so would be money in our pockets. There are peculiar lines of cheap prints and cottons made in Europe that are sold only on the west coast of Mexico, not a yard finding its way to any other part of the world, and while ours command higher prices and a great deal of it finds ready market here, yet it does not "exactly fill the bill," and Americans, probably from ignorance of the true wants of these people, will not manufacture it and drive the foreign stuff from the Mexican market, which they could easily do. The ignorance of our people as to the commercial value of Mexico to us, and especially those parts off the great lines of railway, is certainly great and losing us money daily now, and more important influence later. Our enormous advantage of contiguity is pressing us forward in spite of our ignorant balking, when in reality we should sweep nearly every line of commerce in Mexico from the hands of foreigners, and this is especially true of the northern part of that rich territory.


GUAYMAS AND HARBOR—LOOKING FROM TORTUGA FLAT.

After cooking our lunch of cabrillas and boca dulces on the northern or inside shore of San Vicente Island we made a visit to the southern or seaward face of the same island. This led us through a little gorge between two high, beetling cliffs and into which the sea had excavated the caves we were to see.

Through or rather under this gorge the waters of the Gulf of California pour into a small underground funnel of the sand rock before they reach the little lagoon beyond. At all hours the reverberation of the rushing tide is like thunder as it beats backward and forward in its cave-like prison. The upper crust of the funnel is pierced with occasional holes and crevices, and at certain stages of water these are the mouths of so many spouting geysers as each wave comes in and beats against the stone roof that confines it there. Woe to the footman who steps across one just as a high wave reaches its maximum strength in the cave beneath. He will get the quickest and most effectual bath of his lifetime.


GUAYMAS' PUBLIC WELLS.

Once on the seaward face and a long line of caves are presented to view. The high hills here are hard conglomerate, and the sea waves of the Gulf of California have cut far under the cliffs, leaving overhanging masses of earth sometimes hundreds of feet in depth, as measured back along the roofs under which we walked. They looked foreboding enough, and we felt that a great chunk of a few hundred tons might come down at any time on our heads, scaling off of the roof, for here and there could be seen just such deposits in the shallow waters, while occasionally great islands were made out along the mouth of the caves that must have been formed when greater masses fell down, probably the whole cave tumbling in.

The coloring in the largest cave was beyond description, and although the accompanying sketch is as good as black and white can make it, it conveys but little idea of the reality, beyond form and contour, with the variegated colored rocks for a roof, and the same reflected in a floor of the deepest ultramarine oscillating with the great swells of the ocean.

I thought that Guaymas had a wealth of natural attractions for the winter tourist or traveler, although hardly any reared by the hand of man to make his stay comfortable in the strictly physical sense. The hotels are all Mexican, and while they should be judged from that standpoint probably, yet to an American they are neither good nor bad, and it is hard to say just where they lie between those limits. How an American hotel ought to succeed here, if that fact and all others regarding Guaymas were known!

Even the inhabitants, in their Nazarine primitiveness, are very interesting. Although Guaymas claims 7,000 within her gates, her water-works are of the same character as those of the ancient Egyptians. The chief description I shall give of them is the picture of one of the public wells, just in the suburbs of the town. Multiply this by six or seven, throw in two or three abandoned and dilapidated ones that look like the ruins of Jericho, and the description is as complete as it can be made.

In one of the rooms of the American Consul, Mr. Willard, facing the principal plaza, is lodged the piece of a shell, thrown there, singularly enough, by an American man-of-war when Guaymas was taken, in 1847, during the Mexican war. At that time the Portsmouth and Congress entered the harbor, shelled the town, and took it. The piece of bursting shell has lodged in the huge wooden rafters of the building, and its rusty round side is plainly visible from beneath. As the American flag yet floats from the staff directly over the shell, it makes it quite an interesting as well as historical piece of iron.

SAN VICENTE CAVE.

There are very few good seaports in Mexico. There are none on the Atlantic coast, and but one or two on the Pacific, and those will need some work to make them as good as we are used to seeing on our own seaboards. Either Guaymas or Topolobampo, from their peculiar geographical positions and inherent qualities that nature has given them in a country where she has been very spare with her favors, will be a great port on the Pacific for the transmission of freight from the United States and Mexico to Australasian ports. San Francisco holds this now by right of American energy over her southern neighbor, but against fairer position and ultimate development of this region I do not think she can hope to keep it always.

The country surrounding Guaymas is rich, but undeveloped in the American sense. Enough has been done to show, however, about its true capacity, and on this I found my conclusions.

FREDERICK SCHWATKA.

LETTERS FROM THE CORNERS.

A Call on the Bride.

NICK OR NOTHIN' HALL, }
KILKENNY CORNERS. }

DEAR MR. EDitur: Thay wus a hull lot of us wimmin folks went to call on Samanthy Trumbul, or Mis Trumbul, es we all called her.

She hes every thing fixed up es nice es kin be. She hes a know kind of curtings to her parlor winders. Thay air called scrum; thay air yaller an kindy thick an thin, but thay looked awful nice. An she hes a knew rag carpet on the flore. It is called a hiter mis, an is wove with the chano in stripes; her chano is yallor an blue.

It do look awful brite an cheerful.

They hev 2 rockin cheers an a haf dozen stule cheers, painted yaller with blue stripes on to em.

Every thing in to her parlor hes yallor an blue on to it sum whares.

Smanthy is a good hous keeper an she got us a awful good supper.

She hed biled aigs, an lettis, an reddishes, an inyuns, an cole biled beaf, an awful good pickles an bred, an fur dessert she hed gooseberry pie an dride apples an jelly cake.

Everything wus tip-top, an her piecrus wood amost melt in your mouth.

When I tole Willam Henery what we hed fur supper he sed he wushed hed a bin thare. Mis Cronks an Mandy wus hear tother day. Mandy ses she hes cum home to git fattened up on yaller laiged pullet an sech.

Laws, it's mos to airly in the season fur fride chicking.

Mandy an Willam Henery hed a big ole tussel. He quit his work an cum in jes a purpos to hev a visit with Mandy.

She wus a settin in my big rockin cheer, an kep a laffin at him about a gittin in to the slop bar'l up to Miss Gilses, an tole him it wer jes like a hog to want to git into the deepest place an waller; an thet is the way she kep a goin on.

Thay hed one or two scrummages, but didn't do mutch dammag on neither side, an I wus jes a thankin my stars thet the day wuz a goin to be spent with out enny serus tussel.

All to onct he made a grab fur the back of her cheur an kep a tippin her back furder an furder, till her heels wus mos es high es her hed, an her a squakin all the time fit to kill.

He give her a leetle too mutch of a pull, an all to onct snap went the rockers off'n the cheer, an over she went, her feet a tak'n him into the pit of the stummick, an dubled him up with the rest of the plunder on to the flore. I wus dretfully skeert, fur I thot thet thay wus sumbuddy kilt, shore, from the way Mandy screached when she went over.

Thay want nobuddy serusly hurt, tho Willam Henery's lumbago has bon a trubbelin him ever sents.

Mandy looked gashly pale at furst, but she commenced to laf purty soon, an so I knowed she wer all rite.

I mus quit rite smack of, Mr. Editur, an go an wed out ther inyun bed or we wont hev not an inyun. Thy Fren,

HESTER ANN SCOOPER.

AN Oregon girl fifteen years old can crack a walnut with her teeth, but the operation is a chestnut.

OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

Happy Children.

They sent him round the circle fair
To bow before the prettiest there;
I'm bound to say the choice he made
A creditable taste displayed;
Although I can't say what it meant,
The little maid looked ill content.

His task was then anew begun;
To kneel before the wittiest one.
Once more the little maid sought he,
And bent him down upon his knee.
She turned her eyes upon the floor;
I think she thought the game a bore.

He circled then his sweetest behest,
To kiss the one he loved the best;
For all she frowned, for all she chid,
He kissed that little maid, he did,
And then—though why I can't decide—
The little maid looked satisfied.

Gertie as a Teacher.

"You taught a class in Sunday-school!"

"I did, truly, girls," said Gertie, smoothing out her dress with a complacent look. "Every single Sunday that I was there."

"How many scholars did you have?"

"Why, I had one; they only give one scholar to a teacher, when there are teachers enough to go around. You see the men want to talk, ask questions, and have things explained, and one is as much as you can attend to."

"I should like to know what questions you could answer," said Edna Lewis, tossing back her curls. "Why, Gertie Allen, you were only ten years old when you went to California!"

"I know that, but I was asked ever so many questions that I could answer; my scholar was real nice."

"What did you teach him?"

"Oh, he was learning his letters. I had a bright-colored picture-book, and I pointed to the letter and said it, and then he would try to say it after me. Sometimes he would pronounce so funny I would have to laugh. He used to 'mocaslat,' too."

"'Mocaslat!' What is that? Is it a Chinese word?"

"No," said Gertie, laughing, "that is a 'Melican word,' but I was ever so long in understanding what he meant."

"What did he mean?"

"Why, 'mack a slate,' he was learning to write. I used to make a letter on his slate, then he would try it; sometimes he would fill his slate full of that one letter—made real nice, too."

"I should think that was queer teaching for Sunday-school." This was what the girl with the tossing curls, who had never been to California and never been a Sabbath-school teacher, said.

"Why, it is the only way you can teach! They didn't know a thing, and they want to learn how to read, so as to get into the Bible-class. They learn over so fast. Of course you can talk to them a little. My scholar asked questions about Chicago; he knew I lived in Chicago, and he had some of the funniest ideas. He asked me if the folks all went to church every day, and if they talked about Jesus all the time. And he said he should think they would love Jesus so they would be homesick to go see him. Uncle Allen said that was what he meant, though he used some queer words to explain his meaning."

The girls were thoughtful over this. It struck them as a strange thing to be homesick to see Jesus.

"He said a good many things that were hard to answer," Gertie continued. "Once he asked me how many times a day I made 'talkee' to my Jesus?"

Then the girls all laughed; but some of them grew sober in a very few minutes.

"I shouldn't like to answer that question," said Dell Woods.

What the other girls thought they didn't say, but Gertie, with grave face and thoughtful eyes, went back in memory to some of the searching questions that her Chinese scholar asked her, and wished in her heart that she could have told him more about Jesus as her personal friend.—*The Pansy.*

An Indian Game.

When not on the war-path, or engaged in hunting, Western Indians spend much of their time in various games or contests of skill. Of these contests one of the most popular is flying the arrow, a sport to which the Indians of all tribes devote considerable time and attention. When this game is proposed each of those who wish to join in it lays on the ground something of small value, such as a pipe, quiver of arrows, a bow, spear, tobacco pouch or knife, and when all have been collected the value of the whole makes a prize well worth trying for.

The bows are carefully examined, a dozen of the best arrows in the quiver selected, and the first of the competitors steps out in front of the rest, and prepares to shoot, not at a mark, but straight up into the air. His object is to have as many arrows in the air as possible at the same time, and he who can send up the greatest number before the first touches the ground, wins the game and all the prizes.

But few of the most expert of the Indian bow-men have been known to put more than ten arrows into the air at once, and to do even this requires extraordinary skill and strength. The arrows, ten or twelve in number, are held in the hand that grasps the bow, and the rapidity with which each is fitted to the string and sent upward is truly wonderful.—*Harper's Young People.*

"Old Hickory" Was Tough.

Traveler in a sparsely settled region in Tennessee (coming down with red eyes to breakfast)—You say, madam, General Andrew Jackson once slept in the bed I occupied last night?

Aged Landlady of Country Tavern—He did, for a fack.

Traveler—Was it—er—the same bed in all respects it is now?

Aged Landlady—Jes' the sam.

Traveler—And he actually slept in it? Sure he slept?

Aged Landlady—Sartin'. That's what I wuz sayin'. He slep' in it.

Traveler (wonderingly)—"What a hide he must have had!—*Chicago Tribune.*

OXYGEN is now prepared in London at a cost of not more than $1.75 per thousand cubic feet, and it bids fair to come into extensive use for various purposes, some of which were lately mentioned to the Society of Chemical Industry by Dr. T. L. Thorne. It is almost always the true agent in bleaching operations, and a stream of the gas applied in the bleaching of paper pulp has effected a saving of 30 per cent. It can be used in the purification of illuminating gas; and when applied to the maturing of spirits mellows them in ten days as if they had been kept for several years.

THE man with the largest library generally finds the least time to read.

SHE COULDN'T UNDERSTAND.

BY WILL HUBBARD-KERNAN.

"BUDDY," queried a gushing Bridgeport girl as she bent her eyes a little lower to her embroidery, "papa says that Hal has been on a wild, spectacular tare since we saw him last. I wonder what he meant?"

"He meant that the chump of a cheap dude you seem determined to make a still bigger fool of by marrying was on a spree."

"A spree, Buddy? What is a spree? Please talk Bridgeport."

"Why—er—he meant that Hal had it up his snoot."

"His what?"

"His snoot. That is to say, he painted the town a bright, picturesque and royal ruby."

"You mean, hateful thing," retorted the Bridgeport maiden, as her spirit began to rise. "You know very well that Hal never soiled his soft, white, patrician hands with work in his life. Just point out of the window and show me a trace of the paint, will you?" And she laughed a low, victorious smile of scorn.

"Can't you understand?" yelled her brother, with the desperation that is said to be born of despair. "Father meant to say that Hal was half-seas over."

"Oh, how nice! That accounts for his absence. He spoke of traveling for his health; but I think he might have bid me good-by." And a gurgling, little, very wet sob stopped her voice.

I am sorry to say that the brother muttered something that rhymes with "ram it" before he went on to say:

"Sis, looky here; Hal was three sheets in the wind. That's the size of it."

"Oh, was he?" with a sudden start of terror. "Tell me; te-l-l me, Buddy, doesn't that mean the vessel he was sailing in was in danger?" and she began to wring her hands.

"Naw," sneered Buddy, "it doesn't. Yes, it does, too," he continued. "His schooner was upset so frequently that he was upset himself."

A long, piercing cry, "Drowned, dr-owned!" and the beautiful vision of loveliness staggered over to the sofa, in order that she might have a nice, soft, comfortable place upon which to swoon.

"Don't faint, sis. Your beloved isn't a 'demnition moist corpse.' He was simply corned."

"Corned? What's that?" a ray of hope lighting up her eyes, made still more radiant by their tears.

"Yorked; that's what it is."

"Yorked? O, Buddy, pray tell me the meaning of this strange language."

"Blast it, Sue! he was—was—was on a sky-lark."

"O, that's just perfectly splendid!" and the girl laughed gayly. "You oughtn't to have terrified me so. On a skylark! A regular aeronaut! Just think of it! You know I've always been wanting to take a trip in a balloon, and when he and I are married we'll——"

"Balloon, your granny!" howled the distracted brother. "Who was talking about a blooming balloon? Father simply meant to say that Hal was very badly shot in the neck."

"What! My Hal—my betrothed!—my darling!—shot in the neck? O, Buddy, Buddy, Bud-dy, was—was the wound mortal?" And, with a cry that stopped every clock in the *Ledger* office, our fair heroine picked up "Robert Elsmere" and retired with him to her room.—*Chicago Ledger.*

The Sea Has Still Its Adventures.

While life on shore becomes more and more commonplace, the sea never loses its romance and adventures. Thrilling stories of adventure—of rude perils and seaman-daring, come to us from time to time, to justify the world of fiction that has been founded upon ocean life. Anchored in New York harbor the other day was a little cockle-shell of a boat in which Capt. Joshua Slocum and his family, consisting of his wife and two sons, had made an ocean voyage of over seven thousand miles, meeting with many rough adventures and facing many perils. The Captain was in command of the bark Aquidneck, which foundered off the rocks at Rio Grande do Sul, Southern Brazil, about a year and a half ago. Knowing no other way of reaching home, the Captain constructed a craft out of the vessel's timbers, thirty-five feet in length, with a seven and one-half foot beam and drawing two feet of water, which he named La Libertad, or Liberty, in which he stowed away his family and the necessary provisions, and boldly sailed away for the land of his craft's name. La Libertad encountered many stormy seas, but weathered them safely. She was attacked by pirates, but beat them off, and once a whale coming up to "blow" about something, gave the bark a blow that nearly destroyed her. Keel and rudder were broken and the anchor cut away, but La Libertad kept on her course. The boat was five months in reaching Washington, from whence she came to New York by an inside course through rivers and canals to Raritan Bay. A health to brave Capt. Slocum!—*Texas Siftings.*

Japanese Women.

In Japan the women have taken kindly and quickly to the foreign methods of introduction, and prove themselves faithful and intelligent students. They show a great deal of ability in the hospitals and training schools for nurses, and much quickness in learning, as well as fondness for whatever they undertake to study. A Japanese woman's education formerly consisted of a strict and thorough drilling in all the rules of etiquette, in learning to play on the koto and samisen, and in arranging bouquets; they were also taught, those of the upper and middle classes, to read and write the common language in the hirakana or simple running characters, instead of the square characters of the classic language. All newspapers, novels and plays are written in the hirakana, and in Japan, as well as in other countries, women are great novel readers. There have been literary women in Japan, women who have written dramas, poems and novels, as well as those who read them. The women of Japan hope eventually to attain a position equal in consideration to that of American women. And since the wife of the Japanese Minister at Washington has been able to learn the English language in one year so that she speaks it fluently, it shows what a Japanese woman can do.

GREECE gained her independence from Turkey in 1829, and by a protocol of London, 1830, was declared a kingdom under the protection of Great Britain, France and Russia.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.

FIZZ! Sputter! Bang! Whoop!
Once more in his relentless grind hath Time
Turned out the day we exeer—celebrate.
Proud bird of freedom!
Once more let thy exultant squawk be heard,
And let th' affrighted monarchs of the Old World
Tremble as doth the far Missourian
Who feels the shakes on coming forty miles
From quinine!
Wake from thy slumber, weary son of toil,
At 3 o'clock A. M. and harken
To the wild clangor of the deep-toned bells,
The boom of cannon, and the maddening snap
And bang incessant of the firecracker,
Squib, torpedo, and the yell demoniac
Of the early hoodlum patriot.
Toss upon thy restless couch and listen
To the far-reaching fishhorn, the dreaded kazoo,
The loud, angry, and defiant protest
Of the neighboring rooster, and rejoice
That July Fourth comes only once a year!
Was it for this, ye men of '76,
Ye fought and bled, and whipped? What, fight eight years
In order that this people might possess
The toy pistol?
Yet why these grumblings? Men of America,
Awake! you cannot help yourselves! Get up!
Stir your lazy stumps. Be boys again,
And help the youngsters celebrate the day.

THE PONCA CELEBRATION.

BY C. F. CARTER.

T WAS Independence Day in Ponca; Ponca was in holiday attire; Ponca was in a blaze of glory; Ponca, individually and municipally speaking, was in a transport of patriotism bordering on beatitude. It was the one hundred and twelfth anniversary of the signing of that immortal declaration that revolutionized the world, and Ponca proposed to celebrate the day on a scale of magnificence that would eclipse even its own previous efforts in that direction, which was saying a great deal.

No other city in the breadth of four counties could boast citizens more liberal, more public-spirited, or more keenly alive to the possibilities of profit in a properly conducted celebration. The brass band of no other town discoursed more enthusiastic but misguided melody; no other committee on arrangements that was ever appointed could compass such miracles of mirth as the Ponca greased-pig races. From no other platform did oratory attempt such empyrean flights; from no other booths was served such frigid lemonade.

"HE WAS HAULED OUT BY MEANS OF A ROPE THROWN OVER HIS SHOULDERS."

Knowing all this, and knowing, furthermore, that the Hon. W. McClellan Fayke, Esq., was announced as the speaker of the day, in prodigious type, that the *Weekly Palladium* had ordered expressly for the purpose, is it any wonder that farmers who was so unfortunate as to reside at a distance from Ponca aroused their households at 1 a. m., in order that the chores might be disposed of, and the journey to the Mecca of patriots accomplished in good season?

Concerning the Hon. W. McClellan Fayke, Esq., nobody had any information further than that gentleman himself had furnished. He had alighted four weeks before from the one mixed train that visited Ponca every twenty-four hours, and going to the leading hotel, had ordered a sumptuous feast, served in the best room in the house. Very dignified in bearing was the Hon. W. McClellan Fayke, Esq.; very impressive in conversation. True, his coat was in that condition sometimes described as shabby, and his shoes had certainly seen better days, but the Hon. Fayke explained that he was just returning from a lengthened sojourn in his tin mines in the Black Hills. Of course it was impossible in that beastly mining camp to observe all those little amenities of the toilet he was accustomed to at his villa on the Hudson.

He was on his way, so he said, to look after his beet sugar interests in the South of France, but hearing that there were indications of tin in the vicinity of Ponca, had thought the rumor worth investigating.

The Hon. W. McClellan Fayke, Esq., visited the bluffs near the town, in company with the Mayor and a few influential citizens, secured some specimens which he submitted to mysterious tests in the privacy of his apartments, and announced that Ponca was underlaid by an immense storehouse of mineral wealth of a value too stupendous for the mind of man to conceive. He was immediately elected president, manager and treasurer of the Ponca Consolidated Comstock Mineral and Mining Company, and urged to push the development of the storehouse to the utmost. Real estate values at once soared skyward, until back lots reached a figure more than equal to the total assessed valuation of the county. Everybody quit work, affected high rubber boots and talked of leads, tunnels and countershafts.

Meanwhile, Hon. W. McClellan Fayke, Esq., needed a few articles of wearing apparel. His steward had neglected to make the remittance he had ordered—been on a drunk, perhaps—and to tell the truth he was a little embarrassed. Of course, he would make it warm for that steward, but for the present he must crave a little indulgence, awkward as it was.

The tailor was proud to be able to favor such a public benefactor with the best in his shop, and begged him not to worry himself about the pay; the barber drove other customers out of his chair to attend to Hon. Fayke's toilet, and relied upon the Honorable's generous memory for the score; the landlord of the Prince House ransacked the Ponca market for viands to tickle the distinguished guest's palate, and left the reckoning to his own good time.

"AND NOW, THOU ADORED OF MY HEART."

Every issue of the *Weekly Palladium* contained from four to a dozen items concerning the Hon. Fayke, and was particularly lavish in praise of the financial skill he displayed in raising funds on what, thanks to his untiring efforts and the modest assistance of the *Palladium*, promised to be the grandest Fourth of July celebration the county had ever witnessed.

In the course of his majestic progress down the street one day, the Hon. Fayke chivalrously kicked a hungry cur that refused to get out of the way of Miss Erminie Moffatt, a maiden of uncertain years and romantic ideas, who had $5,000 to her credit in the Ponca National Bank, and the lady acknowledged the courtesy by fainting in his arms. From that moment the Hon. Fayke became her ardent admirer.

Behold him this lovely summer morning upon Miss Erminie Moffatt's front stoop.

"And now, thou adored of my heart, I fain must tear myself from thy lovely arms, but only for a little while, only a little while."

"Those horrid [illegible] take up so much of your time, I am positively jealous of them."

"Ah, fair one, 'tis my country calls and I must away. Upon this glorious day it is the duty of every true citizen to sacrifice all personal considerations for his country's welfare."

"Oh, you dear, noble man."

"Have you—a—Erminie—that is, have you a—everything in readiness for our flight?"

"Yes."

"'Tis well. The hour for my speech approaches. A—of course you—a—have all your funds out of the bank?"

"Yes."

"Again 'tis well. Remember, after my speech the carriage, the flight, then—then, adored one, a long, long dream of bliss in my vine-clad cottage in sunny Italy."

"Oh, won't it be romantic."

"Be prepared then. For the present, adieu."

"By by."

"Good-by."

"Good-by."

Hon. W. McClellan Fayke, Esq., took his stately way to a grove of gnarled, sprawling box-elders, whither the entire population of Ponca, and of the county as well, had preceded him. The grove was hemmed in on three sides by a turbid flood designated as the "creek," while on the peninsula that formed the remaining boundary were gathered lumber wagons, market wagons, democrat wagons, wagons new and old—a wilderness of wagons. At the side of the grove farthest from the peninsula and almost overhanging the creek a rude platform had been erected to accommodate the orator of the day, an organ, and the Ponca Glee Club. Upon raised seats at the rear of this platform were ranged thirty-eight young ladies dressed in white and wearing red pasteboard coronets labeled in gilt, who were supposed to represent the States of the Union.

Little girls in short, white dresses; young ladies in long, white dresses; and portly matrons in large, white dresses assisted their brothers, sweethearts and husbands to work the soft, black earth into a bottomless mire as they tramped a ceaseless round from platform to lemonade booth, and from lemonade booth to the merry-go-rounds. In the outskirts of the grove a party of boys were industriously firing anvils, while innumerable begrimed and perspiring smaller brothers were exploding firecrackers with an energy they never exhibited but once a year. The horses at the wagons neighed incessantly and the Ponca Cornet Band executed its loudest music with tireless energy. Altogether it was a delightfully patriotic pandemonium into which Hon. Fayke's stately steps led him.

The Hon. W. McClellan Fayke, Esq., ascended the platform and beamed benignly upon the gaping multitude while the glee club rendered

"Yankee doodle, keep it up,
Yankee doodle dan-dy."

Then the Hon. Fayke stepped to the front and began:

"Friends and fellow-citizens:

"As the living representatives—a—as the lineal descendants, I may say, of our illustrious forefathers, it behooves us——"

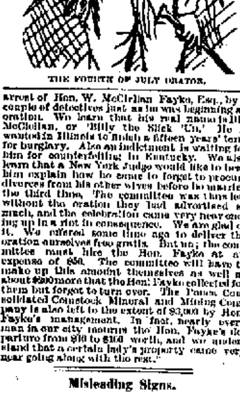
Casting about for fitting words to round this elegant period the Hon. W. McClellan Fayke, Esq., cast his eye to the right and beheld a stranger coming quickly up the slope. There was nothing remarkable in his appearance, but the Hon. Fayke turned pale and glanced to the left. Seeing another stranger coming up the slope on that side also he turned like a flash, and, clearing the benches at a bound, dropped into the creek behind, immediately in advance of a couple of bullets from the strangers' revolvers.

The young ladies screamed and fainted in a body, while the organist tried to crawl into his instrument.

Hurrying around to the rear of the platform the strangers found the Hon. Fayke immovably stuck in the treacherous mud, with the dirty water reaching to his armpits and rapidly gaining on his mouth. He was hauled out by means of a rope thrown over his shoulders, loaded into a buggy and driven away shivering and swearing.

The next issue of the *Weekly Palladium* contained the following:

"Our little city was thrown into quite a flurry of excitement on Independence Day by the arrest of Hon. W. McClellan Fayke, Esq., by a couple of detectives just as he was beginning an oration. We learn that his real name is Bill McClellan, or 'Billy the Slick 'Un.' He is wanted in Illinois to finish a fifteen years' term for burglary. Also an indictment is waiting for him for counterfeiting in Kentucky. We also learn that a New York Judge would like to hear him explain how he came to forget to procure divorces from his other wives before he married the third time. The committee was thus left without the oration they had advertised so much, and the celebration came very near ending up in a riot in consequence. We are glad of it. We offered some time ago to deliver the oration ourselves free gratis. But no; the committee must hire the Hon. Fayke at an expense of $50. The committee will have to make up this amount themselves as well as about $300 more that the Hon. Fayke collected for them but forgot to turn over. The Ponca Consolidated Comstock Mineral and Mining Company is also left to the extent of $3,000 by Hon. Fayke's management. In fact, nearly every man in our city mourns the Hon. Fayke's departure from $10 to $100 worth, and we understand that a certain lady's property came very near going along with the rest."



THE FOURTH OF JULY ORATOR.

Misleading Signs.

"You talk about being taken in," said a drummer; "an incident occurred during my last journey which, besides proving of interest to your readers, may serve as a caution to many. Last month I was in Chicago, and having reason to believe that a certain large house in the center of the city required just such stock as I had, I determined to visit it.

"On arriving outside of that firm's place of business, which covered nearly half a block, I noticed a stairway, over which was a sign reading: 'Entrance for Commercial Travelers.' Naturally thinking that the office of the buyer was in that direction, I mounted the stairs with rising hopes. At the top was a long passage with similar signs pointing straight along. At the end of the corridor there was a turn and more stairs, this time leading downward. The signs continued to show the way. At the bottom I opened a door, with a sigh of relief, and found myself—in the street. I had simply walked up one stairway, through a long hall and down another stairway, to where I had started five minutes before."

Mrs. Querist—I hear that your divorce suit is finished, Marie. What are you going to do next? Mrs. Querish—Go to work on a new wedding dress, of course.

When poverty comes in at the cottage door, true love goes at it with an ax.

AFTER THE CELEBRATION.

THE sun climbs up, but still the tyrant Sleep
Holds fast our baby boy in his embrace;
The slumb'rer sighs, anon athwart his face
Faint, half-suggested frowns like shadows creep.
One little hand lies listless on his breast,
One little thumb sticks up with mute appeal,
While motley burns and powder marks reveal
The traits of boyhood's patriotic zeal.
Our baby's faithful poodle crouches near—
He, too, is weary of the din and play
That come with glorious Independence Day,
But which, thank God! come only once a year!
And Fido, too, has suffered in this cause,
Which once a year right noisily obtains,
For Fido's tail—or what thereof remains—
Is not so fair a sight as once it was.

THE PATRIOTIC SMALL BOY.

Kind, considerate Uncle John furnishes little Georgie with a supply of firecrackers, that he may fitly demonstrate his patriotism and celebrate the day.

Georgie ties a bunch on his sister's pet Yorkshire, and finds it beats tin cans all to pieces.

He next notifies an equestrian that patriotism is abroad in the land.

Finding kind Uncle John asleep on the back porch, he thinks it would be great fun to give him a little Fourth of July surprise.

Which is duly acknowledged by kind Uncle John in a way calculated to discourage youthful patriotism.

A Tram-Car Story.

A fair friend of ours was traveling in a tram-car the other day. When the conductor came round to collect the fares she had so much difficulty in getting at her pocket that he left her, meaning to return as soon as he finished the round of the car. However, he forgot all about the matter. In the meantime our friend extricated her money from its hiding-place, and was expecting him to come back for it, when the inspector came in to examine tickets, and finding she had none, gave the conductor a sound blowing-up for his negligence. After he had gone, the unfortunate conductor remonstrated with the young lady for getting him into so much trouble, adding, in a stage whisper, "it might have been wuss, though. He thought you was my sweetheart, or he'd ha' got me the sack."

"Does Miss Hysee sing?" asked a traveling man of a friend who had just introduced him to a young lady. "Well, that's largely a matter of faith." "I don't understand you." "It depends altogether on which you believe, her mother or her neighbors."

The man who always pays down is never called upon to pay up.

MR. NYE AS A REPORTER.

SOME INTERESTING PERSONALS AND NEWS NOTES.

How Chauncey M. Depew Goes Through a Day's Toil—Points About Governor Hoard, Russell Sage, Governor Hill, and Other Celebrities.

THE picture papers have so faithfully reproduced the portraits of so many well-known men from time to time that at unexpected moments we come upon those whose names are identified with the history of the country in some way or other, writes Bill Nye in the New York *World*.

Starting out on a pleasant day by myself, with a large pad of paper and a soft medium pencil, the old reportorial instinct came back with three-fold power as I journeyed onward, and I concluded to accumulate a column of bright, newsy "personals" for the paper, using my acquaintance, of course, where I had any, and relying upon my gentle aplomb and naivete where I had not. I was thus enabled to secure the following local items of interest, which I have jotted down in the simplest and most straightforward manner:

'Squire Cleveland is having a new and natty sign painted for his office down-town. He will practice in all the courts of New York and elsewhere. Collections promptly attended to and pensions secured at a nominal fee. Conveyancing done, deeds drawn, also salaries. Notary public. Also good house for rent. Mr. Albert Bierstadt is painting the sign. It is a lu lu.

Brother Grady of the *Constitution* was on our streets not long since. He is looking well and reports health good. Henry bought quite a lot of new job type for his paper while here. The *Constitution* is as good a paper as comes to this office. During his absence Joe Harris, a bright young writer of Georgia, has general oversight of the editorial and job departments of the paper. He came to New York once and the literati tried to give him a dinner, but as soon as he heard of it he went away. For two or three weeks he ate his meals under a nom de plume.

RUSSELL SAGE WANTS HIS TICKET BACK.

Brother George W. Curtis of *Harper's Weekly* is still quite lame. His knee was injured last summer while he was engaged in playing lawn tennis at West Brighton, Staten Island, where he lives. The knee is still weak, and so Mr. Curtis walks but little. Lawn tennis is one of the most dangerous enemies with which civil service has to deal.

AN ITEM ABOUT RUSSELL SAGE.

Yesterday quite a rumpus was created at the elevated depot on Park place, where an elderly man went up and put in his ticket on the west side, when he really wanted to go up town. He soon saw his mistake, and tried to get his ticket out of the box, but it had been chopped, and so he could not recover it. He then tried to cross the track, but was repulsed with great loss of life by the chopper. It was finally arranged by a code of signals between the two ticket jitlators that the man could be permitted to cross over by going down-stairs on the west side and climbing up on the east side without again putting up his five cents. The gentleman was Mr. Russell Sage, of this place.

Almost every day a rosy-faced woman, in the prime of life, with large, full, protuberant, translucent eyes and a quick, elastic step, gets off at Park place and goes to her office. She is Mrs. Frank Leslie. Her housework is done by hired help while she goes to the office and works. She earns enough at the case to keep all the help she needs, and she says she has not washed a dish for over two years. When she was left a widow she did not say alas! and present the whole business to the Probate Court. She simply turned over the column rules of the paper, and, hanging her shawl on the copy hook, set up a brief, pungent editorial, in which she stated that she had come to stay, or words to that effect, and at once began to extend her circulation. So she now finds herself able to hire much of her drudgery done by other hands, while she signs checks in a large trenchant hand.

POINTS ABOUT GOV. HOARD.

Gov. William D. Hoard, of Wisconsin, was registered at the Fifth Avenue Hotel not long ago. He is a great hand for stock, especially cows, and has compelled the cow of Wisconsin, as one might say, to come out and take higher ground. I honestly think that Gov. Hoard has done more to ameliorate the condition of the cow of his own State than any other man. Gov. Hoard is a plain man. He and I appeared together once and spoke to the State Press Association. People still look back upon the scene with horror. Gov. Hoard runs a paper at Fort Atkinson called *Hoard's Dairyman*. It frequently refers to man. It has a large circulation, but to one who has never made the cause of the cow his own it is too subtle for him. The Governor early gave his attention to the cow, and saw when young that she had been made a foot of, as one might say. That she was not encouraged to think for herself, and that her sex seemed to handicap her through life. He spoke to her words of encouragement, and told her that through the columns of his paper he would advance her interests, and he has. The Governor is also a humorist. But he does not allow the two things to interfere with each other. He never tries to squirt humor into a veto, or executive sadness into his humor. He can write a good article on ensilage among cows, and then before the ink is dry he can dash off a Thanksgiving proclamation that would make one's heart bleed. I am especially fond of Governor Hoard and Governor Fitzhugh Lee. They are quite different, and during the war were quite rude to each other for a time; but they are over it now, and what I like about them especially is that they are not arrogant. When a man gets arrogant it is generally because he is afraid that if he converses freely he may be detected in the act of not knowing anything.

MR. DEPEW PREPARING FOR THE MID-DAY MEAL.

Gov. Hill was also on our streets the other day. He says that crops are generally good throughout the State and fences in good repair. He is another of our rising bald-headed men. He is reported to be about to become engaged to a beautiful young lady of our city. Even if this be true, it would be difficult for me to point her out. He would make some woman a real good husband. His place at Albany is far more magnificent than the White House, there being no ants, cockroaches, or deceased rats in it as yet.

Russell B. Harrison occasionally goes to his room at the Gilsey House to write an editorial for his Montana paper, and likes it first rate. If I could have arranged it to edit my Wyoming paper and take my meals at the Gilsey House I would have been a better and fatter man to-day. But I did not think of it at the time.

MR. DEPEW IMPROVING RAPIDLY.

Mr. Depew's leg is again almost sound, though it bothers him a little to go downstairs as rapidly as he could before the injury. In this respect he has rather beaten Mr. Curtis, who had a similar experience. Mr. Depew comes down to the office at the depot in good season and works hard till the whistle blows. Then he pulls off his overalls and goes to the sink, where he washes his hands, wiping them on some clean cotton waste. He then goes home and eats a hearty meal of victuals. At night he slides into his swallow-tail coat, puts a Sunday paper between his shirt-bosom and his manly ditto, so as to ward off pneumonia, and goes to some boiled dinners, where he speaks a few thoughtful words which the papers greedily print in their columns the next morning. Mr. Depew may be frequently seen in the early gray of the morning, showing some prominent New-Yorker how to get home. He eats little at these great banquets, confining himself mostly to the relieves or the jowl and greens, but rarely eating sweet cake or cookies at night. Neither does he drink much, though often requested to. He could, at slight cost to himself, if he wished to do so, continue in a pleasant state of exhilaration all the time, but he says no, even when the wine cup is presented to him by fair hands. That is why his speeches read so much better than Mr. Riddleberger's of Virginia. This should teach us a valuable lesson. Had Mr. Depew, when he first began to run on the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, eaten pie and rich victuals at night, or taken a brandy and soda before morning prayers, to-day his name would have begun with the same letter, but it would not have been Depew.

Fishing for Sponges.

Nearly all of the sponges used in the United States were brought from the Mediterranean until 1852, when attention was called to the immense numbers that were growing in Florida waters. As soon as it was found that the quality of these compared favorably with those of Europe the merchants and fitters-out of vessels engaged very actively in the business of placing them on the market. During the past eighteen years the business has been energetically pursued with good results.

The methods employed in the fishery differ greatly from those employed in the Mediterranean, where divers go down and bring up the sponges. Small vessels, carrying crews of from five to fifteen men, are fitted out at Key West and Apalachicola, for trips of from four to eight weeks on the sponge grounds. The crews are paired off into small row boats, or "dingies," to catch the sponges. One man stands in the stern, sculling the boat, while the other kneels in the bottom amidships, with the upper half of his body leaning over the side, and scans the bottom of the sea. To aid the eye an instrument called a "water glass," which is a common water bucket whose wooden bottom has been replaced by one of glass, is used by setting it in the water and thrusting the face as far into it as convenient. When a sponge is sighted the boat is stopped, and the kneeling man uses a two-pronged hook, attached to a slender pole thirty or forty feet in length, to secure it. Considerable dexterity is required of both men. To cure sponges they are first spread about the deck in their natural upright position, so that they will die, and while decomposing allow the gelatinous matter to run off freely. When they have been several days in this position they are taken to the shore and thrown into the water in little pens, called "crawls," where the remaining substance is soaked and squeezed out.

The spongers thus work on, day after day, under a tropical sun that burns and browns the skin until one cannot tell a white man from a negro. It is a desperately hard life, more severe than any other that one can think of, and it requires men of no ordinary constitution to stand up to it. The spongers are, therefore, naturally an exceedingly muscular set.—*New York Times.*

Postage-Stamp Curiosities.

A certain well-known gentleman in the city owns a valuable collection of postage-stamps which has taken him twelve years to get together. "My collection isn't complete," he said, with a sigh, "and it never will be. Why? Because it would require $100,000 to make it so. There are about six thousand different descriptions of postage-stamps in existence. The museum of the Berlin Postoffice alone contains between four and five thousand specimens, of which half are from Europe and the remainder divided between Asia, Africa, America and Australia. Some of the stamps bear a coat of arms and other emblems, impartially borrowed from the heavens above, the earth beneath and the waters under the earth, stars, eagles, lions, horses, serpents, railway trains, dolphins and other fearful wild fowl. There are, moreover, the vignette effigies of five Emperors, eighteen Kings, three Queens, one Grand Duke and many Presidents. Some of these stamps cannot be purchased for $5,000, while others cannot be purchased for any sum. I tell you the life of a stamp collector isn't unlike that of Tantalus."—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

It Was a Bad Mixing Up.

In an English country church the curate had to give out two notices, the first of which was about baptisms and the latter had to do with a new hymn book. Owing to an accident he inverted the order and gave out as follows: "I am requested to announce that the new hymn book will be used for the first time in this church Sunday next, and I am requested to call attention to the delay which often takes place in bringing children to be baptised; they should be brought on the earliest day possible. This is particularly pressed on mothers who have young babies. And for the information of those who have none," added the rector, in gentle, kindly tones, and who, being deaf, had not heard what had been previously said—"and for the information of those who have none, I may state, if wished, they can be obtained on application in the vestry immediately after service to-day. Limp ones, one shilling each; with stiff backs, two shillings."—*Chicago Chronicle.*

Early in the century experimenters tried to magnetize iron and steel by the action of light, but such a thing has since come to be regarded as impossible. Prof. Shelford Bidwell thinks, however that some evidence of the action of radiation upon the magnetism of the iron should be found, and he is seeking it. A soft iron rod magnetized and then demagnetized is known to have undergone some mysterious change of structure, making it peculiarly susceptible to magnetic influences in one direction. It appears also to be remarkably sensitive to illumination, and in Mr. Bidwell's preliminary researches the magnetometer has seemed to indicate that the effects may be not entirely due to heat, but partially to the light rays.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

After a lapse of many years the cry of famine once more comes to England from India, and as usual the visitation is accompanied by an outbreak of cholera.

The surplus of rubber has been drawn on to the extent of 1,000 tons, nearly twice the last season's production, and the world's stock of rubber, 2,700 tons, will not stretch over many years more. The rubber business may yet be erased if the demand increases.

It is no longer from mining but from agriculture that California gathers wealth. The estimated value of her fruit crop in 1889 is $24,600,000; that of her wheat crop $32,000,000. From barley she is expected to derive a gross return of $5,500,000; from dairy products and vegetables, $11,250,000, and from wine $4,000,000.

The Swedish government is evidently not of the opinion that to govern as little as possible is to govern most wisely. A commission has been appointed to draw up a project for the insurance of old people. It compels every citizen, rich or poor, capitalist or laborer after a certain age, to go in for the benefit to be conferred, and provide for his old age by insuring himself now in the National Insurance Office.

Only old men can remember when American newspapers used to report in full the debates in Congress. An approach to a like indifference is now exhibited in England, although there Parliament does nearly all the work which on this side of the Atlantic is performed by Congress and the State legislatures combined. The Times is now the only daily newspaper in London which publishes ostensibly complete reports of the debates in Parliament.

The Paterson Labor Standard, in speaking of the great strikes in Germany, says: "They are, to a large extent, due to the new industrial situation created by the introduction of machinery. Small industries have been replaced by large ones, the small shops, with its two or three workmen, by the large establishment employing many thousands. The organization of labor has thus been greatly facilitated, and the different trades, hitherto more or less isolated from each other, now find it practicable to co-operate to effect common objects.

The Duke of Portland is the luckiest man in England. When he was born the chances against his ever holding his present title were very great. But he became a peer very early in life, and his income is sufficient to keep a whole multitude of wolves from the door. His racing stables consist of only sixteen horses, but he has won the Derby two years in succession, and this season he will probably carry off the leading three and four year old events. He is as fortunate in love as in other ways, and is madly devoted to six feet of handsome English girlhood.

In the Red Parlor of the White House a Washington photographer took a picture of four generations of the Harrison family. The Rev. Dr. Scott sat on the extreme right of the group, Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. McKee came next and the famous Baby Benjamin Harrison McKee completed the gathering. The latter did his best to make the affair a failure, and if it had not been for what is known as "the instantaneous process" he would have succeeded. There is a difference of eighty-eight years between the generations represented in the picture. Dr. Scott is ninety and Baby McKee only two years of age.

The Philadelphia Times publishes a table of comparative statistics, based on the data of the last census, and establishing the curious fact that in forty-three States and territories the number of male births exceeds the number of female births, and that nevertheless, almost without a single exception, every large city produces more girls than boys. In Georgia, for instance, every one of the eleven largest cities and towns show a preponderance of girl-babies, though 26 of the 136 counties of the State show an excess of boys. In New York city, the girl plurality is 4,680; in Baltimore, 1,013; in St. Louis, 2,181; in New Orleans, 2,633; in Philadelphia, 1,921.

There is not a large city from Halifax to San Francisco, which, in the course of the last eighteen months, has not more than doubled its population of candy and fruit peddlers. Aside from the incidental effect of the development of fruit culture in Florida and California, the phenomenon is chiefly due to the enormous recent increase of emigration from Southern Europe. In Italy the exodus mania is assuming proportions which threaten to depopulate whole districts of the tax-ridden peninsula. Thousands of swarthy refugees reach New York and Baltimore with every ocean steamer, and Texas is experiencing a similar influx of Mexican employment seekers.

The Prince of Wales and some of his august relations will be pleased to learn why they are rather bald. It has all been explained by Mr. G. H. Wheeler, F. B. T. A.—which, being interpreted, means Fellow of the British Trichological Association—who has been confiding his discoveries to the Hairdressers' Guild. "The incessant raising of the hat to the public on certain occasions, as processions or opening ceremonies, produces frequent variation of follicular temperature, which results in degeneration of the follicle and loss of hair." What, asks Once a Week, could be more convincing? People with an inherited tendency to baldness should wear their hats all day, and then they would always "have their hair on." Policemen keep their heads covered a great deal; and who ever heard of a bald policeman?

The new industrial home for which the United States Government made an appropriation of $70,000 has been opened at Salt Lake City. The idea was prompted by philanthrophy in view of the action of Congress in divorcing, by an act, the plural wives within the Territory. Something had to be done, for a plurality of wives could be provided for under one roof, but a family segregated would work a hardship upon some one, so the humane idea was promoted, and Congress passed an act for the erection of an industrial home for the widows-in-law and their young children, with light employment and the freedom of homes, upon their renouncement of polygamy. For two years a rented building has been occupied, but the home has not been very liberally patronized. Personal pride has much to do with it, and wives forced to abandon their homes have in many cases gone back to their paternal home or struck out and commenced caring for t
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New Jersey

Monmouth county
peach-growing section
Very few persons, how
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Jersey to Monmouth
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The peaches sent into m
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York Sun.

A Man With An

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ground peas, almonds,
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to make the big eater of
for business and give hi
his meals.—[Athens (Ga

THE TWO GIRL F

Elsie—I am going
apothecary.

Aggie—Oh! how nic
us for vanilla cream soda

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—A large and desirable store room on Calhoun street, north of Berry. Good location for any retail business. Address, 611, Sentinel office. 22eodtf

FOR RENT—Brick dwelling No. 54 East Washington street, eight rooms, attic, cellar, gas and water. O. P. Morgan. 14-tf

WANTED.

WANTED—Reliable local and traveling salesmen. Positions permanent. Special inducements now; fast-selling specialties. Don't delay. Salary from start. BROWN BROS, Nurserymen, Chicago, Ill. mch30-eod3m

WANTED—Washing and ironing to do at my residence. Satisfaction guaranteed. Will call for, and deliver them. Mrs. Rachel Carsity, 237 Gay street. 17-1

☞ PERSONS wishing to buy, sell or exchange property of any kind, or desiring to loan or borrow money, will find it to their interest to call on or address me.
J. F. CURTICE, Real Estate and Loan Broker,
Rooms 1 and 2, Pixley & Long Building,
Fort Wayne, Indiana.
Reference—Hamilton National bank. 20-1m

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—To sell four gasoline stoves, with new burners that will burn gasoline or natural gas. We also repair gasoline stoves or put on new burners cheaper than anyone. Please give us a call, at 75 East Columbia street, opposite Mensing's flour mill. J. DONALDSON. June25-1m

LOST.

LOST—A roll of $5 and $10 bills, about the Bloomingdale mills, Hoffman street or on the commons to Archer avenue. A liberal reward will be given for the return of same to Wm. S. Hale, Bloomingdale mills. 29-3t

T. M. BAXTER & COMPANY,

Commission Merchants

Stocks, grain and provisions, bought, sold and carried on margins. No. 40 Board of Trade, Chicago; also, rooms 2 and 3 Trentman block, Fort Wayne.
13 tf A. K. IREY, Manager,

FINE MEATS.

J. N. PFEIFFER,

44 WEST BERRY STREET,

Has one of the BEST MEAT MARKETS in the city. SPECIAL PRICES are given on Boiling Beef and Roasts. Elegant Corn Beef, Sausage and Lard. Everything sold at reasonable prices.

THE BEST MEATS IN THE CITY.

GOTTLIEB HALLER

South Side Meat Market, carries nothing but the choicest meats. Fresh and Salt Meats, Hams, Sausage at

No. 306 CALHOUN STREET,
AND HANNA STREET (WESSEL BLOCK.)

Boston Tea Store.

—FOR—

Fine Groceries

20 West Berry Street.
Telephone 152. Feb8-1y

P. E. COX,
PRACTICAL
Sanitary Plumber,

Has opened a shop at
No. 29 West Main Street.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED AT
Reasonable Prices

A. HATTERSLEY & SON.
PLUMBERS,
Steam and Gas Fitters,
48 East Main St.
FORT WAYNE, ... IND

We have now a very complete assortment of

MANTLES AND TILE GOODS,

Which we are selling at low prices. Also,

HOT AIR FURNACES,

For Coal, Coke and Wood—the most desirable in the market.

CARTER & SON.

No. 99 Clinton Street.

Howe's Never failing **Ague Cure**
AND TONIC BITTERS. $500 if it fails to cure. C. B. HOWE, M. D., Seneca Falls, N. Y.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

E. A. K. HACKETT, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1889.

ENFORCE the Sunday law.

THE city is better off without the open saloon and the lager beer picnic on the Lord's day.

THE Iowa democrats will hold their state convention at Sioux City on the 18th of September.

NEW YORK CITY is talking about erecting a $30,000 monument in honor of Christopher Columbus.

THE supreme court has decided that a saloon license is not a contract, but a mere special tax or police regulation.

YEIJERO ONO, a Japanese, took the highest honors in a class of 438 students who graduated at Michigan university on Thursday.

THE SENTINEL will follow you on your summer vacation and tell you what is going on in a local way while you are absent from the city.

THE suffering of the Indiana and the Illinois miners increases every day, and calls for the charity of the people of these two commonwealths.

A SALOON KEEPER who defiantly violated the Sunday law in Cincinnati has been found guilty by a jury, the first case of the kind in many years.

SIMON CAMERON once remarked to a friend: "Yes," he said, "My son Don had many advantages, but I had one that overbalanced them all—poverty."

THE crop prospect is good, notwithstanding the recent discouraging reports of the ravages of the green midget. Wheat promises more than an average crop and corn looks well.

MRS. LESLIE CARTER, who was found to be a faithless wife by a Chicago jury, and whose intimacy with Kyrle Bellew and other men was shown in court, will now go upon the stage the coming season.

MAYOR HARDING has struck the gambling dens a blow that has rid the city of many of them. He should turn his attention to the houses of prostitution. We can dispense with these miserable dens of vice.

THE Federation of Labor has within the past two years, gained enormously in strength, and is now probably the most powerful organization of workingmen in the United States, with a larger membership than the Knights of Labor.

IT is said that there will be over one hundred delegates from the United States to the international congress of workingmen soon to be held in Paris. One of the main questions to be brought up at the congress is that of the international co-operation of wage workers to secure advantageous legislation regarding the hours of work, the labor of women and children, the enforcement of sanitary laws, and the prevention of wars.

THE funeral of Mrs. Ex-President Hayes at Fremont yesterday, was a large one, and drew to that place people from all over northern Ohio. An impressive and beautiful feature of the funeral arrangements was that her four sons acted as pall bearers. The other pall bearers were R. H. Platt, of Columbus; Thomas and Joseph McKell, of Chillicothe; General Mitchell, of Columbus; Lemuel Boggs and John Nelson, each either a nephew or a cousin.

THE state board of education, sitting as a school text book commission, will meet next Wednesday to open bids a second time for the furnishing of text books for the common schools of the state. As yet there is no indication that the bids submitted will be any more desirable than those of a month ago. In case they are not, no contract will be let, and the new law will be declared a dead letter. In case a contract should be awarded, the books will not be secured in time for use in the schools the coming school year.

THE German empire does not pay its high employes on an extraordinary scale. Prince Bismarck receives $13,500 a year and a residence. The foreign secretary gets $12,500, including free quarters; the state secretary, $9,000, including free quarters; the state secretary of the imperial court of justice, $6,000, and a house; the state secretary of the imperial treasury, $5,000, and a house; the state postmaster general, $6,000, and a house; the minister of war, $9,000, with a house, fuel and rations for eight horses; the chief of the admiralty, $9,000, with a house.

A NEW ENTERPRISE.

As will be seen by our local columns the Barber Match company, one of the largest manufacturing establishments of its kind in the world, will locate in this city if suitable inducements are offered them by our citizens. The firm, it is said, will build an immense establishment and employ 1,000 men.

Such an enterprise would be of untold advantage to our city. It would go far toward placing Fort Wayne in the front rank as a manufacturing city and would give us a boom that would be felt in every business avenue.

Every citizen should give the securement of this new enterprise his hearty support. It is manufacturing establishments that build up a city more than anything else and everything possible should be done to persuade this company to locate their factory here.

Let the meeting this evening at the Business Men's Exchange be largely attended, and let the manufacturers and influential men turn out and aid in pointing out to the representatives of the company the superior advantages possessed by Fort Wayne.

ENOCH ARDEN.

Something About the Great Play Soon to be Given in This City.

The specialties which Mr. Newton Beers proposes to introduce in his forthcoming musical and dramatic revival of Enoch Arden will be mainly confined to the fourth act, one scene of which will be a faithful reproduction of a Cornish fair scene of the olden time with the sports and pastimes of the peasantry of the period. The scene is laid in a moonlit dell, exquisitely painted by that master of color contrasts and scenic effects, Mr. Henry E. Hoyt, of the Metropolitan Opera house and Casino, of New York. The revels of the country folk take place during the "harvest moon," according to the old old English custom, when the wealth of the soil has been safely garnered, and the peasants are free to give themselves up to out-door sports and amusements. They joyfully assemble to the simple but quaint ballad music of the epoch, which is inexpressibly beautiful to the modern ear, surfeited with the products of the different schools of harmony. They gather in front of a colossal head of the titular divinity of the locality, the great Magog, painted also by Mr. Hoyt, and fitted with ingenious mechanism warranted to startle the spectators. The Davenport brothers have been engaged to open the sports with a display of their wonderful skill in balancing, vaulting, and in athletics, generally.

The Aldens, the champion American athletes, will do their posing and lifting of heavy weights; Rhounddo and Bardell, the well known Cornish wrestlers, will engage in bouts, while W. W. Walton, the English acrobatic comedian from the leading London theatres, will mystify audiences with his antics on the head of Magog. The Welch harpers, Timmons and McCord, will render some of the melodies of the time, and sword dancers, tug-of-war men, etc, will give exhibitions under the direction of James R. Adams, the famous mimist.

The production is booked for two nights, July 3 and 4, with good matinee July 4, at the Temple.

LETTER LIST.

A List of the "Letters That She Longed for, But Which Never Came."

The following is the list of letters remaining in the Fort Wayne postoffice for the week ending Saturday, June 15, 1889:

Allen, W V
Aborns, Henry
Bowen, Will F
Baxter, Hiram K
Bowser, Miss Cora
Boerger, Miss Sarah S
Browne, John E
Bain, Mr John
Bonding, K
Colman, Catharine
Clark, Bert H
Coon, Miss Ida
Delnerth, Harry
Debold, Eva, 2
Deckers, J C
Frazer, F
Fry, F J
Gafney, Pat
Grimes, Emma J
Hasefield, J
Hayes, T W
Harter, Miss S
Haward, Rena Cartwright
Hayden, Frank P
June, Ed C
Jones, Joshua
Kimberly, Helen C
Kellinger, Fred
Kelley, Emma
Kirkendall, John
Lupert, George
Litchfield, Mr. Ed
Mulqueen, Libbie
Morehand, H B
Mosling, Mrs. Edward
Miller, Esther
Overly, William
Reardon, P
Retz, Mrs. Emma
Robinson, H H
Simon, Kohrad
Schell, Frank K
Shrady, Mr.
Sweltzer, Rosa
Sawer, Susana W
Travis, Earl
Winters, Annie
Wright, E A
Youngston, A F

WM. KAOUGH, Postmaster.

ADVERTISED LETTER LIST FOR WEEK ENDING JUNE 8, 1889.

Antrim, Emery
Anderson, Alice
Brown, John
Besso, Maggie
Brown, J F
Boyer, Icy M
Ballzell, Lena M
Bolton, Rob
Bourger, Sarah S
Barnes, Mary E
Bartlett, Ada
Bonsold, S H
Cheney, J V N
Cain, Wm, 2
Cameron, Mrs A M
Davis, D W
Earle, Ella
Fleck, Frank
Gutchall, J C
Gershnell, Otto
Green, Thomas
Haden, Wm
Hamilton, James A
Hoss, Mrs Nola
Harles, Charles
Koebele, Tillie
Kleinsold, Mary
Kaise, Sophia
Levy, August
Laughlin, Mrs C H
Lagerange, Louisa, 2
Moyer, James A Buggies Co
Miller, Wm
Mills, Cora
Milton, Mrs John C
Myrtel, A G
Miller, E B
Morgan, P H
McCallum, Miss Lidia
McAtee, Mrs Stella
Newman, Henry
Orth, Mrs Emma
Pimbruck, Mary
Russo, Nicholas
Rex, Maud, 2
Rome, Jennie A
Ross, Miss Willie A
Stahl, Mrs J H
Sherb, W D
Smith, Marcey
Seymour, Ena
Snyder, B W
Spindler, Annie
Savine, Julia
Tait, David A
Tilbury, Alfred
Urban, Lizzie
Urban, Philip
Vigus, Edwin J
Wiedman, Geo J
Welch, Lucy A
Werteman, Samuel
Watkins, W W
Whitney, Chas C
Young, Charles

WM. KAOUGH, Postmaster.

The big fire cracker and the little boy are already abroad in the land. Somebody remarked to-day that the Fourth in this city would be dead. The ever present kid will see to it that no remarkable lethargy is allowed to creep over us.

To Aid the Deaf Soldiers to Hear Free.

WASHINGTON, June 28—Arrangements have finally been made whereby the surgeon general can furnish free the sound discs invented by H. A. Wales, of Bridgeport, Conn., to those who are receiving pensions for deafness or are still in the army.

One Fare for the Round Trip

Via the Nickel Plate, July 2, 3 and 4. 25-3t

Change of Route.

The Wabash railway is about to make a change east of Buffalo, in the operation of its through sleeping cars from St. Louis to New York. The through New York sleeper leaves St. Louis at 6:55 p. m., running over the Wabash road to Toledo, thence over the Michigan Central railroad via Detroit and Niagara Falls to Buffalo. From that point, on and after Sunday, May 12, inst., it will run via the New York Central and Hudson River railroad to the Grand Central station in New York city. The Boston sleeper will continue from Buffalo over the West Shore railroad and Hoosac Tunnel route to Boston, as heretofore. 14 tf

Ice Cream Soda Water with fruit juices and Rock Candy Syrup, 5 cents, at Mordhurst's Drug Store, 74 Calhoun street. Sign of Revolving Wheel in Window. tf

Fourth of July Excursions.

The Nickel Plate will sell excursion tickets between all stations on the line, good going July 2, 3 and 4, returning until July 6, inclusive, at one fare for the round trip. 25-3t

REV. R. M. HAYS.

He is Meeting With Success in the Evangelistic Field.

Rev. R. M. Hays, the former secretary of the City Y. M. C. A. is now engaged in evangelistic work in different parts of the state, and THE SENTINEL is glad to note that success is crowning his earnest efforts. Concerning his work at Packerton, Ind., during the last few weeks, the *Indianian-Republican* has this to say: "The revival services being held in the Presbyterian church at Packerton by Rev. R. M. Hays are of the most remarkable character. The whole country is aroused, and many souls are confessing faith in Jesus Christ and salvation through his blood. Sabbath was a day of rejoicing such as has never before been witnessed in the history of this church. Sixteen persons were received upon profession of faith. The aged father, having passed three score-and-ten, and children and grand-children, the youngest member of the three generation represented having arrived at the age of maturity, presented themselves and were received.

IT WON'T BAKE BREAD.—In other words, Hood's Sarsaparilla will not do impossibilities. Its proprietors tell plainly what it has done, submit proofs from sources of unquestioned reliability, and ask you frankly if you are suffering from any disease or affection caused or promoted by impure blood or low state of the system, to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. The experience of others is sufficient assurance that you will not be disappointed in the result.

Mr. Will Gouty, who has been confined to the house with an injured limb, is able to be out.

Head off Doctors.

What will do it? A free trial package of Lane's Family Medicine, which you can get from any druggist. This is a new and wonderful medicine, discovered in the Rocky Mountains by Dr. Silas Lane. It is a positive cure for constipation and all blood, liver, stomach and kidney troubles. You need such a medicine. Call to-day on your druggist for a free sample package. Large size package 50c. All druggists sell it.

If you do not receive your SENTINEL regularly, please notify us immediately, either in person or by postal card, that we may remedy the fault.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

Mr. Frank Purcell, of Clayton, Purcell & Co., went east on the limited last night.

Loose's Red Clover Pills Cure Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, 25c per Box, 5 Boxes for $1. For sale by Dreier Bros.

FOURTH OF JULY EXCURSIONS

Via. the Pennsylvania Lines.

Excursion tickets will be sold, at one fare for round trip, on July 3rd and 4th, good to return until July 5th, between all stations on the Pennsylvania Lines west of Pittsburgh. No excursion tickets will be sold to adults at less rate than twenty-five cents, nor to children at less rate than fifteen cents. For further information apply to the nearest passenger or ticket agent.
24,28,30july2w2t

DIETER'S CROWN

BAKING POWDER

Recommended by the highest medical and chemical authorities, who testify to its absolute purity, wholesomeness and wonderful strength. Every can guaranteed to do the work of any other baking powder costing twice as much. Every can guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded.

1 lb. Can, 20c.; ½ lb., 10c.; ¼ lb., 5c.

If your dealer does not keep Crown, do not let him persuade you to buy some other he claims to be just as good, but ask him to oblige you by getting
DIETER'S CROWN BAKING POWDER.

BALL'S

HEALTH PRESERVING
COILED WIRE SPRINGS ELASTIC SECTIONS

CORSETS

BONED WITH KABO.

Warranted Not to Break or Roll Up with 1-Yr.' Wear

If they do we will cheerfully return the money paid for them, or if the Corset is not SATISFACTORY IN ALL RESPECTS after 3 weeks' wear it may be returned to us and money will be refunded.

CHICAGO CORSET CO.
CHICAGO AND NEW YORK.

FOR Mosquito Bites Sunburn Piles Burns Inflammations Hemorrhages Soreness Sprains Lameness Sore Eyes Chafing Wounds Bruises and ALL PAIN

USE POND'S EXTRACT

DEMAND POND'S EXTRACT. ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE FOR IT

FAC-SIMILE OF BOTTLE WITH BUFF WRAPPER.

TO CURES THE WORST CASES OF PILES USE POND'S EXTRACT OINTMENT.

BY MAIL FOR 50 CENTS A BOTTLE.
POND'S EXTRACT CO., 76 5th Ave., New York.

AMUSEMENTS.

MASONIC TEMPLE.
Cool and Well Ventilated.
TWO NIGHTS,
JULY 3d & 4th.
Grand Holiday Matinee, July 4.
MR. NEWTON BEERS,
Supported by
MISS ◆ MARION ◆ ABBOTT
And a Powerful Dramatic Company, in his Grand Lyric and Pictorial Production
"ENOCH ARDEN."
16—SUPERB STAGE PICTURES—16
14—REFINED SPECIALTIES—14
42—OPERATIC SINGERS—42
70—PEOPLE ON THE STAGE—70
Bring the children to the matinee.
Sale of seats Monday morning.
Prices, 25, 50, 75 and $1.00.

E. F. SITES, DENTIST.,
No. 74 Calhoun St., Fort Wayne, Ind

Opposite the Aveline House over the Mordhurst Drug Store.

Ask for Baker's Famous Headache Specific. It never fails to give relief. Sold and guaranteed by Thieme & Gross.

ANOTHER ADVANCE
ON THE PART OF THE EQUITABLE.

A NEW POLICY
WHICH, LIKE A BANK DRAFT,
IS A SIMPLE PROMISE TO PAY.

NO CONDITIONS WHATEVER ON
THE BACK.

HE WHO RUNS MAY READ.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society is again the pioneer in reform.

It now offers a new policy which is *a simple promise to pay.*

The back, instead of being covered with the usual technical provisions in small type, is without conditions. Indeed, if an applicant desire it, the entire back of the policy may be simply blank paper. To meet the preference of most assurers, however, the society, instead of leaving the back of the policy blank, endorses upon it the following list of advantages:

PRIVILEGES.

I.
The policy becomes Incontestable two years from its date of issue.

II.
It provides for a Paid-up Policy three years from its date of issue.

III.
It grants Freedom of Travel and Occupation after one year.

For particulars, apply to
J. E. OHNHAUS, AGENT,
Rooms 19 & 20, Pixley-Long Building,
Fort Wayne, Ind.

L. JAXTHEIMER
Merchant Tailor
CARRIES A
Full Line
—OF—
Foreign & Domestic Goods, Suitings,
Spring Overcoatings, Trouserings
ALL WORK WARRANTED.
32 W. MAIN ST.

JAMES MADDEN,
PLUMBER,
Steam and Gas Fitter,
101 Calhoun Street,
Next door to Y. M. C. A.
FORT WAYNE, - - - INDIANA

FRUIT HOUSE PRICES FOR 1889.

No Advance on Sugar, Coffee or Teas.

Great Reduction in New Turkish Prunes, Foreign and Domestic Dried Fruits.

Green Tea, Black Tea, Japan Tea, Young Hyson Tea.

Good, 20c. per pound; choice, 30c.; best, 50c. per pound. Imperial Tea, good, 30c.; best, 50c. per pound. Gunpowder Tea, 30c.; best, 50c. Oolong or Black Tea, 20c., 30c.; best, 50c. Japan Tea, 20c., 30c.; best, 50c. The above prices are the lowest on record and the best teas are of the highest quality. No better anywhere. The other grades are good, sweet, drawing tea and will please the most fastidious tea drinkers. Just give them a trial and satisfy yourself.

Coffee—Rio, Java and Roasted Coffee.

Best Rio Coffee, 23c.; Best Roasted Rio, 22c.; Jersey coffee, 24c.; Dannermillers, 24c; Leverings, 24c.; Anchor, 24c.; Victor, 24c.; Best Old Government Java, 27c.; Roasted Java, 32c.

Sugars—White, and Brown.

Choice yellow extra C sugar, 8c; best standard white coffee A sugar, 9¼c.; granulated, 9½c.; cut loaf 9¾c. pound. powdered 9½c pound

Foreign Fruits for Cakes.

New Valencia Raisins, 8c.; Loose Muscatel Raisins, 12c.; Seedless Sultana Raisins 10c.; Finest Malaga Layer Raisins, 15c.; Zantee Currants, 8c.; Leghorn Citrons, 25c.; Orange and Lemon Peel, 15c.; Layer Figs, 12½c.; Good Figs, 8c.; Golden Layer Dates, 8c.; Shelled Almonds, 30c. per pound.

Domestic Dried Fruits.

Dried Raspberries, 28c.; Pitted Cherries, 20c.; Dried Blackberries, 10c.; California Pared Peaches, 20c.; California Apricots, 20c.; California Pitted Plums, 15c.; California Nectarines, 20c.; California Silver Prunes, 15.; California Evaporated Peaches, 20c.; New Turkish Prunes, 5c.; Dried Peaches, 8c.; Dried Apples, 7c., Evaporated Apples, 9c.; German Pears, 10c.; Prunells, 16c.

CANDIES AND NUTS.

Pure stick candy, 12c.; Pure mixed candy, 12c.; Fancy candy, 20c.; Brazil nuts, 10c. quart; Almond nuts, 15c; Mixed nuts, 12½c.; Walnuts and Filberts, 12½c. quart.

Syrups—Maple and Sugar Syrups.

Pure Maple syrup, 70c.; golden drips, 40c.; Sorghum, 40c.; New Orleans molasses, 35c.; best, 50c. a gallon; The sorghum is splendid and 10c. lower than we ever sold it before.

Fish of all Kinds.

No. 1 White fish, half barrels, $7.00, kits, $1.00; Family White fish, quarter barrels, $1.25, kits, 45c.; Pickerel, quarter barrels, $1.60, kits, 55c.; Extra, Mess Mackerel kits, $2.20; Family Mackerel kits, $1.50; Fine Large Labrador Herring 1c each, or $4.50 per barrel; New Holland Herring, 90c. a keg; Georgia Bank Codfish, 5c. per pound; Dried Herring, 25c. a box.

Liquors and Wines for Medical Purposes.

Old 70, $2.50 per gallon; two years old, $1.75; one year old, $1.40 per gallon; new whisky, $1 and $1.25 per gallon; Port and Sherry, $1.25 a gallon; California wine, $1.25 per gallon; wines in bottles, 35c. and 40c.

Oils—Machine Oil, Fish Oil, Lard Oil, Neatsfoot Oil, Castor and Headlight Oil.

Fish oil, 70c. per gallon; Neatsfoot oil, 80c. per gallon; Lard oil, 70c. per gallon; Machine oil, dark, 20c. per gallon; Golden, 30c. per gallon; Castor oil, $1.75 per gallon; Headlight oil, 10c. per gallon. Water white oil, 12c. per gallon.

Cigars and Tobaccos, Plug Tobacco, Smoking Tobacco and Fine Cut

Good cigars, 60c. and $1 per box; Choice cigars, $1.50 per box; Horse Shoe plug tobacco, 45c. per pound; J. T. or Big Chung, 38c; Wild Flower 40c.; Bob White, 45c.; Jolly Tar, 40c. per pound; Smoking tobacco, 20c, 25c, 35c.; best Dunham, 45c. per pound; Fine cut tobacco, 25c, 50c, and 75c. per pound.

25 Cents on the Dollar Saved at the

FORT WAYNE FRUIT HOUSE.

THE BEST WHITE SOAP MADE IN AMERICA
MAIL JAS. S. KIRK & CO. CHICAGO
25 WHITE CLOUD FLOATING SOAP WRAPPERS (LARGE SIZE)
and receive a HANDSOME ALBUM
Containing Photographs of 12 Celebrated Actors and Actresses
FOR LACE CURTAINS SILKS AND FINE WOOLENS

EIGHTH POINT

You should read THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS because *everybody likes it*—it will not disappoint your needs. It takes into its purpose the farmer and mechanic, as well as the merchant and professional man. Every farmer can now have daily market reports instead of weekly, and at little more than the old-time price of his weekly. The mechanic can now afford both price and the time for his daily paper. The poor may now be as well informed on current affairs as the rich. Intelligence is within the reach of all. THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS—independent, non-partisan, fair to all—is everybody's paper.

Remember—Its circulation is 220,000 a day—over a million a week—and it costs by mail 25 cts. a month, four months $1.00,—*one cent a day.*

Health is Wealth!

Dr. E. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhoea caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by Thieme & Gross, Druggists, Sole Agents, 94 Calhoun street, corner of Wayne, Fort Wayne, Ind.

New Advertisements.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents Dandruff and hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

HINDERCORNS.
The only sure Cure for Corns. Stops all pain. Ensures comfort to the feet. 15c. at Druggists. HISCOX & CO., N.Y.

ARE YOU CONSUMPTIVE
Have you Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, Indigestion? Use PARKER'S GINGER TONIC. It has cured the worst cases and is the best remedy for all ills arising from defective nutrition. Take in time. 50c. and $1.00.

10,000 AGENTS WANTED AT ONCE to sell the ONLY AUTHENTIC, Complete and Graphic **History of the Johnstown Flood.** Profusely Illustrated with views of all sorts connected with the terrible scenes of the mighty inundation. 12 mo. 400 pages. Price $1.50. Liberal terms. Thousands want it. DEMAND is IMMENSE. Send quickly 30 cents for outfit to HUBBARD BROS, Lakeside Building, Chicago. July 18

EXHAUSTED VITALITY UNTOLD MISERIES
Resulting from the Errors of Youth, Folly, Vice, Ignorance, &c., may be cured at home without fail or exposure. Infallible and Confidential. Large Treatise, 300 pages, only $1 by mail, sealed, postpaid. Small book, with endorsements of the press, free. Send now. Address the Peabody Medical Institute, or Dr. W. H. Parker, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass.

HIRES

25c HIRES' IMPROVED 25c
ROOT BEER!
IN LIQUID NO BOILING EASILY MADE
THIS PACKAGE MAKES FIVE GALLONS
DELICIOUS AND SPARKLING

ROOT BEER
The most APPETIZING and WHOLESOME TEMPERANCE DRINK in the world. TRY IT.
Ask your Druggist or Grocer for it.
C. E. HIRES, PHILADELPHIA.

HIMROD'S CURE for ASTHMA
Catarrh, Hay Fever, Diphtheria, Whooping Cough, Croup and Common Colds.
Recommended by Physicians and sold by Druggists throughout the world. Send for Free Sample.
HIMROD MANUF'G CO.,
SOLE PROPRIETORS,
191 FULTON ST., NEW YORK.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH
PENNYROYAL PILLS
RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND.

Original, best, only genuine and reliable pill for sale. Never Fail. Ask for Chichester's English Diamond Brand, in red metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. At Druggists. Accept no other. All pills in pasteboard boxes, pink wrappers, are a dangerous counterfeit. Send 4c. (stamps) for particulars and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return mail. 10,000 testimonials from LADIES who have used them. Name Paper. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Sq., Phila., Pa.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO ADVERTISERS
A list of 1,000 newspapers divided into STATES AND SECTIONS will be sent on application—FREE.
To those who want their advertising to pay, we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our Select Local List.
GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
Newspaper Advertising Bureau,
10 Spruce street, New York.

PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

A Positive Cure for every Skin, Scalp, and Blood Disease except Ichthyosis.

Psoriasis 8 years. Head, arms, and breast a solid scab. Back covered with sores. Best doctors and medicines fail. Cured by Cuticura Remedies at a cost of $3.75.

I have used the Cuticura Remedies with the best results. I used two bottles of the Cuticura Resolvent, three boxes of Cuticura, and one cake of Cuticura Soap, and am cured of a terrible skin and scalp disease known as psoriasis. I had it for eight years. It would get better and worse at times. Sometimes my head would be a solid scab, and was at the time I began the use of the Cuticura Remedies. My arms were covered with scabs from my elbows to shoulders, my breast was almost one solid scab, and my back covered with sores varying in size from a penny to a dollar. I had doctored with all the best doctors with no relief, and used many different medicines without effect. My case was hereditary, and, I began to think, incurable, but it began to heal from the first application of Cuticura.

ARCHER RUSSELL,
Deshler, Ohio.

Skin Disease 6 Years Cured.

I am thankful to say that I have used the Cuticura Remedies for about eight months with great success, and consider myself entirely cured of salt rheum, from which I have suffered for six years. I tried a number of medicines and two of the best doctors in the country, but found nothing that would effect a cure until I used your remedies.

MRS. A. McCLAFLIN, Morette, Mo.

The Worst Case of Scrofula Cured.

We have been selling your Cuticura Remedies for years, and have the first complaint yet to receive from a purchaser. One of the worst cases of Scrofula I ever saw was cured by the use of five bottles of Cuticura Resolvent, Cuticura, and Cuticura Soap.

TAYLOR & TAYLOR, Druggists,
Frankfort, Kan.

Cuticura Remedies

Cure every species of agonizing, humiliating, itching, burning, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from pimples to scrofula, except possibly ichthyosis.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50c.; Soap, 25c.; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black-heads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin prevented by Cuticura Soap.

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE FOR CATARRH.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for One Dollar.

To be freed from the dangers of suffocation while lying down; to breathe freely, sleep soundly and undisturbed; to rise refreshed, head clear, brain active and free from pain or ache; to know that no poisonous, putrid matter defiles the breath and rots away the delicate machinery of smell, taste, and hearing; to feel that the system does not, through its veins and arteries, suck up the poison that is sure to undermine and destroy, is indeed a blessing beyond most human enjoyments. To purchase immunity from such a fate should be the object of all afflicted. But those who have tried many remedies and physicians despair of relief or cure.

Sanford's Radical Cure meets every phase of Catarrh, from a simple head cold to the most loathsome and destructive stages. It is local and constitutional. Instant in relieving, permanent in curing, safe, economical, and rarely failing.

Sanford's Radical Cure

Consists of one bottle of the Radical Cure, one box of Catarrhal Solvent, and one Improved Inhaler, all wrapped in one package, with treatise and directions, and sold by all druggists for $1.00.

POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CORPORATION, BOSTON.

FREE FROM RHEUMATISM

In one minute the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster relieves rheumatic, sciatic, hip, kidney, chest and muscular pains and weaknesses. The first and only pain-killing plaster.

LONG LIFE.

There is nothing in the world more generally desired than long life, yet the majority of people put off caring for their health—not because they are really careless, but because we live our lives at such a pace we have not time to give the subject sufficient thought until we receive a reminder in the shape of a severe illness.

Then, too, we are constantly bewildered by the various schools of medicine, and the physicians who represent them, and often blunder in our choice of a doctor.

If people only knew that the very best health-keeper, life-preserver and disease preventer that has yet been discovered, is simmered down into a concentrated and very palatable form in the shape of New Style Pleasant Taste Vinegar Bitters, they would not hesitate a moment to try it.

But they do not know. How can they know, when so many not only worthless, but positively injurious drugs are constantly flooding the market under various names and guises, that the New Style Vinegar Bitters is as bad as any of them?

They do not know, of course, unless they have the courage to try the New Style. It straightens out a tangled-up system in a very short while, and those who buy it once buy it always.

Why don't you try it, reader? It is sent out by a responsible house, and is exactly as represented. It costs but a dollar for a very large bottle. Try it once and you will never be so glad of anything in your life. Your druggist may not have it, but he will order it for you. Be sure it says New Style Pleasant Taste on carton and bottle before you take it. Try it, and you will feel happier than if you had found a gold mine, for it really is a mine—of health.

Free from alcohol and opium; composed of expensive herbs and roots, with fine, delicate flavoring.

Send for a beautiful book free.

R. H. McDONALD DRUG CO.,
Cor. Washington & Charlton Sts.,
NEW YORK CITY.

H. C. SITES, DENTIST, NILL'S BLOCK, 82 Calhoun st., Fort Wayne, Ind.

I still occupy same rooms I occupied 14 years ago.

Delightful and most satisfactory to lovers of a
GOOD CIGAR
The Spreader
[illegible]

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1889.

FOR THE SENTINEL.

A BONNY SCOT'S FAMILY.

BY JOHN D. BROWN.

I ha'e a wife and bairnies three,
They're just as nice as you may see,
There's Rob, Jim and little Jean,
Wi' her sweet face and bonny 'een.

Rob he is a romping chiel,
And doesn't seem to care or feel
How much trouble he gives his mother,
Or how he plagues his little brother.

Jim he is a pawky lad,
With his tricks oft' makes me mad;
Up he'll slip behind my chair,
And, with a shout, try me to scare.

Ah! I wish that I could catch him there,
But Jamie he is wide aware,
For not till again I take my book
Will he stir from out his nook.

Yes, Jim, you are a funny boy;
Yet to me you are a joy,
For, although you thus do play your part,
You have an honest loving heart.

Jeanie, she's a winsome child,
Always gentle, always mild;
She likes to play and have lots o' fun,
But evil always tries to shun.

What shall I say about my wife?
Why! she's the joy of my life,
She's aye sae trig, sae neat and clean,
She is my own, my darling Jean.

So there's the group—my only treasure,
I fondly hope 'twill be God's pleasure
To keep them free and safe from harm,
And shield them with His almighty arm.

CINDERS AS THEY FLY.

Saturday's Budget of News Around the Depots—The East Pittsburg Yard Gossip.

The Wabash shops are taking an inventory of stock.

This is the last working day of this week and month.

All the departments of the Pittsburg shops will close down on July 4.

Most of the manufacturing establishments will close down on July 4th.

A number of the men in the Bass moulding rooms are enjoying a holiday to-day.

The Pittsburg shop clerks have sent in their monthly reports to Shop Clerk Thos. Meegan.

The organ factory will close two days next week, to give employes a Fourth of July vacation.

A freight wreck occurred at Dixon, O., this morning on the Pittsburg, and No. 5 was late.

M. J. Vizzard has resigned his position at the Pittsburg blacksmith shops and gone to Chicago.

Fred Myers and Herman Gerlom, of the Bass works, are out in the country to-day of a hunting expedition.

James Doyle has taken the position at the Pennsylvania company's store room, made vacant by the promotion of James Conley.

Lodge No. 18, of G. I. A. to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, went to Rome City this morning with fifty excursionists.

Assistant Ticket Agent R. F. Douglass has the thanks of THE SENTINEL reporter for some nice fat squirrels, shot by him yesterday in the woods around Columbia City.

Councilman Geo. P. Gordon, the Pittsburg baggemaster, has bought a handsome new harness. This item is published for the benefit of the fellow who stole the harness from Mr. Gordon's stable a few weeks ago.

James Conley has taken the position of shipping clerk at the Pennsylvania company's store room, made vacant by the resignation of H. N. Helfrich. Mr. Conley is a nice young gentleman and will fill the position creditably.

A handsome flower bed has just been placed in the Pennsylvania railroad park between the freight house and the general offices. The words, "Penn Co." set in flowers, is one of the features of this bed, and it is very beautiful.

The Wabash station agents have been instructed to send all the receipts of the road up to to-morrow night to the office of Receiver McNulta, at Chicago. After that the receipts will be sent to the offices of the new consolidated lines at St. Louis.

The private detectives of a railroad company must be constantly shifted so that their faces may not become familiar to the employes and arouse suspicion. The cost of secret service to a railroad is often very large, but can never compare with the proportions of adroit and successful freight robbing.

Charley Taylor was the name of a fellow before the mayor the other day for drunkenness. It wasn't Charley Taylor, the machinist at the Bass works, for he doesn't figure in those kind of scrapes. The latter Charley Taylor is a friend of THE SENTINEL reporter and we insert this item without his consent or knowledge.

The new consolidated lines of the Wabash company will increase the mileage of the road under the new jurisdiction from 956 to 1950 miles, and terminal points taken in will embrace Council Bluffs and Des Moines, and give the company a connection of its own between Detroit and Clymers, Ind., and Detroit and Chicago.

The Vanderbilt lines held their regular semi-annual meetings yesterday in New York. The directors of the New York Central declared a dividend of 1 per cent; the statement presented shows a surplus of $11,000 after paying the dividend. The Lake Shore directors declared the regular semi-annual dividend of 2 per cent; the statement for the six months shows a surplus of $173,800 after paying the dividend.

Councilman J. C. Kensill, of the Pittsburg shops, has a way of preventing chickens from scratching up his garden. He crosses the long-legged Brahmas with the short-legged Bantams, and the result is a new breed of fowls with one long leg and one short leg. When they raise either leg to scratch they lose their balance and come to grief. After a few demoralizing attempts they desist.

The Meehan family, a member of which—the father—died last evening, as the result of a railroad accident, has been an ill-fated one in this way. Several years ago John, one of the sons, was burned up in a caboose which took fire during a railroad wreck, and only a few years ago Michael, another son, was killed in a railroad accident at the new Pittsburg yards in this city.

A Mormon elder, with his three wifes and ten children, passed through the city last evening on the Pittsburg. Ora Ross, the ticket agent, introduced the old fellow to THE SENTINEL reporter while the family of thirteen were eating supper at the McKinnie house dining room. "Its awful nice to be a Mormon ain't it?" ventured our reporter. "Humph, you don't know anything about it," the elder replied, "Nice! guess you wouldn't relish paying out $9.75 for a single meal would you? That's what this one will cost me."

Henry L. Magee, who is to be general superintendent of the Wabash in place of K. H. Wade, resigned, is somewhat of a stranger in Indiana railroad circles, though a railroad man with a good record. He is forty-two years of age and a robust, active man. He began railroad life as a track layer on the LaCrosse and Milwaukee road in 1861. In 1865 he left that road and became roadmaster of the Southern Minnesota road. In 1876 he left that road to take the assistant superintendency of the Jacksonville, Pensacola and Mobile road, and on leaving that road in 1879, went on the Missouri Pacific, where he has been since, most of the time filling the position of division superintendent.

THE EAST YARDS BUDGET.

Conductor Ed Thork took in Rome City to-day.

Conductor Major is still off duty on account of illness.

Lou Sweeney, engineer of the 184, in the yards, is in Chicago. He will rusticate for two weeks.

Business on the road has assumed shape and everything is moving along in the even tenor of its way again.

Fred Smith, formerly of the east yard but now of Chicago, is in town. His rotundness of body is more apparent.

Night telegraph offices have been again re-opened at Robinson, Ada, Arcola, Pierceton, Bourbon, Hamlet, Wanatah and Clarke.

The east yard boys have had their graceful forms photographed in groups and now are being solicited by all the young ladies to send their profiles.

The switchmen expect to have a rousing time on the 25th prox. at Rome City. A large crowd from Grand Rapids will join them there and Rome will certainly howl.

Harry Gilbert, in the yard office, is sojourning in Dubuque, Iowa, for two weeks. Jas. Haskell is filling his position during his absence and Homer Blakely officiates in the capacity of night clerk in consequence.

George McManigal donned his spike-tail coat and other portions of a society garb and sailed for Arcola Thursday night, where he tripped the light fantastic and made numerous impressions on the fair young lassies of that burg.

Prepared by a combination, proportion and process peculiar to itself, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures hitherto unknown.

Mr. George L. Clayton is at Sandusky, Ohio, on business.

Don't hawk, and blow, and spit, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Remember the Nickel Plate 4th of July excursions. Tickets on sale July 2, 3 and 4. Good returning until July 6, 1889. One fare for the round trip.
25-8t

J. T. Franks, formerly of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago office in this city, but now of the Western Union in Chicago, is in the city, the guest of his sister, Mr. T. F. Ogier.

Take
Hood's Sarsaparilla
100 Doses
One Dollar

The Chief Reason for the marvellous success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is found in the fact that this medicine actually accomplishes all that is claimed for it. Its real merit has won for Hood's Sarsaparilla **Merit Wins** a popularity and sale greater than that of any other blood purifier. It cures Scrofula, all Humors, Dyspepsia, etc. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

A Noted Divine Says:
"I have been using Tutt's Liver Pills for Dyspepsia, Weak Stomach and Costiveness, with which I have long been afflicted.

Tutt's Pills
ARE A SPECIAL BLESSING.
I never had anything to do me so much good. I recommend them to all as the best medicine in existence."
Rev. F. R. OSGOOD, New York.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

Mayor's Proclamation.

All dogs running at large between the 1st day of July and the 1st day of October, 1889, are hereby required to be muzzled.

The marshals and police officers will be instructed to shoot all dogs found at large without muzzles between those dates.

I also call the attention of the public to the following ordinance:

"No clothing, goods, merchandise, wares, signs, boxes, or other articles shall be placed in front of any store, shop, or other place in the city, on or above any *sidewalk* or in or upon any alley."

The marshal and police officers will be instructed to *enforce* said ordinance on and after July 1.

DANIEL L. HARDING,
Mayor.

Baker's Famous Headache Specific—the new discovery, should be kept in every family. Its timely use will prevent the occupancy of all those dreadful headaches which you are subject to. It gives relief in from 20 to 30 minutes, and is fast becoming a household remedy. Use it once and you will never be without it. Sold by Thieme & Gross, the druggists.

The Young Men's society of Wayne Street M. E. church had a meeting and social at the church last night.

Made Like Tea.

Have you been to your druggist for a free sample package of Lane's Family Medicine, which is made as simply as tea? It is a harmless vegetable remedy for your blood, stomach, liver and kidneys, and an easy cure for constipation, discovered by Dr. Silas Lane while in the Rocky Mountains. Don't fail to call to-day at any druggist's for a free sample of this grand family medicine. Large size package 50c.

The uniform rank, C. B. L., drilled last night, under command of Capt. J. H. Rohan.

LOOSE'S EXTRACT
RED
CLOVER BLOSSOM
THE GREAT Blood Purifier.

IT CURES
Cancers, Humors, Sores, Ulcers, Swellings, Tumors, Abscesses, Blood Poisoning, Salt Rheum, Catarrh, Erysipelas, Rheumatism, and all Blood and Skin Diseases.
PRICE, $1 per Pint Bottle, or 6 Bottles for $5. 1 lb. can Solid Extract $2.50.
J. M. LOOSE RED CLOVER CO.,
Detroit, Mich.

For sale by Dreier Bros.

A. F. GESSLER,
DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF
FRESH, SALT
—AND—
SMOKED - MEATS,
60 East Main Street.

He has just placed new machinery in his establishment and is now prepared to make the finest Sausages in the market. Dressed Poultry and Home-made Lard for sale.
24-1yr.

B. R. NOLL.

BRANCH DRUG STORE
No. 10 E. COLUMBIA ST.
Drugs, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet Articles. Also,
Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Window Glass, etc.
PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALTY.
ALSO, 128 BROADWAY, COR. JEFF.

J. S. McCURDY,
D·E·N·T·I·S·T
OFFICE—Room 15, over First National Bank.
tues&sat6m

S. BREIDENSTEIN.
Real Estate & Loans
26 Court Street.
Watch his bulletin for some special bargains.

J. C. PELTIER,
Undertaker & Embalmer
17 WEST WAYNE ST.,
Telephone No. 174 - - - Fort Wayne, Ind

STOP. HEAR. READ.
FINEST, LARGEST and CHEAPEST Stock of Bedding Plants at the City and Avenue Green House.
B. L. AUGER.

DR. T. J. DILLS,
NO. 40 WEST BERRY STREET,
DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR.
Office hours: 9 to 12 a. m. and 1:30 to 4 p. m.

JOHN W. MULDOON,
Practical Painter!
Sign painting, graining and papering. Hard oil finishing and wall painting a specialty. No. 12 East Berry Street.

BROU'S INJECTION
An Infallible Remedy for the Cure of all Contagious Diseases of the Urinary organs; guaranteed not to produce Stricture; no sickening doses; and no inconvenience or loss of time. Recommended by physicians and sold by druggists everywhere. J. Ferré (successor to Brou), Pharmacien, Paris.

CASTORIA
for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion.
Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

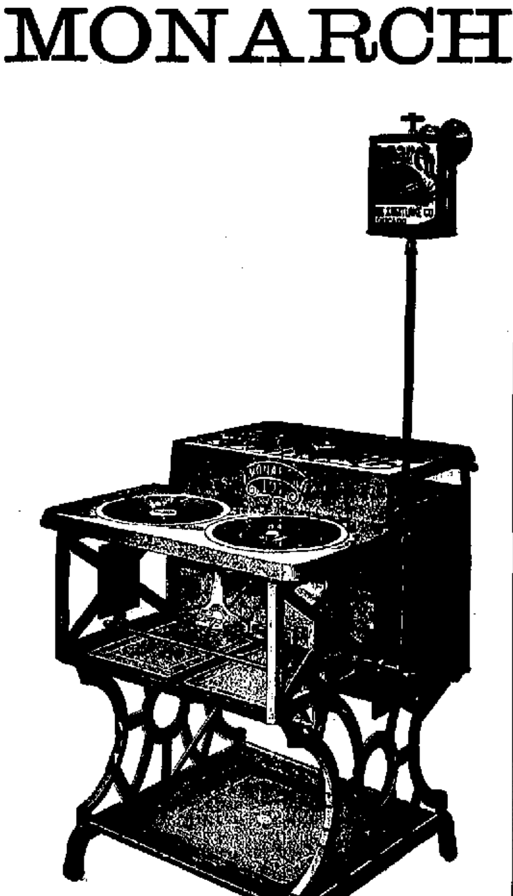
STIMULATE the VITAL FORCES to a HEALTHY and NORMAL CONDITION by TAKING **HOPTONIC.**
For sale at Thieme & Gross' Drug Store, Corner Calhoun and Wayne.

STANDARD
MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE For the Treatment of All Diseases.
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS:
DR. J. W. YOUNGE, DR. E. H. HAAS, DR. J. S. BLENKER, DR. W. L. SCHULTZE, DR. N. B. SMITH.
No. 210 CALHOUN STREET. - FORT WAYNE, IND.

The PARKER GUN.

Double Barrel Breach Loading Shot Guns,
HAMMER AND HAMMERLESS.
Strongest and Best Shooting Guns made. Send for circular.
PARKER BROTHERS, MAKERS,
MERIDEN, CONN.

MONARCH

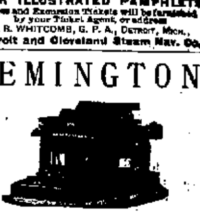


GASOLINE STOVE.

We desire to announce to our friends and patrons that we have an entirely
New Vapor Stove,
For 1889, embodying every new feature that practical experience has demonstrated to be of real value to the user, simple in construction and easy to manage.
CALL AND SEE IT
Before Buying.
GRUBER & GRAY,
364 Calhoun Street.

The D&C
TO MACKINAC
SUMMER TOURS.
PALACE STEAMERS. LOW RATES.
Four Trips per Week Between
DETROIT, MACKINAC ISLAND
Petoskey, Sault Ste. Marie, and Lake Huron Way Ports.
Every Week Day Between
DETROIT AND CLEVELAND
Special Sunday Trips during June, July, August and Sept.
Double Daily Line Between
CHICAGO AND ST. JOSEPH, MICH.
OUR ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLETS
Rates and Excursion Tickets will be furnished by your Ticket Agent, or address
E. B. WHITCOMB, G. P. A., DETROIT, MICH.,
Detroit and Cleveland Steam Nav. Co.

REMINGTON!



STANDARD
TYPEWRITER
It has been for fifteen years the STANDARD, and embraces the latest and highest achievements of inventive skill.
SEND FOR FULL PARTICULARS.
Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict,
51 North Pennsylvania Street, Indianapolis, Ind.
May 22-6mo

Arrival and Departure of Trains.

PENNSYLVANIA COMPANY.

Under Schedule in Effect May 12, 1889.

Trains leave the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago station at Fort Wayne as follows:

(STANDARD TIME.)

EASTBOUND—For Pittsburg, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York *5:30 a. m., 11:30 p. m., *6:40 p. m., *2:00 p. m.
Crestline accommodation, †7:30 a. m.
WESTBOUND—For Chicago, *3:15 a. m., †11:40 a. m., *9:00 p. m., *1:45 a. m. Chicago accommodation leaves at 6:40 a. m. For Plymouth, †4:00 p. m.
*Daily.
†Daily, except Sunday.

NEW YORK, CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS R. R.

GOING EAST		GOING WEST
Lv 2 00 p m	Express	Lv 2 00 p m
Lv 6 10 a m	Accommodation	Lv 6 45 a m

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN.
[Fort Wayne Division.]

FROM NORTH		GOING NORTH
12 50 a m—A.	Cincinnati Ex........—Lv	
	Detroit Ex..........	" 4 00 p m
3 40 p m	" —Detroit Ex..........	" 11 [illegible] a m
5 20 p m	" —Way Freight.........	" 6 [illegible] a m

All trains daily except Sunday.

FT. WAYNE, CINCINNATI & LOUISVILLE AND WHITE WATER R. R.
The direct line to and from Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and Fort Wayne.
[Fort Wayne Time Table.]

Going South.	Arrives
5 30 a m—Ft. Wayne accommodation—	[illegible]
10 45 a m—Cin & Lo'v'le mail and ex—	[illegible] p m
6 30 p m—Indianapolis express........	11 [illegible] p m

WABASH RAILWAY,
MARCH 31, 1889.

GOING WEST.	Depart
Pacific Express, daily	[illegible]
Kansas City ex. daily ex'pt Sunday	[illegible]
Vestibule Limited and Mail........	[illegible]
Lafayette accom	[illegible]

GOING EAST.	Depart
Vestibule Limited daily..............	[illegible]
Cannon Ball, except Sunday.........	[illegible]
Limited Express, daily	[illegible]
Lafayette accom arrives 11 a m.	

INDIANAPOLIS TIME CARD.

Lv Ft Wayne	Ar Indianapolis
5 00 a m...........................	[illegible]
1 45 p m...........................	[illegible]
Lv Indianapolis	Ar Ft Wayne
7 15 a m...........................	[illegible]
1 10 p m...........................	[illegible]
7 00 p m...........................	[illegible]

Through Buffalo Palace sleeping cars and new free chair cars on the Pacific and Limited express. Free chair cars, dining car and New York and Boston sleeping car on Vestibule Limited express.
Kansas City express and Cannon Ball has new reclining chair cars for Kansas City free.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.
Time Table for Fort Wayne, in effect June 16, '89
GOING NORTH.

*For Grand Rapids and North........	Lv 2 15 a m
" " "	" 1 05 a m
For Grand Rapids........................	" [illegible]
From Richmond...........................	Ar 5 15 p m
From Portland............................	Ar 7 [illegible] a m

GOING SOUTH.

For Richmond and Cincinnati........	Lv 5 [illegible] a m
" " "	" 12 [illegible]
" " "	" 12 [illegible]
For Portland.............................	[illegible]
From Grand Rapids.....................	Ar [illegible]

*Daily between Cin. and Grand Rapids.
All other trains daily except Sunday.

$500 Reward!

We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely Vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large boxes, containing 30 Pills, 25 cents. For sale by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., "The Pill Makers," 862 W. Madison St., Chicago. Free trial package sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of a 2 cent stamp. Sold by Thieme & Gross, Druggists, 84 Calhoun street, corner of Wayne, Fort Wayne, Ind.

WATER WORKS.
Bath Tubs, Pumps, Rubber Hose, etc.
—AT—
C. W. BRUNS & CO.,
PLUMBERS.
166 Calhoun Street,
Opposite the Cathedral, Fort Wayne, Ind.

J. M. E. RIEDEL,
ARCHITECT,
ABOVE SCHANZ'S GALLERY.
112 CALHOUN ST. - FORT WAYNE, IND.

The Oldest Firm and Most Reliable in the City,
Wing & Mahurin,
ARCHITECTS,
Rooms 41 and 42, Pixley & Long Block.

FRANK B. KENDRICK,
ARCHITECT,
138 CALHOUN STREET,
FORT WAYNE, - - - - - - - INDIANA

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.—Composed of Cotton Root, Tansy and Pennyroyal. Successfully used monthly. Safe Effectual, Pleasant. $1 by mail, or druggists. Sealed particulars 2 stamps. Ladies address POND LILY COMPANY, 131 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich.
Sold in Fort Wayne by Thieme & Gross, druggists.

THE PATENT POETRY PUFFER.

BY A. D. BAILIE.

He came gayly into the sanctum, with a confident air, a yard-wide smile, and a general appearance of mildew about his whole appearance. He was in high spirits; the spirits pervading his being could be olfactively discerned at a distance of ten feet. There was more grease on his coat than in his flesh.

After a flourishing and all-comprehensive bow he handed in a dog-eared card, well marked by frequent cleanings with bread-crumbs, and on it "T. Wellington Hussler, P. P. P."

"P'rmit me introjuce meself; have the honor. Take a seat? Cert! One cheer for Hussler! Ha! How's that?"

And he pulled up the only vacant chair in the place and planted it before the speechless-with-disgust managing editor.

"Hussler's my name; yes, that's it, *T. Wellington Hussler, P. P. P.*; that's *Patent Poetry Puffer.* Idea of my own. Big thing! Starting new century, time for new ideas—I'm the man for the time. Goin' t'show you now how t'revolutionize journalism. Make the *Ledger* greatest paper on earth. Sure thing! Looker here! Just give you er idea, rough notes.

"Now, the old dried and haysed method's playist—'tirely played out. Know *that*, don'tcher? What makes er paper pay, eh? Why, 'tizing, ads., them's what does the biz, ain't so? Well, looker here! See these notes? Just dashed off on spur moment, you know, but'll give you the idea.

"Run all your ads in poetry—sharp, snappy, f'ctions. I'll write 'em, twenty-five cents line. It'll take like gin bitters. Children'll cry for 'em. Boom *Ledger*. Run up circulation to—to—to anywhere, nowhere, everywhere! See. Look here." And he slapped down slip after slip of soiled paper, with his dirty fingers pointing out the words as he read them to the still dumb-with-demoralization editor.

"See here, one for your tailor. Run any name in. Listen:

"Ben Snipper's coats are all complete;
His vests are of all vestments neat;
His trousers all have double seat;
In overcoats he can't be beat—
With fashions new he'll fashion you
Into a blooming hoop-de-dude-en-doo.

"How's that? Sure to catch on, an ad. of that style. Tailor socks up for a year, sure pop. See!

"Then, look here again. 'Nother line of biz:

"Planter, the gentlemanly undertaker,
General repairer and cabinet-maker,
Has his new shop crammed, from ground to roof,
With furniture, cheap or costly, and fine,
And every article in his line,
In his patent caskets—they're fireproof—
He'll bury a sinner, or bury a saint,
And his hearse wheels shine in new red paint.
If you want in his line anything at all,
Be sure and give friend Planter a call.

"There's genius for you—neat and comprehensive, ain't it? Why, if your undertaker's got a cent's worth of snap in him, it's good for double column at double rates!

"Now here's how you can 'make a steak' out of your butcher. No charge for that joke. I throw 'em in often that'r way." And he planked down another shabby bit of paper, reading off:

"Butcher Bones he keeps the shop
Where you get the red, ripe mutton-chop;
The t-cents a pound soup joints, prime steaks,
And you never eat such head-cheese as he makes.
For all good things in the way of meat,
Old Bones, the butcher, can't be beat.

"Or just take this lay-out to get your wife's bonnets at first cost and an ad. for the *Ledger*:

"Miss Arabella Celestine De Long
Makes her bonnets up a ler bong tong;
In mantua-making she's just jeune esse,
And her fits are entirely *a* jume Parce.
Straw goods bleached and pressed in latest style;
To call on Arabella is quite worth your while.

"And here's one'll get your dentist, sure:

"Jerkem, the Dentist, he's the boy
To ease your pain and give you joy;
If your teeth want either pulling or plugging,
Jerkem's the chap to do the slugging.
He yanked four for Us, last week, quite slick,
And we never gave a groan or kick.
Only a quarter a-piece he charged us, too;
He'll do the same, good sir, for you.

"Those two last are neat, if I do say it myself. Maybe I'm a little loose in my French on the Arabella squib, but then, what's your compositors and proof-readers for if it ain't to correct such slips of the teeming brain of genius?"

The managing editor still said nothing, but there was a deadly glare in his cold, blue eye.

"Here's a soft plum for your baker, now," continued the P. P. P., producing it:

"For wheat or rye, the white or brown,
Friend Crusty's the best bread man in town;
Upon his pies there are no flies—
To that, my son, you can bet your eyes,
He's got 'em, dried-apple, custard and mince,
Fit for the President's wife or a prince,
Five cents for one-half of a two-inch thick pie,
Nobody can call that figure high;
Occasionally one does our table grace,
And fills a long-felt want in our vacant space.

"No baker in Chicago could growl at a P. P. P. and ad. combined, like that, eh? And here's a dodge to work your lunch-route:

"At Dobbins' Railroad Hotel Caffee
You can your steaming demmy tasse;
His fifteen-cent dinners are most researchee,
And his fish-cakes biggest ever you see.
Finest drinks he has, your heart to cheer,
Five cents buys a pint and a half schooner of beer;
Hard-boiled eggs also, at two for five—
Dobbin is the man that's all alive.

"Now that's just a rough sort of a lay-out of the sceme, and I can take right hold now and——"

But the managing editor had "taken hold" already; dull, sickening thuds were thudding all around the office with the most thudding of the most intense thudness.

All that remains of the P. P. P. now shudders upon a cot in the city hospital.—*Chicago Ledger.*

A WRITER on "the age of pulp," upon which we have entered, declares that paper-makers are not likely to suffer lack of raw material. Few fibrous substances such as esparto grass, straw and wood—have as yet practically taken the place once occupied exclusively by rags, but pulp has been successfully obtained from East Indian ramie, pineapple fibres, bamboo, bagasse (the refuse from sugar canes), peat, braken or common fern, flags, rushes seaweed, tan and hop stalks. Paper has been made in Scotland from hollyhock stems; in Ireland from the mallow, red clover, hop vine, and yellow water iris; in Demerara from the plantain; and in France from leaves.

THE richest genius, like most fertile soil, when uncultivated, shoots up into the rankest weeds; and instead of vines and olives for the pleasure and use of man, produces to its slothful owner the most abundant crop of poisons.

ROXBURY, Mass., is probably built on very stony ground.

LIGHT MOODS.

SONG of the drygoods clerk—Swinging in delaine.

SARAH BERNHARDT on foot is a continual walking match.

WE should be good to our Indian proteges. They are our kind red.

IT is reasonable to suppose that some trees are very old, especially those that produce chestnuts.

WHEN an orator becomes a great gun in his own estimation he is apt to be a good deal of a smooth-bore in the estimation of others.

ASK permission of a penurious man to interview him for the benefit of some charitable object and the chances are he will not give assent.

The room was dark, the maiden rose
To fetch a match, she rose—
But he persuaded her to stay
And make a match instead.

THERE are small insects that resemble base-ball players, inasmuch as they are liable to go out on fowls. They are liable to make a short stop on bats.

COULD "the father of his county" see how the stars in the field on our flag have increased from thirteen to forty-two he would be surprised at the growth of his family.

"KEEP 'way from dat nigger, I tell you," said Uncle Rube to his sable daughter. "He's like wot John de Babtis lived on." "How's dat?" she asked. "Low cus an' wild, honey," was the reply.

ONE HUNDRED years ago New Jersey was a "frontier State." It is so still when you take into consideration the size and savagery of the wild game. Where can the Jersey mosquito's peer be found?

AT the theater: Blobson (rising excitedly)—Down with that red umbrella in front! Mrs. Blobson (drawing him back)—For mercy's sake, hush up! That ain't an umbrella. It's a new spring hat.

AT a recent examination of girls for the rite of confirmation, in answer to the question: "What is the outward and visible sign and form of baptism?" the reply was: "Please, sir, the baby."

ALAS!

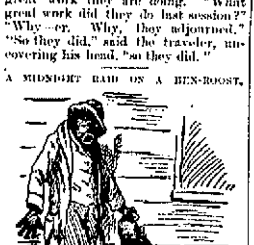
I had told her that I loved her,
She had whispered me the same;
Then in innocent flirtation
I was caught. The climax came,
She demanded back her letters;
And my mind is in a whirl.
For by some mistake I sent her
Letters from another girl.

MAINE, Iowa and Kansas are said to use up more cloves than any other three States in the Union. The area suitable for clove cultivation is very limited, as they require a peculiar kind of soil; and if prohibition ever becomes a United States law they will become worth their weight in gold.

"WHAT'S the occasion?" queried the tramp as he came to a dozen or more carriages before a home on Fourteenth avenue. "Funeral," answered one of the drivers. "Old or young?" "Baby, believe." "Good! I struck an old man out here for a quarter the other day, and I was afraid the shock had killed him."

A GOOD work: "So this is where Congress sits?" said a traveling man who was going through the United States Capitol for the first time. "Yes," was the reply: "you want to take off your hat when you come in here." "Take off my hat, what for?" "Out of respect for our Congressmen and the great work they are doing." "What great work did they do last session?" "Why—er. Why, they adjourned." "So they did," said the traveler, uncovering his head, "so they did."

A MIDNIGHT RAID ON A HEN-ROOST.



Sambo—"Now where all dem ornary dawg catchus? Day's jist like de good for nuthin' perleece; nebber 'roun when dey's needed!"

Private Hamlin.

"Did you ever know," asked a gentleman at the Union League Club banquet, "that Hannibal Hamlin once served this government in a dual capacity, holding a position near the top of the ladder and another near the bottom at one and the same time?"

The reporter admitted that he had never heard of the incident.

"Well, he did," said the club man. "While he was Vice-President of the United States he served for a time as a private in the volunteer army. Queer idea, wasn't it? I'll tell you how it happened.

"You see, he was an honorary member of a little company of militia in Bangor, Me., and when Lincoln issued his call for troops, it promptly responded and came to Washington. There it was ordered to the navy yard to do guard duty, and to the surprise of every one Mr. Hamlin announced his intention to go with it. The officers rather rebelled at the idea of having a Vice-President under them, but Mr. Hamlin was determined.

"'Why not?' he asked. 'If I'm a good enough man to be an honorary member of the company, I guess I am good enough to be private.'

"And he shouldered a gun and went with them. Well, at the navy yard there were, of course, more complications. The officers decided that it would not do to put the distinguished private on guard duty, but he objected again, and pertinently inquired:

"'What am I here for—to look pretty?'

"And the result was that he marched up and down as a sentinel in his regular turn. Odd, wasn't it? Imagine the Vice-President of the United States receiving orders from a sergeant of a militia company.

"Then when the company was mustered out he was offered the regular pay of a private for the time he was at the navy yard, but declined to accept it.

"'Why?' he was asked. 'You served with the rest of us.'

"'Well,' he said, 'I don't think it's right for a man to draw pay twice from the government, and taking all things into consideration, I believe I'd rather draw the Vice-President's salary.'"

Laughable Blunders.

Typographical errors, like the poor, we have always with us. Until recently there was said to be no typographical errors in the Bible. But lately several have been pointed out. A company of scientists once tried to issue a book without a single typographical error. Proof was read and re-read scores of times, but when the book was published a typographical error was discovered on the title page. Below we give a few of these amusing errors:

A Philadelphia paper, several years ago, wished to announce that "Hon. Mr. —— will address them asses," etc.

The conductor of a religious paper was vexed because, when he quoted the line, "Love lies bleeding," it appeared "raw rice pudding."

Advertisements furnish many ludicrous mistakes. A prominent mercantile house in New York desired to bring to the knowledge of the public the fact that it had for sale a large quantity of brass hoppers such as are used in coffee mills. "Brass hoppers" was printed "grass hoppers."

"Old hats made new, while you wait for twenty-five cents," was the advertisement of a repairer of gentlemen's head gear; and he was greatly surprised when one of his patrons, on receiving a hat which had been "made new" said, "I am in somewhat of a hurry, and will take the quarter now, if you please!"

But an explanation followed, and the "ad." was properly punctuated before it again appeared.

"Her chest tones are full and prominent," wrote a critic, concerning a celebrated cantatrice. The compositor and proof reader were not versed in musical nomenclature, and the unfortunate outcome of their dereliction was. "Her breast bones are full and prominent."

Of a new minister, whose favor he desired to secure to himself, an editor said, "He is a most venerable sample of antiquity." In print it read, "He is a most venerable sample of iniquity."

One line of a poem, dedicated to its author's lady was, "I kissed her under the stars." His feelings can better be imagined than described, when he saw it transformed into, "I kicked her under the stairs."

Another poet intended to say: "See the pale martyr in a sheet of fire!" The types made him say, "See the pale martyr in a shirt on fire!"

"I offer my most respectable shanks to all who have honored me with their patronage," read a dancing master's card to the public.

"May they always live in peace and harmony," is the way in which a marriage notice should have concluded. The happy couple must have felt decidedly uncomfortable when they saw, "May they always live on peas and hominy," in the announcement of their nuptials.

Noticing the applause elicited by the remarks of a speaker at a public meeting in England, a party organ said, "The air was rent with the snouts of three thousand people."

The Strongest Proof.

Andy Feterage, a ferryman, was summoned to appear before the United States court and give his testimony in a case of ballot-box stealing. The old fellow had never seen a higher judicial functionary than a justice of the peace, and was much astonished to find that the judge did not weigh at least five hundred pounds.

"You will please tell the jury what you know about this case," said the judge.

"Yes, suh, but lemme tell you what I thought about this case, judge. I 'lowed that as the election is all over, we mout as well let this thing drop."

"Makes no difference what you thought. Tell the jury what you know."

"Well, I'll tell you why I thought so. We air all gittin' along putty well now—everything has quieted down—an' I don't see no use in stirrin' up hornets jest for the fun uv seein' 'em swarm, for the fack is, somebody mout git stung."

"Are you going to tell the jury what you know about this case?"

"Jedge, lemme tell you suthin'. Kin I turn State's evidence right here?"

"Yes, United States evidence."

"Wall, I'll do it. I b'leve Tobe Parker stole the box."

"What has that to do with turning——"

"Oh, well, now, never mind; Tobe's the man."

"That can hardly be when it was proved yesterday that Parker was out of the State at the time."

"I don't kere where he was, jedge; he's the man."

"But how do you know?"

"Wall, I'll tell you. That man Parker toted a jug uv licker through a Prohibition districk an' didn't pull out the corn-cob stopper, an', judge, a man what'll do that will steal—steal a ballot-box, or a hoss."

The jury convicted Mr. Parker.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Our Echo.

You remember the story of the boy who went out into the woods and cried out, "Hello!" and echo said "Hello!" The boy got mad, thought he was being made fun of and he said, "I hate you!" His anger increased, and he cried out, "I'll hit you!" Again Echo says, "I'll hit you!" The little fellow, indignant, went into the house and told his mother that a boy out in the woods was going to hit him, and that he hated him, and so on. The mother saw the secret, and said to him, "Now, my son, if you will go out into the woods and cry out, 'I love you', you will find that the boy says he loves you." So out he went, and said "I love you,!" and Echo immediately replied, "I love you!" When we go out into church, into the world, with this life of love in us, producing harmony of all our faculties, we can project into our environments or circumstances this life of love, and by it make men love us, and beget in the lives of men this life of love.

THE specific weight of a human body exceeds that of river water, but so very slightly that the addition of a little salt will equalize the difference. In waters holding an unusually large solution of saline elements, like the Dead Sea, even inexpert swimmers would float like driftwood, and by means of a few pounds of cork fastened between the shoulders, river-bathing children would be made almost accident-proof.

I HAVE lived to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: "Never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of "too many irons in the fire" conveys an untruth. You cannot have too many—poker, tongs, and all—keep them all going.

FOOLS with bookish knowledge are children with edged weapons; they hurt themselves, and put others in pain. The half-learned is more dangerous than the simpleton.

FICTION OUTDONE.

Reade's Description of an English Village Swept Away by Flood.

Charles Reade, in one of the chapters of his novel, "Put Yourself in His Place," gives a graphic description of the bursting of a dam situated above an English village. The dismay and terror of the villagers as they saw the immense sheet of water coming down toward them found a parallel in the little Pennsylvania town of Johnstown. The great novelist writes:

"Farmer Ewden was standing at the door of his house, and, in reply to Ransome, told him he had just come down from the reservoir. He had seen the crack and believed it to be a mere frost. He apprehended no danger and had sent his people to bed. * * By and by Ransome looked up, and observed a thin sheet of water beginning to stream over the the centre of the embankment and trickle down; the quantity was nothing; but it alarmed him. He thought it was better to give a false warning than withhold a true one; he ran to his horse, jumped on him, galloped on, shouting as he went: 'It's coming! It's coming!' He galloped through Hatfield, shouting: 'Save yourselves! Save yourselves!' and the people poured out and ran for high ground, shrieking wildly; looking back, he saw the hill dotted with what he took for sheep at first, but it was the folk in their night clothes. He galloped on to Damflask, still shouting as he went. At the edge of the hamlet he found a cottage with no light in it; he dismounted and thundered at the door: 'Escape for your lives! for your lives!'

At the top of the hill he turned a moment, and looked up the valley; soon he saw a lofty white wall running down on Hatfield mill. It struck the mill and left nothing visible but the roof, surrounded by white foam. Another moment, and he distinctly saw the mill swim a yard or two, then disappear and leave no trace; and on came the white wall, hissing and thundering. Ransome uttered a cry of horror, and galloped madly forward to save what lives he might. Whenever he passed a house he shrieked his warning, but he never drew rein.

* * * * * *

At Poma Bridge the devastation was horrible. The flood had bombarded a row of fifty houses, and demolished them so utterly that only one arch of one cellar remained; the very foundations were torn up, and huge holes of incredible breadth and depth bored, by the furious eddies. And now the day began to dawn.

There was nothing to be done and Ransome went back to Hillsborough. Daybreak realized his worst fears between Poma Bridge and the first suburb of Hillsborough the place was like a battlefield; not that many had been drowned on the spot, but that, drowned all up the valley by the flood at its highest, they had been brought down and deposited in the thick layer of mud left by the abating waters. Some were cruelly gashed and mangled by the hard objects with which they had come in contact. Others wore a peaceful expression and had color in their cheeks. One drew tears from both those valiant men. It was a lovely little girl, with her little hands before her face to keep out the sight of death. Here and there a hand or ghastly face appearing above the mud showed how many must be hidden altogether, and Ransome hurried home to get more assistance to disinter the dead.

Railroad Sleepers.

"A great many travelers," said a well-known railroad man the other day; "imagine that sleepers or ties, as they are familiarly called, form one of the biggest items in the expense of constructing a first-class railroad. Such is not the case, however. The timber used for sleepers, while of the hardest kind, is fairly inexpensive, when the labor of raising and dressing is considered. The road with which I am connected is supplied, with sleepers at fifty cents each. These are of the finest material, being thoroughly seasoned and prepared. Besides furnishing the timber the lumber man is obliged, under the rules of the contract, to deliver or scatter the ties along our tracks within six feet of each side. Once deposited there the contract closes. Our own workmen, of course, lay them."

"How long does a sleeper remain in good condition?"

"In Northern, Eastern and Western climates, if the ballast be ordinary, a sleeper will live seven years. Bad ballast and surroundings kill a sleeper quicker than anything else. Wear and tear caused by traffic do not perform as much destruction as one would suppose. In the South an ordinary sleeper will live about three or four years only. In Northern parts rain and snow storms also assist greatly in ending the days of a sleeper."

"Could not chemicals help to prevent a hasty decay of wooden ties?"

"There is a chemical compound which is very effective in preventing the rotting away of wood, but this compound is so expensive that it would require a big mint to coat all the ties with it. The mixture is used with success on the stanchions and lifts of those improved freight cars which carry so many different kinds of damaging cargoes."

"Why not try iron or steel in the construction of sleepers?"

"In Central America there is a railroad which is built entirely of iron ties. Wood takes to a spike with great effect, but on this Central American road the rails are secured by huge bolts run through the flat side of the rail into the sleeper, where they are fastened by nuts. There are many objections to the use of iron. It does not give a spring like wood, and this is much desired in the haul of a heavy train of cars over rails. The expensive side of the innovation must also be considered, and iron is likely to break and fall to pieces from constant rust. No, worms do not figure very prominently in the premature destruction of wooden ties. Perhaps they would if there were not such a continual scattering of oil and live cinders along the path of the rails."—[New York Mail and Express.

Storm Centres.

The largest number of destructive cyclones have been recorded in the eastern hemisphere, on the southern coast of the Strait of Malacca (between Sumatra and the Asiatic mainland), in the western world on the east shore of San Domingo. On the eastern islands of the Caribbean Sea architecture has, indeed, been discouraged by storms as much as in the volcanic regions of South America by earthquakes. Even less indolent colonists than the present settlers of San Domingo would not care to erect ornamental structures at the imminent risk of seeing the roof fly away on the wings of a tornado the next morning.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.

Now.

The benefit to be derived from a good medicine in early spring is undoubted, but many people neglect taking any until the approach of warmer weather, when they wilt like a tender flower in a hot sun. Something must be done to overcome that tired feeling and give the strength necessary to do daily work. Vacation is earnestly longed for, but many weeks, perhaps months, must elapse before rest can be indulged in. To impart strength and to give a feeling of health and vigor throughout the system, there is nothing equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It seems peculiarly adapted to overcome that prostration caused by change of season, climate, or life, and while it tones and sustains the system it purifies and renovates the blood.

Life in Pizen Creek.

New York Man (looking about the city of Pizen Creek, Dakota, addressing native)—It seems to me that your race track is remarkably close to your school-house. Why, you might use the porch for the judges' stand.

Native (unmoved)—We gen'rally does, stranger. The crowd stands on the other side in front o' the cou't house.

"I should think the parents of the children would object."

"Well, I don't see why they should—there ain't never any racing till 4 o'clock. I have never heard a word of complaint, partner, and I have been principal of that air school and acted as starter for the races for the last six years.—*Texas Siftings.*

A Multitude of Ailments.

The ailments which afflict the kidneys and bladder are so numerous that merely to name them would fill a space far outrunning the limits of this article. Suffice it to say, that they are both obstinate and dangerous. To their prevention Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is well adapted. The stimulus which it lends to the action of the kidneys when they are lethargic, serve to counteract a tendency in them to lapse, first, into a state of pernicious inactivity, and afterwards into one of positive organic disease, which soon destroys their delicate integuments, poisons the blood, and causes death. A double purpose is served by this depurent. It promotes activity of the kidneys, and expels impurities from the blood which have no natural channel of outlet, except these organs. Constipation, biliousness, fever and ague, rheumatism, and dyspepsia are also remedied by this medicine of thorough action and wide scope.

His Last Resort.

Physician—Now Mrs. Smalltalk, will you let me look at your tongue?

Mrs. Smalltalk (two minutes later) Well, doctor, why in the world don't you look at my tongue; if you want to, instead of writing away like a newspaper editor? How long do you expect I am going to sit here with my mouth wide open?

Physician—Just one moment more, please, madam. I only wanted you to keep still long enough so that I could write this prescription.—*Somerville Journal.*

Lessons of Experience.

Newsboy—Extra! Extra!

Gentleman—How much is it?

Newsboy—Two cents. Have one?

Gentleman—No.

Friend—Two cents is the regular price of that paper. Why didn't you buy?

Gentleman—If there had been anything in it worth reading the boy would have charged five cents.—*New York Weekly.*

COUNSEL OF EMINENT PHYSICIANS.

The People of Oakland County Wild with Excitement.

PONTIAC, Mich., March 16, 1887.

On the 10th day of December, 1880, I came from Orion to Pontiac to visit my parents, and was taken suddenly ill. Dr. Galbraith, of this place, was called, and after making careful examination of my case, desired a council, and named as councillor, Dr. McGraw, of Detroit. They met in council Dec. 15th, made a careful examination, and pronounced my disease as Cancer of the Liver, and stated that there was no hope for me, and it was impossible to cure me. The pain was very severe and Dr. Galbraith continued his visits, administering quieting powders. A swelling or bunch had formed upon my right ribs almost as large as my fist, and I had given up all hopes of recovery. But having heard of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup I sent, Feb. 1, 1887, and bought a bottle of the Syrup from Mr. Peter Schmitz, a druggist of this place, and took it as directed. About March 1st something broke and the swelling commenced to go down, until it has almost disappeared. Up to this date I have taken two and one-half bottles of the Syrup, and have so far recovered as to be able to visit my neighbors, and am truly rejoicing that I am fast being relieved of such terrible pain, and desiring to acknowledge the benefit I have received in using your Syrup, I send you this statement hoping you will use it so that others who are afflicted may be benefited and relieved from pain as I have been. Very truly,

CHARLES A. SPIER,
of Orion, Mich.

PONTIAC, Mich., March 16, 1887.

This is to certify that Mr. Charles A. Spier, my son, has made a correct statement of his case, as I have watched by his bedside during his entire illness.

JOHN SPIER.

The undersigned certify that they are well acquainted with Charles A. Spier, whose signature appears above, and we have no hesitation in saying that any statement made by him can be relied upon as being true in every particular.

BERRIDGE & BERRIDGE,
Druggists, Orion, Mich.
J. A. NEAL,
Editor *Weekly Review* and Justice of the Peace, Orion, Mich.
J. S. KITCHEN,
Postmaster.
ORION, Mich., March 19, 1887.

Keen Enjoyment.

Mistress—So you will not stay with us? Are you going to have more wages in the new place?

Maid—No, the pay is the same.

"But you will have four stories, here on one floor is easier."

"The man-servant has to bring the wood and water."

"Yes, but we have water in the rooms and wood-shed off the kitchen."

"I know, but I shall see some one working hard instead of me, and the bossing is worth something."—*Wasp.*

THE peculiarity of Dobbins' Electric Soap is that it acts right on the *dirt and stains* in clothes and makes them *pure as snow*, at the same time it *preserves the clothes.* Have your grocer order it.

FIRST Workingman—Let's go to the art museum. Second Workingman—Closed on Sunday, you know. Third Workingman—Well, let's take a ride in the stage, up Fifth avenue. Second Workingman—Don't run on Sundays. First Workingman—Gad! then let's go in Van Bier's back door and fill up.—*Puck.*

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers.

Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass and stock country in the world. Full information free. Address the Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

AT a stand still—the Pea-nut business.—*New York News.*

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN
IT CONQUERS PAIN.

Relieves and cures RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, Sciatica, Lumbago. | HEADACHE, Toothache, Sprains, BRUISES, Burns and Scalds.

At Druggists and Dealers.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

A Piece of Her Mind.

A lady correspondent has this to say:

"I want to give a piece of my mind to a certain class who object to advertising, when it costs them anything; this won't cost them a cent. I suffered a living death for nearly two years with headaches, backache, in pain standing or walking, was being literally dragged out of existence, my misery increased by drugging. At last, in despair, I committed the sin of trying an advertised medicine, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and it restored me to the blessedness of sound health. I honor the physician who, when he knows he can cure, has the moral courage to advertise the fact." The medicine mentioned is *guaranteed* to cure those delicate diseases peculiar to females. Read printed guarantee on bottle-wrapper.

FOR all derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels take Dr. Pierce's Pellets. One a dose.

A Woman of the World.

A pretty fan was presented to a little girl 4 years of age, and she, wishing to show her new treasure, hung it on her finger and held it out at arm's length. A lady, on entering the parlor, was attracted by the peculiar attitude of the little girl, and finally said to her, "Isn't it very fatiguing to hold out your arm in that way so long?" Said little Elsie in answer, with a deep sigh, "Isn't it always fatiguing to be elegant?"—*Wide Awake.*

100 Ladies Wanted,

And 100 men to call daily on any druggist for a *free* trial package of Lane's Family Medicine, the great root and herb remedy, discovered by Dr. Silas Lane while in the Rocky Mountains. For diseases of the blood, liver, and kidneys it is a positive cure. For constipation and clearing up the complexion it does wonders. Children like it. Everyone praises it. Large size package, 50 cents. At all druggists.

THE man who knows everything is generous with his knowledge. He always wants to tell it.

A DUX spell—S-a-b-e-r-s. Spellbound—The Dictionary.—*Puck.*

"MOTHERS' FRIEND" MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY SHORTENS LABOR LESSENS PAIN DIMINISHES DANGER TO LIFE OF MOTHER AND CHILD
BOOK "TO MOTHERS" MAILED FREE
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA GA
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

DROPSY
TREATED FREE.
Positively Cured with Vegetable Remedies.
Have cured many thousand cases. Cure patients pronounced hopeless by the best physicians. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. Send for free book of testimonials of miraculous cures. Ten days treatment furnished free by mail. If you order trial, send 10 cents in stamps to pay postage. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

AGENTS WANTED!
We hire on salary and pay expenses. You can earn from $50 to $25 per week. Apply at once stating age. Address R. G. PIERSON & Co., Maple Grove Nurseries, Waterloo, N. Y. (Established 1866.)

Johnstown Horror!
Our New Book, THE JOHNSTOWN HORROR OR VALLEY OF DEATH. The most thrilling book ever issued. AGENTS WANTED in every town-ship. For terms and circulars address National Pub. Co., 238 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

PERFECTION BRONZE PAINTS.
Rich Gold, Orange, Fire, Pale Gold, Silver, Copper, Flesh, Green, Lemon, and Carmine. For Lustral Painting and Gilding Ornaments. Package by mail, 10cts. Ag'ts wanted. CUMMINGS & Co., Foxcroft, Maine.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Sure relief ASTHMA. Price 35cts. by mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.

PATENTS F. A. LEHMANN, Washington, D. C. Send for Circular.

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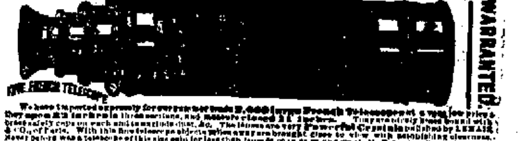

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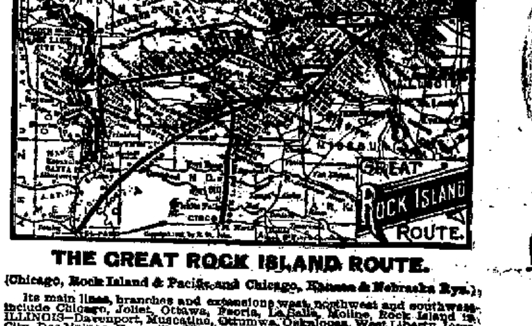

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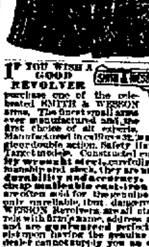
PALMER'S MAGNETIC INHALER
Patented June 12, 1888
Price, One Dollar.
Magnetism and Menthol as a Remedial and Curative Agent.
From time to time many inventions and devices have been placed upon the market claiming to cure catarrh, neuralgia, bronchitis, etc., many of which are said to contain electric or magnetic curative powers.
Dr. Palmer is a gentleman who has devoted a life of study to the subject of catarrh and diseases of the head, throat, and lungs, and some time since he commenced a series of experiments with a view to determining whether any combination could be formed which would kill the parasite and act as a healing power at the same time, and at length succeeded in determining that menthol, when combined with magnetism, would do so, but how to arrange these seemingly opposite agents so as to render their use convenient and effectual was a question of some difficulty. At length he succeeded in confining within a vulcanite tube three inches long and about three-quarters of an inch in diameter a perfect magnetic battery in the form of a coil of steel wire. In the interior of this battery is stored a fine grade of imported menthol. The ends of the tube are closed by nickel caps, which, when removed, admit of the free inhalation of the electro-mentholized air. The menthol acts as a germacide, while the magneto-electric force stimulating the weakened nerves of the diseased parts into healthy action, forms a wonderful healing power, thereby successfully stopping any further depredations.
The fumes when inhaled are refreshing and cooling, and for the immediate relief and speedy cure of catarrh, cold in the head, hay fever, headache, neuralgia, catarrhal deafness, etc., it is unequaled.
It cures headache in five minutes. Sore throat is one of the diseases immediately affected by the inhaler. Commencing colds can be broken up in 24 hours by a few inspirations from this little benefactor. To clear the throat and head, and produce sound and refreshing sleep at night, it has no equal. The inspiration is pleasant and effect wonderful.
Nothing like it has ever been placed on the market before. Its price is moderate. Its working is marvelous, and no family can afford to be without one of these inventions.
Beware of imitation, as there are unscrupulous persons engaged in the manufacture of a spurious inhaler that strongly resembles the genuine.
Full directions, testimonials, etc., sent with each instrument.
If you are afflicted with Catarrh, send $1.00 and get a Magnetic Inhaler, which is certain to afford instant relief and a permanent cure. Address E. A. GAVISK, Western Agent, 372 Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.



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Wanted in every county. Shrewd men to act under instruction in our Secret Service. Experience not necessary. [illegible] Detective Bureau Co. 44 Arcade, Cincinnati, O.

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IN THE VINEYARD.

What Some of the Workers Therein Are Doing And Saying.

COLUMN FOR SUNDAY READING.

Sin Must Be Hated—Is It Right?—Study Yourself.

Sin Must Be Hated.

No man is safe until he hates sin. Here's a mother sitting with little Willie and she has a little pearl-handled penknife, the gift of a friend. She goes out and Willie takes the knife out into the flower garden to play with it. By-and-by they hunt him and the nurse screams, "Come here quick." The mother runs and sees that the little boy has fallen and the knife has pierced his jugular vein and she clasps him into her arms and cried, "Precious darling, oh, speak, to me once more." Later she stands at his grave while the minister says, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." At the desolate house she pushes back her black veil when the nurse says, "Here's your little penknife," and she sees the blood upon it and screams, "Take it away; it has the blood of my precious boy upon it." The only safe attitude is to reach a point so that no matter how much I prize a sin, I say, "Take it away; it has the blood of my Saviour upon it." Every sin in the world is covered with the blood of my Divine Lord.—*Sam Jones.*

Is it Right?

Is it right to build churches to save men and license shops that destroy them?

Is it right to license a man to sell that which will make a man drunk, and then punish a man for being drunk?

Is it right to license a man to make paupers, and then tax sober men to take care of them?

Is it right to license a drinkshop to teach vice, and then tax people for schools to teach virtue?

Is it right to derive a revenue out of a traffic which no decent man defends?

Is it right to teach your boy not to drink, and then vote to license a place where he may be taught to drink?

Is it right to teach your boy to be honest, and then vote to license a place where he may be taught to gamble?

Is it right to teach a boy to restrain his passions, and then vote to license a place where his worst passions may be inflamed?

Is it right to take care of your own boy, and vote to license a place which will ruin your neighbor's boy?

Is it right to preach justice and charity, and then vote to license a thing that robs the widow and orphans of their bread?

Is it right for you to go to the polls and vote without having studied this question seriously and carefully?—*Casselton Blizzard.*

Study Yourself.

"Work, while you have light," especially while you have the light of the morning. There are few things more wonderful to me than that old people never tell young ones how precious their youth is. They sometimes sentimentally regret their own earlier days; sometimes prudently forget them; often foolishly rebuke the young, often more foolishly indulge, often most foolishly thwart and restrain, but scarcely ever warn or watch them. Remember, then, that I, at least, have warned you, that the happiness of your life, and its power, and its part and rank on earth, or in Heaven, depend on the way you pass your days now. They are not to be sad days; far from that, the first duty of young people is to be delighted and delightful, but they are to be in the deepest sense solemn days. There is no solemnity so deep to a rightly thinking creature, as that of dawn. But not only that beautiful sense, but in all their character and method they are to be solemn days.

Take your Latin dictionary and look up "sollenis," and fix the sense of the word well in your mind, and remember that every day of your life is ordained irrevocably, for good or evil, the custom and practice of your soul; ordaining either sacred customs of dear and lovely recurrence, or trenching deeper and deeper the furrows for seed and sorrow. Now, therefore, see that no day passes in which you do not make yourself a somewhat better creature; in order to do that, find out, first, what you are now. Do not think vaguely about it; take pen and paper and write down as accurate a description of yourself as you can, with a date to it. If you dare not do so, find out why you dare not, and try to get strength of heart enough to look yourself fairly in the face, in mind as well as in body. I do not doubt but that the mind is a less pleasant thing to look at than the face, and for that very reason it needs more looking at; so always have two mirrors on your toilet table, and see that with proper care you dress body and mind before them daily. After dressing is once over for the day, think no more about it; as your hair will blow about [illegible]ur ears, so your temper and thoughts [illegible] get ruffled with the day's work, and [illegible] need, sometimes, twice dressing; I don't want you to carry about a [illegible]ental pocket-comb; only to be smooth [illegible]raided always in the morning.

Write down, then, frankly, what you are, or at least, what you think yourself, not dwelling upon these inevitable faults which I have just told you are of little consequence, and which the action of a right life will shake or smooth away; but that you may determine to the best of your intelligence what you are good for, and can be made into, you will find that the mere resolve not to be useless, and the honest desire to help other people, will, in the quickest and most delicate way, improve yourself.—*John Ruskin.*

BEAUTIFUL CREOLE GIRLS.

"Many of our Northern friends picture all creoles with dark, swarthy skins, hair black as a raven's wings, and the eyes of ebon darkness," writes a Louisiana woman in the New Orleans *Picayune.* "Now, this is altogether an erroneous fancy. Why, some of the girls have lily-white complexions, golden locks, and eyes of Heaven's own blue! In the little village where I live there are four sisters, all of the purest blonde type, and it would be difficult to find anywhere in the wide world fairer, sweeter, lovelier maidens than they. Whenever I read of 'the dark-skinned creole' a smile crosses my face, and I wish the readers' eyes could rest upon my 'rosebud garden of girls.'

"As I write these lines a dainty creole maiden enters my presence. She has come, like a gleam of sunshine athwart a murky sky, to chase away the clouds which sometimes surround me: and truly she is a fair vision to gaze upon, sitting where the sun shines full upon her, revealing the glint of gold in her wavy brown hair, which ripples above a broad fair brow. Her pearly cheeks are slightly tinged by the sun's kisses, and her eyes, of 'passionless peaceful blue,' are gazing tenderly upon me, utterly unconscious of her own picturesque loveliness. The mind of this gentle girl is as pure and bright as her face. Altogether she is one of earth's fairest flowers.

"I have lived among the creoles nearly all my life, but I am not one of them. I am what they call 'an American.' Why that term should not be applied to them is a mystery which I cannot solve. I have a penchant for creole girls. They are usually dainty and refined, sensitive and sympathetic, light-hearted and sunny-tempered. Then the marks of deference they pay to old age is truly something to be admired, and might well be imitated by many of my American sisters. A creole girl rarely ever sullies her lips with that slang which is so generally used nowadays. She is usually reared in seclusion, and her days glide by peacefully and tranquilly. This tranquillity is seldom disturbed by a storm cloud. She is content to remain at home, where there is always a wide field of action, and 'do her duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call her.'"

BISMARCK TREATED TO A WAR-DANCE.

A Berlin correspondent says, apropos of the recent visit to that city of an embassy of the Sultan of Madara: "Society has treated the negro Ambassadors with distinction and made them the chief attraction of numerous drawing-rooms. They are more dangerous to satin-covered furniture and Brussels carpets, however, than was the Shah of Persia on his first trip to Europe, and they are strictly guarded accordingly. They, of course, called upon Prince Bismarck in the Wilhelms-strasse Palace, and were presented to the Chancellor's family. They gave the Prince a magnificent spear, which had been sent to him by their Sultan, and received bracelets from the Chancellor in return. After supping wine and beer with the family until they felt equal to the attempt, they executed a war-dance in the Prince's parlor, to the great amusement of the family, but with disastrous consequences to several pieces of furniture. The leader of the embassy was so well pleased with his treatment by Bismarck that, upon going, he offered him a pinch of snuff, which the Chancellor accepted with thanks. The negroes were greatly impressed with the stature of the Prince, who was taller than any one of them, and will probably relate long stories in Madara of the Giant of Berlin."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

HE PLAYED TO LOSE.

He was a keen, sharp-looking young man, and he said to the lady of the house on Second avenue as he stood in the hall:

"Madam, I have called for the suit of clothes which need brushing and fixing."

"What suit?" she asked.

"Your husband's Sunday suit, ma'am. He called as he went down this morning."

"And he said I was to let you have them?"

"Yes'm."

"Did he appear in good health and spirits?"

"Why, certainly."

"Look and act natural?"

"Of course. Why do you ask?"

"Because he has been dead eighteen years, and I have some curiosity on the subject."

"I—I—have made a mistake, perhaps," stammered the young man.

"Perhaps you have. The old man you saw go out of here an hour ago is my brother. You may have better luck in the next block with the old-fashioned confidence game. Good-morning."

ONLY ENOUGH FOR TWO.

An impecunious actor met Mr. Goodwin one day in New York, according to the San Francisco *Chronicle.*

"My dear boy, Nat, how do you do? How do you do? I'm very glad to see you. You can't—can you—to-day—only a quarter, you know."

He got the quarter and held it in his hand contemplating it. Then he said: "Nat, my boy, let us go in here," pointing to a bar-room frequented by impecunious actors. "I'll stand you a drink, Nat, *dear* boy—but—let us go in here—but—ahem! Nat, *dear* boy," looking at the quarter, "no shaking hands, dear boy; no shaking hands."

A MAN died in London recently and left £100,000 to his wife to be used for the advancement of women. The first application for "advancement" came from a young woman who wanted diamond ear-rings.

AN INSPIRING SERMON

DR. TALMAGE DISCOURSES ON THE POWER OF CHRISTIANITY.

"The Mightiest Weapon Is the Gospel" His Subject, and His Text the Words: "There Is None Like That; Give It Me."

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage delivered one of his characteristic and forcible sermons at the Brooklyn Tabernacle upon the subject: "The Mightiest Weapon Is the Gospel." His text was I. Samuel xxi, 9: "There is none like that; give it me." The preacher said:

David fled from his pursuers. The world runs very fast when it is chasing a good man. The country is trying to catch David, and to slay him. David goes into the house of a priest, and asks him for a sword or spear with which to defend himself. The priest, not being accustomed to use deadly weapons, tells David that he cannot supply him; but suddenly the priest thinks of an old sword that had been carefully wrapped up and laid away—the very sword that Goliath formerly used—and he takes down that sword, and while he is unwrapping the sharp, glittering, memorable blade, it flashes upon David's mind that this was the very sword that was used against himself when he was in the fight with Goliath, and David can hardly keep his hands off it until the priest has unwound it. David stretched out his hand toward that old sword, and says: "There is none like that; give it me." In other words, "I want in my own hand the sword that has been used against me, and against the cause of God." So it was given him. Well, my friends, that is not the first or the last sword once used by giant and Philistine iniquity which is to come into the possession of Jesus Christ, and of His glorious church. I want, as well as God may help me, to show you that many a weapon which has been used against the armies of God is yet to be captured and used on our side; and I only imitate David when I stretch out my hand toward the blade of the Philistine, and cry: "There is none like that; give it me."

I remark, first, that this is true in regard to all scientific exploration. You know that the first discoveries in astronomy and geology and chronology were used to battle Christianity. World philosophy came out of its laboratory and out of its observatory, and said: "Now, we will prove, by the very structure of the earth, and by the movement of the heavenly bodies, that the Bible is a lie, and that Christianity, as we have it among men, is a positive imposition." Good men trembled. The telescope, the Leyden jars, the electric batteries, all in the hands of the Philistines. But one day, Christianity, looking about for some weapon with which to defend itself, happened to see the very old sword that these atheistic Philistines had been using against the truth and cried out: "There is none like that; give it me!" And Copernicus, and Galileo, and Kepler, and Isaac Newton came forth and told the world that, in their ransacking of the earth and Heaven, they had found overwhelming presence of the God whom we worship; and this old Bible began to shake itself from the Koran, and Shaster, and Zendavesta with which it had been covered up, and lay on the desk of the scholar, and in the laboratory of the chemist, and in the lap of the Christian, unharmed and unanswered, while the towers of the midnight heavens struck a silvery chime in its praise.

Worldly philosophy said: "Matter is eternal. The world always was. God did not make it." Christian philosophy plunges its crowbar into rocks, and finds that the world was gradually made, and if gradually made, there must have been some point at which the process started; then, who started it? and so that objection was overcome, and in the first three words of the Bible we find that Moses stated a magnificent truth when he said: "In the beginning."

Worldly philosophy said: "Your Bible is a most inaccurate book; all that story in the Old Testament, again and again told, about the army of the locusts—it is preposterous. There is nothing in the coming of the locusts like an army. An army walks, locusts fly. An army goes in order and procession, locusts without order." "Wait!" said Christian philosophy; and in 1868, in the southwestern part of this country, Christian men went out to examine the march of the locust. There are men right before me who must have noticed in that very part of the country the coming up of the locust like an army, and it was found that all the newspapers unwittingly spoke of them as an army. Why? They seem to have a commander. They march like a host. They halt like a host. No arrow ever went with straighter flight than the locusts come—not even turning aside for the wind. If the wind rises, the locusts drop and then rise again after it has gone down, taking the same line of march, not varying a foot. The old Bible right every time when it speaks of locusts coming like an army; worldly philosophy wrong.

Worldly philosophy said: "All that story about the light 'turned as clay to the seal' is simply an absurdity." Old time worldly philosophy said: "The light comes straight." Christian philosophy said: "Wait a little while," and it goes on and makes discoveries and finds that the atmosphere curves and bends the rays of light around the earth, literally "as the clay to the seal." The Bible right again; worldly philosophy wrong again. "Ah," says worldly philosophy, "all that illusion in Job about the foundations of the earth is simply an absurdity. 'Where wast thou,' says God, 'when I set the foundations of the earth?' The earth has no foundations." Christian philosophy comes and finds that the word as translated "foundation" may be better translated "sockets." So now see how it will read if it is translated right: "Where wast thou when I set the sockets of the earth?" Where is the socket? It is the hollow of God's hand—a socket large enough for any world to turn in.

Worldly philosophy said: "What an absurd story about Joshua making the sun and moon stand still. If the world had stopped an instant, the whole universe would have been out of gear." "Stop," said Christian philosophy, "not quite so quick." The world has two motions—one on its own axis, and the other around the sun. It was not necessary in making them stand still that both motions should be stopped—only the one turning the world on its own axis. There was no reason why the halting of the earth should have jarred and disarranged the whole universe. Joshua right and God right; infidelity wrong every time. I knew it would be wrong. I thank God that the time has come when Christians need not be scared at any scientific exploration. The fact is that religion and science have struck hand in eternal friendship, and the deeper down geology can dig and the higher up astronomy can soar, all the better for us. The armies of the Lord Jesus Christ have stormed the observatories of the world's science, and from the highest towers have flung out the banner of the cross, and Christianity to-night, from the observatories of Albany and Washington, stretches out its hand toward the opposing scientific weapon, crying: "There is none like that; give it me!" I was reading this afternoon of Herschel, who was looking at a meteor through a telescope, and when it came over the face of the telescope it was so powerful he had to avert his eyes. And it has been just so that many an astronomer has gone into an observatory and looked up into the midnight Heavens, and the 'Lord God' has, through some swinging world, flamed upon his vision, and the learned man cried out: "Who am I? Undone! Unclean! Have mercy, Lord God!"

Again, I remark, that the traveling disposition of the world, which was averse to morals and religion, is to be brought on our side. The man that went down to Jericho and fell amidst thieves was a type of a great many travelers. There is many a man who is very honest at home who, when he is abroad, has his honor filched and his good habits stolen. There are but very few men who can stand the stress of an expedition. Six weeks at a watering place has damned many a man. In the olden times God forbade the traveling of men for the purposes of trade because of the corrupting influences attending it. A good many men now cannot stand the transition from one place to another. Some men who seem to be very consistent at home in the way of keeping the Sabbath, when they got into Spain, on the Lord's day always go out to see the bull fights. Plato said that no city ought to be built nearer to the sea than ten miles, lest it be tempted to commerce. But this traveling disposition of the world, which was adverse to that which is good, is to be brought on our side. These rail trains, why, they are to take our Bibles; these steamboats, they are to transport our missionaries; these sailors rushing from city to city all around the world, are to be converted into Christian heralds and go out and preach Christ among the heathen nations. The Gospels are infinitely multiplied in beauty and power since Robinson, and Thompson, and Burckhardt have come back and talked to us about Siloam, and Capernaum, and Jerusalem, pointing out to us the lilies about which Jesus preached, the beach upon which Paul was shipwrecked, the fords at which Jordan was passed, the Red Sea bank on which were tossed the carcasses of the drowned Egyptians. A man said: "I went to the Holy Land an infidel; I came back a Christian. I could not help it."

I am not shocked at the idea of building a railroad to the Holy Land. I wish that all the world might go and see Golgotha and Bethlehem. If we cannot afford to pay for muleteers now, perhaps when the rail train goes we can afford to buy a ticket from Constantinople to Joppa, and so we will get to see the Holy Land. Then let Christians travel! God speed the rail trains, and guide the steamships this night panting across the deep in the phosphorescent wake of the shining feet of Him who, from wave cliff to wave cliff trod the stormed Tiberias. The Japanese come across the water and see our civilization, and examine our Christianity, and go back and tell the story, and keep that empire rocking until Jesus shall reign

Where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run.

And the firearms, with which the infidel traveler brought down the Arab horseman and the jackals of the desert, have been surrendered to the church, and we reach forth our hands, crying: "There is none like that; give it me!"

So it has also been with the learning and the eloquence of the world. People say: "Religion is very good for women, it is very good for children, but not for men." But we have in the roll of Christ's host Mozart and Handel in music; Canova and Angelo in sculpture; Raphael and Reynolds in painting; Harvey and Boerhaave in medicine; Cowper and Scott in poetry; Grotius and Burke in statesmanship; Boyle and Leibnitz in philosophy; Thomas Chalmers and John Mason in theology. The most brilliant writings of a worldly nature are all aglow with scriptural allusions. Through senatorial speech and through essayist's discourse Sinai thunders and Calvary pleads and Siloam sparkles.

Samuel L. Southard was mighty in the court room and in the Senate Chamber, but he reserved his strongest eloquence for that day when he stood before the literary societies at Princeton commencement and pleaded for the grandeur of our Bible. Daniel Webster won not his chief garlands while he was confuting Hayne, nor when he opened the batteries of his eloquence on Bunker Hill, that rocking Sinai of the American revolution, but on that day when, in the famous Girard will case, he showed his affection for the Christian religion and eulogized the Bible. The eloquence and the learning that have been on the other side came over to our side. Where is Gibbon's historical pen? Where is Robespierre's sword? Captured for God. "There is none like that; give it me!"

So, also, has it been with the picture making of the world. We are very anxious on this day to have the printing press and the platform on the side of Christianity; but we overlook the engraver's knife and the painter's pencil. The antiquarian goes and looks at pictured ruins, or examines the chiseled pillars of Thebes, and Nineveh, and Pompeii, and then comes back to tell us of the beastliness of ancient art; and it is a fact now, that many of the finest specimens—merely artistically considered—of sculpture and painting that are to be found amidst those ruins are not fit to be looked at and they are locked up. How Paul must have felt, when, standing amidst these impurities that stared on him from the walls and the pavements and the bazars of Corinth, he preached of the pure and holy Jesus. The art of the world on the side of obscenity and crime and death.

In later days the palaces of kings were adorned with pictures. But what to unclean Henry VIII was a beautiful picture of the Madonna? What to Lord Jeffries, the unjust judge, the picture of the "Last Judgment?" What to Nero, the unwashed, a picture of the baptism in the Jordan? The art of the world still on the side of superstition and death. But that is being changed now. The Christian artist goes across the water, looks at the pictures, and brings back to his American studio much of the power of those old masters. The Christian minister goes over to Venice, looks at the "Crucifixion of Christ," and comes back to his American pulpit to talk as never before of the sufferings of the Saviour. The private tourist goes to Rome and looks at Raphael's picture of the "Last Judgment." The tears start, and he goes back to his room in the hotel, and prays God for preparation for that day when,

Shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll.

Our Sunday-school newspapers and walls are adorned with pictures of Joseph in the court, Daniel in the den, Shadrach in the fire, Paul in the shipwreck, Christ on the cross. Oh that we might, in our families, think more of the power of Christian pictures! One little sketch of Samuel kneeling in prayer will mean more to your children than twenty sermons on devotion. One patient face of Christ by the hand of the artist will be more to your child than fifty sermons on forbearance. The art of the world is to be taken for Christ. What has become of Thorwaldsen's chisel and Ghirlandajo's crayon? Captured for the truth. "There is none like that; give it me!"

So, I remark, it is with business acumen and tact. When Christ was upon earth, the people that followed him, for the most part, had no social position. There was but one man naturally brilliant in all the apostleship. Joseph of Arimathea, the rich man, risked nothing when he offered a hole in the rock for dead Christ. How many of the merchants in Asia Minor befriended Jesus? I think of only one. Lydia. How many of the castles on the beach of Galilee entertained Christ? Not one. When Peter came to Joppa, he stopped with one Simon, a tanner. What power had Christ's name on the Roman exchange, or in the bazars of Corinth? None. The prominent men of the day did not want to risk their reputation for sanity by [illegible] one of his followers. Now that is all changed. Among the mightiest men in our great cities to-day are the Christian merchants and the Christian bankers; and if to-morrow, at the Board of Trade, any man should get up and malign the name of Jesus, he would be quickly silenced or put out. In the front rank of all our Christian workers to-day are the Christian merchants; and the enterprises of the world are coming on the right side. There was a farm willed away some years ago, all the proceeds of that farm to go for spreading infidel books. Somehow matters have changed and now all the proceeds of that farm go toward the missionary cause. One of the finest printing presses ever built was built for the express purpose of publishing infidel tracts and books. Now it does nothing but print Holy Bibles. I believe that the time will come when, in commercial circles, the voice of Christ will be the mightiest of all voices, and the ships of Tarshish will bring presents and the Queen of Sheba her glory and the wise men of the East their myrrh and frankincense. I look off upon the business men of our cities and rejoice at the prospect that their tact, and ingenuity, and talent will, after a while, all be brought into the service of Christ. It will be one of the mightiest of weapons. "There is none like [illegible], give it me!"

Now, if what I have said be true, away with all downheartedness! If science is to be on the right side, and the traveling disposition of the world on the right side, and the learning of the world on the right side, and the picture making on the right side, and the business acumen and tact of the world on the right side—thine, O Lord, is the kingdom! Oh, fall into line, all ye people! It is a grand thing to be in such an army, and led by such a commander, and on the way to such a victory. If what I have said is true, then Christ is going to gather up for himself out of this world everything that is worth anything, and there will be nothing but the scum left. A proclamation of amnesty goes forth now from the throne of God, saying: "Whosoever will, let him come." However long you may have wandered, however great your sins may have been, "whosoever will, let him come." Oh, that I could marshal all this audience on the side of Christ. He is the best friend a man ever had. He is so kind—He is so lovely, so sympathetic. I cannot see how you can stay away from Him. Come now and accept His mercy. Behold Him as He stretches out the arms of His salvation, saying: "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved; for I am God." Make final choice now. Ye will either be willows planted by the water courses or the chaff which the wind driveth away.

An Astonished "Dago."

A gentleman at the depot, while watching the departure of a gang of Italians, who were going to work on the Carthage and Adirondack Railroad, said: "I was along a portion of that road recently, and a large force of these fellows were blasting out stumps with giant powder. They would punch holes down in the ground under the stumps and put in a quantity of the explosive, then tramp down the ground around it and touch it off with a fuse. Five or six stumps would be prepared, all the workmen but one would retire several hundred feet to a safe place, and that one would set the fuses of all the stumps on fire and then run for safety behind some tree or stump. There was a place where there were five stumps in a clump. Four of them were loaded for blasting and the fifth one left for the man who set the fuses to run behind. In setting the fuses the Italian got mixed up. It is a confusing business, and he had to do it in a hurry. He laid down behind one of the stumps that was 'loaded.' No one could warn him. A moment of suspense and the explosion came. Dirt, stones, water, roots, and Italian went high into the air. One after another the other three exploded, and when danger had passed we ran forward, expecting to see his mangled remains. He sat in the cavity caused by the uplifting of the stump he had laid behind, worming the dirt out of his ears, stupefied but unhurt. The expression that rested on his face when his countrymen laughed and joked him could only be equaled in comicality by the look of surprise that must have overcome him when the retreat he supposed was secure rose in sudden violence by the explosion of several pounds of dynamite."—*The Utica Observer.*

A Poser.

The wisest philosopher sometimes cannot answer the simplest question of a child. This is well illustrated in the following anecdote as told by the Philadelphia *Press*:

"What are you doing here, my lad?"

"Tending swine, sir."

"How much do you get?"

"One florin a week, sir."

"I also am a shepherd," continued the bishop, "but I have a much better salary."

"That may be, but then I suppose you have more hogs under your care." The shepherd was about retiring when the boy continued: "Say, can God do anything?"

"Yes, my boy."

"Can he make a 2-year-old colt in two minutes?"

"Why," said the astonished bishop, "He would not wish to do that, my boy."

"But, if He did want to, could He?" insisted the boy.

"Yes, certainly, if He wished to."

"What! in two minutes?"

"Yes, in two minutes."

"Well, then, he wouldn't be two years old, would he?"

The bishop collapsed.

Breaking Up Bonanza Farms.

The breaking up of a bonanza farm block of 100,000 acres of land in the Red River Valley into tracts, not to exceed 640 acres to be sold to one man, is commented on favorably by some of the papers, says the Chicago *Tribune.* They think they see in it the beginning of an important change in the system of land distribution in North Dakota, which in the course of a few years from now will result in placing the soil in the ownership of the many, instead of the comparatively few who now farm a large part of it in a way that strongly suggests features in the serf labor of other days in Europe. The case under consideration seems to have its success assured by the fact that payment may be made in half the crop each year, taken at its market value, till the whole debt is cleared off. The extension of this plan to include most of the large farms would not only give to that part of the world a different class of residents to what it has now, but would arrest the wholesale impoverishment of the land now in progress, and which probably will not be stopped in any other way.

Two of a Kind.

Young Lady (entering empty street car)—Oh my! I've lost my purse. What shall I do?

Irish Conductor—Yez can pay me with a kiss, Miss.

Y. L.—Insolent creature; I will tell the driver.

I. C.—Oh! be won't moind one-himself.—*Epoch.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

SERIOUS SUBJECTS CAREFULLY AND ABLY CONSIDERED.

A Scholarly Exposition of the Lesson—Thoughts Worthy of Calm Reflection—Half an Hour's Study of the Scriptures—Time Well Spent.

The lesson for Sunday, June 30, may be found in 1 Cor. 8: 4-13.

Lesson 1. The Triumphal Entry. Mark 11: 1-11. Memorize 8-10. Golden Text: "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion: shout, O daughter of Jerusalem: behold thy King cometh unto thee." Zech. 9: 9.

Lesson 2. The Rejected Son. Mark 12: 1-12. Memorize 6-8. Golden Text: "He came unto his own, and his own received him not." John 1: 11.

Lesson 3. The Two Great Commandments. Mark 12: 28-34. Memorize 29-31. Golden Text: "Love is the fulfilling of the law." Rom. 13: 10.

Lesson 4. Destruction of the Temple Foretold. Mark 13: 1-13. Memorize 1, 2. Golden Text: "But I say unto you, that in this place is one greater than the temple." Matt. 12: 6.

Lesson 5. The Command to Watch. Mark 13: 24-37. Memorize 33-37. Golden Text: "Take ye heed, watch and pray: for ye know not when the time is." Mark 13: 33.

Lesson 6. The Anointing at Bethany. Mark 14: 1-9. Memorize 8, 9. Golden Text: "She hath done what she could." Mark 14: 8.

Lesson 7. The Lord's Supper. Mark 14: 12-26. Memorize 22-24. Golden Text: "This do in remembrance of me." Luke 22: 19.

Lesson 8. Jesus Betrayed. Mark 14: 43-54. Memorize 48-50. Golden Text: "Betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?" Luke 22: 48.

Lesson 9. Jesus before the Council. Mark 14: 55-65. Memorize 55, 56. Golden Text: "They hated me without a cause." John 15: 25.

LESSON PARAGRAPHS.

As concerning therefore the eating. What does religion have to do with so indifferent a thing as *eating?* Need we concern ourselves about meat and drink? No, certainly not, if we are going to stand still. Neither does that engine standing on the side-track concern itself about water for the boiler or the right sort of fuel for the furnaces. But if it were about to go somewhere, or thinking of pulling something up the grade, it would have a regard for such things. Are any of us on the side-track?

We know that an idol is nothing. Yes, we *know* a very great deal. There is no trouble about the knowing. The fact is, some of us know *too much.* We *know,* for instance, that there is no intrinsic vileness in cards. Of course not; they are made of paper pulp just like tracts, you see. Too bad that after awhile the outside of them should get to looking and smelling so bad. Can it be the associations? We *know,* too, that there is nothing wrong in the dance, in itself. David danced, you remember, before the ark of the Lord, singing Psalms. But there! It must have been something else than the modern mixed dance. Who would ever think of the ark of the Lord or of psalm-singing in a ball-room? And do we not *know* also that there is no evil necessarily in a glass of wine? Especially if, as Kate Field urges, it be strictly pure. There is nothing bad about it "*per se.*" But then, as Col. Bain observes, when you put it alongside of a man with a strong appetite for drink it is no longer simply "*per se.*" Perdition rather.

But to us there is but one God. Is it so? Then why are some so inclined to make a god of their belly? The trouble with this knowledge of ours is that it concerns itself too much with the things temporal and sensual. Do we know God? Rather, do we know the "one Lord Jesus Christ?" Take your Bibles and read the opening verses of this chapter—why omitted?—"Now as touching things offered unto idols, we know that we all have knowledge. Knowledge puffeth up, but charity (love) edifieth." That is, knowledge *swelleth* up, but love *buildeth* us up: and so Paul would much rather see love than see knowledge. "And if any man think that he knoweth anything, he knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know. But if any man love God, the same is known of him." Better to know little and love much, only that we are known of God, rather than to think to know much of earth and miss the communion and love of heaven. It is the blessed thirteenth chapter anticipated. "Covet earnestly the best gifts: and yet show I unto you a more excellent way." *Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels—and though I have—all knowledge—and have not charity, I am nothing,* which is to be interpreted, *good for nothing.*

Meat commendeth us not to God. Otherwise some of us would be in great honor with God, for we live for the meat that perisheth. It is love and self-confidence that makes us commendable to God, for Jesus' sake: that is pretty strong language used at the close of the last paragraph. But take a little comparison of passages. Your New Testament lexicon will tell you that the same word (*ouden*) is used in two other familiar verses of Scripture. They are in place. Look at them. "If," (says Christ, John 8: 54) "I honor myself, my honor is *nothing*" (amounts to nothing). "Take and purify thyself" (said the brethren at Jerusalem to Paul, Acts 21: 24); "and all may know that those things, whereof they were informed concerning thee, are *nothing*" (have nothing in them). And so we say he that has not love and knows not how to sacrifice is not only not commendable to God, but "he is nothing"—in the kingdom of grace and goodness he "amounts to nothing" in the ministry of life, God *finds nothing* in him; in a word, as a 'worker' for the Divine Master he is "good for nothing." He may be saved, though as by fire, but his works they do not follow him; "for meat commendeth us not to God."

Take heed lest by any means this liberty of yours. O this liberty of ours, how proud we are of it. And yet, like "knowledge," if unguarded by "love," it will lead us sadly away from the spirit of Christ. Mrs. Abbie G. Morrow, of Minneapolis, has so wholesome a message for some of us here that we will let her speak in her own language. *Take heed, Christian voter,* lest by any means this liberty of yours, to vote for any candidate you please, become a stumbling-block to the weak. Take heed to the teaching in the following parable: A farmer found a rattlesnake, carried it home and called his neighbors together, saying: "Behold, I have captured a snake and it is big and strong; now, what shall I do with it?" Then one of the men said: "This is a harmless-looking reptile. I think he might be allowed to go wherever he pleases." Another said: "My friend, do you not know that this harmless looking serpent has a sting? *Now, therefore, I move that all people, and especially young people, be warned faithfully to keep out of the way of the serpent, lest they be bitten.*" This counsel seemed to impress the assembly favorably. Then a third speaker said: "Since the bite of this reptile is so very dangerous, I submit that it might be well to make certain regulations; as, for instance, that he is not to go abroad on Sunday; and that he must not be allowed to sting anybody who is not of age; that he shall not be let out from his cage at all until a council of citizens shall so decide; that the farmer pay the city $1,000 for the privilege of allowing him to go abroad; and finally that an oath be administered to the keeper of the snake, that he will faithfully carry out all these provisions." Now, it came to pass that all the neighbors were so moved with these words that with one voice they cried out: "So let it be," and the snake still lives and many thousands are annually bitten and die.

For whom Christ died. This the potent and paramount argument. If the love of Christ will not constrain us what will? But it does constrain, and will constrain more and more. Our hope for the temperance cause and for all reform is that it is indissolubly connected with the growth of the kingdom of Christ. The saloon, the brothel and the gambling house are to be more and more forbidden a place on earth as the principles of Christ find sway in men's hearts. There is but one position for the Christian. "When ye sin so against the brethren, and wound their weak consciences, *ye sin against Christ.*" Ah, Christ, we love thee too well to knowingly sin against thee, and so we will not sin against the weak brother "for whom Christ died." Yea, as the spirit of Christ grows in the church we shall all be able at last, as one man, to say, as the ideal of Christian living: "Wherefore, if meat makes my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend." Christ's love, how much of a response has there been to it in our own lives?

"I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for me?"

Next Lesson—"Samuel Called of God." 1 Sam. 3: 1-14.

TELESCOPES were invented by Z. Jansen, a spectacle-maker at Middleburgh, England, in 1590.

THE UST KARA PRISON.

A Vivid Picture of Convict Life in Russia.

From George Kennan's article in the Century we quote the following: "A Cossack corporal ran to the entrance with a bunch of keys in his hand, unlocked the huge padlock that secured the small door in the larger wooden gate, and admitted us to the prison court-yard. Three or four convicts, with half-shaven heads, ran hastily across the yard as we entered, to take their places in their cells for inspection. We ascended two or three steps incrusted with an indescribable coating of filth and ice an inch and a half thick, and entered, through a heavy plank door, a long, low, and very dark corridor, the broken and decaying floor of which felt wet and slippery to the feet, and where the atmosphere, although warm, was very damp, and saturated with the strong peculiar odor that is characteristic of Siberian prisons. A person who has once inhaled that odor can never forget it; and yet it is so unlike any other bad smell in the world that I hardly know with what to compare it. I can ask you to imagine cellar air, every atom of which has been half a dozen times through human lungs and is heavy with carbonic acid; to imagine that air still further vitiated by foul, pungent, slightly ammoniacal exhalations from long unwashed human bodies; to imagine that it has a suggestion of damp, decaying wood and more than a suggestion of human excrement—and still you will have no adequate idea of it. To unaccustomed senses it seems so saturated with foulness and disease as to be almost unsupportable. As we entered the corridor, slipped upon the wet, filthy floor, and caught the first breath of this air, Major Potulof turned to me with a scowl of disgust, and exclaimed, 'Otvratitelni tiurma!' (Ot-vra-te-tel-nee tyoor-ma)—'It is a repulsive prison!'

"The Cossack corporal who preceded us threw opened the heavy wooden door of the first kamera (kah-mer-ah) and shouted, 'Smirno!' (Smeer-no)—'Be quiet!' the customary warning of the guard to the prisoners when an officer is about to enter the cell. We stepped across the threshold into a room about 24 feet long, 22 feet wide and 8 feet high, which contained 29 convicts. The air here was so much worse than the air in the corridor that it made me faint and sick. The room was lighted by two nearly square, heavily grated windows with double sashes, that could not be raised or opened, and there was not the least apparent provision anywhere for ventilation. Even the brick oven, by which the cell was warmed, drew its air from the corridor. The walls of the kamera were of squared logs and had once been whitewashed; but they had become dark and grimy from lapse of time, and were blotched in hundreds of places with dull red blood-stains where the convicts had crushed bed-bugs. The floor was made of heavy planks, and, although it had recently been swept, it was incrusted with dry, hard-trodden filth. Out from the walls on three sides of the room projected low sleeping wooden platforms about six feet wide, upon which the convicts slept, side by side, in closely packed rows, with their heads to the walls and their feet extended towards the middle of the cell. They had neither pillows nor blankets, and were compelled to lie down upon these sleeping-benches at night without removing their clothing and without other covering than their coarse gray overcoats. The cell contained no furniture of any kind, except these sleeping-platforms, the brick oven, and a large wooden tub. When the door was locked for the night each [illegible] of these 29 prisoners would have, for [illegible] or 10 hours' consumption, about as much air as would be contained in a packing-box 5 five feet square and 5 feet high. I could discover no way in which a single cubic foot of fresh air could get into that cell after the doors had been closed for the night."

Falls Into Holes For a Living.

Michael Emperor, of Cherry street, N. Y., brought suit against the city for $5,000 for injuries sustained by falling into a hole at Catharine and Cherry streets in October, 1886. The case was tried before Judge Daly and a jury in the Court of Common Pleas. The result is that Mr. Emperor has got himself into another hole.

The testimony showed that Mr. Emperor has a habit of tumbling into holes. He usually injures his leg, and then "pulls the leg" of the unfortunate person or corporation back of the hole. The hurt to his leg at Catharine and Cherry streets was caused by a fall over the precipitous edge of a hole three inches deep and ten inches wide.

Corporation Counsel Clark's young assistant, Mr. Francis Wellman, and Detective Lake hunted up Mr. Emperor's record and found that he was a "professional." Then Mr. Wellman artfully asked Mr. Emperor if he had ever brought suit against anybody before for injuries of any kind. He swore that he had not. After the jury had returned with a verdict against Mr. Emperor, he was arrested by Detective Lake on a bench warrant for perjury, and taken to the Tombs.

In 1884 Mr. Emperor sued the Second Avenue Railroad for $5,000 for injuries to his leg caused by falling into a hole. The company gave Emperor $250 to withdraw the suit. He next fell into a hole owned by the Eighth Avenue Railroad Company, and hurt his leg some more. The hole was probably not very deep, as Mr. Emperor let up on the company for $10. He hunted around and ascertained that the Ninth Avenue road was maintaining a three-inch trench somewhere. He sought it out and fell into it in the presence of witnesses. Unfortunately for Mr. Emperor, the same lawyer who had his case against the Eighth Avenue road attended to his suit against the Ninth. The lawyer told him to get out, and he got. The record of the other holes into which Mr. Emperor fell, in anticipation of getting damages, had not been completed up to the hour of going to press.—[New York Sun.

A Sun-Stove.

A simple stove for warming rooms by means of solar heat has been contrived by Prof. E. S. Morse. It consists of a shallow box, having a bottom of corrugated iron and a glass top. This device is placed outside the building where the sun can shine directly into it. The rays pass through the glass and are absorbed by the metal, heating it to a high temperature and warming the air of the box. The air, which on sunny days rises to 90 degrees F., is conveyed into the room to be heated.

THE graduating class of female students at Franklin College, Franklin, Ind., decided that every one of the nine girls must get an equal chance and deliver an oration. The Faculty vetoed this arrangement and the class revolted solidly. Then the Faculty had to back down.

WE'LL GIVE YOU

A real pleasant chill on hot weather.

FANS.

They do the business—and do you believe it—a fan from Root's always gives the coolest breezes.

BAMBOO AND PAPER,

2c, 3c, 4c, 5c, 6c, 7c, 10c.

COMMON PALM FANS

From 1c, up to the nice Satin Palms—Round, Square, Octagon.

BRAIDED FANS,

The fans of our Grandmothers—the best, decidedly, for all purposes,

25c. EACH.

Decoration Fans,

Bright, big enough to hide the Fire place and add cheer to the room.

Dainty ◆ Gauze ◆ Fans

in almost any color you can wish—with Blacks, White, Cream,

At 50, 75c, 90c, $1.00,

And some that are real choice.

OSTRICH ❋ FEATHER ❋ FANS,

In Black, White, Cream, Grey.

Fans suggest Sun Embrellas and Parasols—and the new lots in will be just to your liking.

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34 East Berry Street,

Largest assortment of Spring and Summer Suitings, embracing all the latest novelties. An early inspection is requested.

Steam Carpet Beating!

Carpets Taken Up
Cleaned and Relaid.

All Work Warranted to be Satisfactory.

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All Kinds of Mattresses Renovated and made Over on Short Notice.

PAUL E. WOLF,

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COSGROVE & SNYDER,

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Put Down by Skilled Workmen.

Special Attention Given to Pump Repairing.

We keep on hand a full line of Pumps and Repairs. PERKINS WIND MILLS.

NUMBER 9 HARRISON STREET.

Sign of Wind Mill Rudder. jun19-tf

Here in Fort Wayne—First Three Months Free of Charge.

Five eminent English and German doctors are now permanently located at their residence, 16 West Jefferson street, between Calhoun and Harrison street. All who visit the doctors before the 7th of July will receive services for the first three months free of charge. The only favor desired is a recommendation from those whom they cure. These English physicians treat every variety of disease and deformity, but will not accept an incurable case. If your malady is beyond all hope they will frankly tell you so, also caution you against spending more money for unnessary treatment. Remember dates and go early, as their offices are crowded from morning till night. Office hours: 9 a. m. to 8 p. m. Sundays: 10 a. m. to 7:30 p. m. 29-4t w-1t

Before piping your house for natural gas call on Robert Spice, 42 West Main street. 26 28 29.

The Pape & Roehm Furniture Co. have a full line of Chamber Suits of their own make. They are closing out cheap to make room.

No. 15 and 17 Court St., Pixley's Old Stand.

Try the "My Choice" cigars, equal to the best five cent cigar in the city. 6eodtf.

FOURTH OF JULY EXCURSIONS.

The Wabash Railway will sell excursion tickets for the Fourth of July, between all points on its lines, at the rate of ONE FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP. Tickets will be on sale July 3d and 4th, and will be good to return up to and including July 5th, 1889, offering an unusual opportunity for residents in city or country to attend near or distant celebrations, or spend a holiday on private account, anywhere within the extensive territory covered by the lines of the Wabash railway. 24-10t

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1889.

LOCAL NEWS.

Monday will be July 1st.

Mr. C. L. Olds is at Auburn to-day.

The Caledonian club will meet next Monday evening.

Prof. W. F. Heath left last night for New York city and eastern points.

Miss Lydia Harries is in Michigan spending the summer with relatives.

Mr. Ed. Knox will leave for Kokomo next Monday to spend a couple of weeks.

Miss Winnie Lauferty, of New York, is in the city the guest of her sister Miss Eva Lauferty.

Fred Kimball's glee club is being brought into prominence by their nightly out-door choruses.

Mr. W. G. Blymyer, manager of the Defiance *Republican Express*, was in the city yesterday afternoon.

A number of extra girls have been employed to join the forces at the Keller Medicine company next Monday.

This evening Dr. R. S. Knode and daughter, Carrie, will leave for Omaha, Neb., to remain several weeks.

Mrs. John Houlihan, who was visiting relatives on Locust street, has returned to her home at Vincennes, Ind.

Collars, the Fort Wayne pitcher, has secured a situation at Portland and he will hereafter be a member of the club there.

Miss Effie Lane, of Warsaw, is in the city to visit friends. Miss Lane will be remembered as a former teacher in our public schools.

Mrs. Alexander Brown, who has been visiting at the residence of ex-Congressman White, has returned to her home in New York city.

Rev. S. D. Miller, who is with Mr. F. X. Schuler, agent for the Farmer's Insurance company in this city, will preach at Monroeville to-morrow.

Mystic Shrine club had their first annual banquet at Masonic Temple last night, at which there was hardly an absent member. A jolly time is reported.

Mr. John C. Collins, of 71 Francis street, suffered a dislocation of the elbow and a fracture yesterday. Dr. Miller, assisted by Dr. U. G. Lipes, attended.

Hon. and Mrs. J. M. Barrett observed in an elegant though unostentatious manner the twelfth anniversary of their marriage at their residence in South Wayne last night.

Bluffton *Bugle*: "Miss Kate Wesener, of Fort Wayne, is visiting Mrs. C. A. Arnold, of South Main street.—George Taylor transacted business in Fort Wayne to-day."

Mr. August Dotzer has joined the army of amateur photographers and is now seen frequently on a ramble in search of a romantic scene with a shy country lassie for the chief subject.

Mr. F. J. Woulfe, of this city, who has been with the Wabash offices at Chicago, will leave to-night for St. Louis. The change was made through the transfer of the general offices.

A horse belonging to the street railway fell while being driven on the belt line last night. The car could not be stopped in time to prevent the wheels from lacerating the animal's flanks severely.

The Portland *Sun* passes this compliment on one of our base ball nines: "The 'Brunswicks' are a nice, gentlemanly set of fellows, play good ball and their battery, Collar and Holt, is a 'corker.'"

Dr. U. G. Lipes, who is traveling for the Beeman Chemical company, Cleveland, will leave this evening to report to his house. Next week he will accomplish his final trip previous to going on his summer vacation.

Mr. George Esmond and family are at Kansas City, to remain permanently. Mr. Esmond recently held the mayor's chair at Medicine Lodge, Kas., to which place he moved after disposing of his flouring mill interest in this city.

The Illustrious Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Schrine gave their first annual banquet at the parlors of the Fort Wayne commandery last evening. Mr. John D. Olds, president of the club, did the honors and a right royal time they had.

Word has been received in this city of the death of Mrs. Emma Davis, nee Knapp, which occurred at Parner, Neb., June 10. Deceased had relatives and friends in Fort Wayne, who knew her as an estimable lady, a devoted wife and a loving mother.

Judge R. S. Taylor arrived home from New York Thursday and will return there in a few days to continue taking depositions for the case of M. M. Slattery against the Westinghouse company for infringement. The judge is having a voluminous brief printed for the case.

A stranger hired a team of ponies and single buggy from Montzner & Taylor, liverymen at Monroeville, last Monday to drive to Fort Wayne, since which time nothing has been heard from them. Parties from Monroeville were here yesterday looking for the outfit, which is valued at $200.

Next Monday the state board of education will meet to consider bids again for the publication of text-books under the new law. What the course will be if no acceptable bids are received has not yet been fully determined, though it is thought probable the effort to put the law into operation will be abandoned for the present.

Mr. W. H. Shambaugh is at Indianapolis.

Miss Grace White entertained friends last night.

Rev. Father O'Leary has gone to Brandon, Wis.

Mr. S. B. Sweet is in the city to remain over Sunday.

Hon. R. C. Bell is registered at the Grand hotel, Indianapolis.

Mrs. W. H. Jones, of the Hamilton house, is at Lima, Ohio, on a visit.

New grates and mantels have been placed in the addition to the Wayne hotel.

Mr. Frank Fisk, of DeWald street, who traveled with Dr. Lighthall, has arrived home.

Miss Ollie Patton, of Altoona, Pa., is the guest of Mrs. G. W. Morgan, of 184 East Jefferson street.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bassett and daughter, Cora, left to-day to visit their friends at Van Wert, O.

Mr. Oscar Liebman, of Barr street, had a fit at the market house this morning and he was carried home.

Manager Tacke had a fair house to witness the performance of "Peck's Bad Boy," at the People's theatre, last night.

The council at Auburn will have a meeting Monday night to decide about introducing the Jenney electric light for town lighting.

The Tri-State Building and Loan association will hold a meeting to-night. A committee is negotiating for office rooms in the Pixley-Long block.

J. S. Bash, Washington, D. C.; F. R. Horton, New York City; C. G. Magee, Tiffin, Ohio; M. Stein, Chicago; Wm. McDonald, Philadelphia, are at the Wayne.

Messrs. J. H. and Robert F. Douglass returned home last night from Columbia City where they were out hunting yesterday. They shot twenty-nine large squirrels.

L. A. Contlivre, W. T. Lamb, R. Dohnson, H. W. Aikens, Henry Keller, J. C. Armfield and L. H. Fisher, of this city, were registered at Bluffton hotels yesterday.

Mr. James Fess, of Rochester, N. Y., who was the gust of Misses Kittie and Minnie Mischo, of 23 Pritchard street, for the past two weeks, returned home this morning.

Henry P. Drover, R. Simonton, Huntington, Ind.; L. A. Saxton, Battle Creek, Mich.; J. O. Pelton, Peru, Ind.; S. A. Brant, Chicago; D. P. Ellis, Boston, are at the Rich.

Miss Kitty Miller, of Stewart & Hahn's Boston store, will go to Monroeville, her home, next week, on a vacation. She will entertain there several young lady friends from Muncie.

A telephone wire conducted lightning into the residence of George R. Driver, in Archer's addition yesterday afternoon, creating consternation among the members of the family. None were injured.

J. M. Waldorf and W. I. Hull, South Bend, Ind.; G. W. Crosby, Paulding, Ohio; Geo. W. Stiles, Auburn Junction, Ind.; John A. Province, Spencerville, Ind.; O. L. Plunger, Jeffersonville, are at the Brunswick.

Miss Annie Rossington has returned from Topeka, Kas., and is again at the residence of Mr. John Wilson, on Hanna street. She was accompanied home by Miss Nannie Holliday, who will be her guest for a few weeks.

Mr. W. C. Busde has been given a permit to build a two story frame house on East Jefferson street, on lot 284, Hanna's addition, to cost $1,100; S. F. Swayne a 1½ story frame house on lot 38, Fairfield's addition, to cost $450.

The Peters Box and Lumber company are turning out eighteen suites for the Wayne hotel, the material being white quartered oak, and there being five pieces in each suite. These will be placed in the new addition to the hotel.

The friends of Mr. Jud Hollister did not propose to allow such an important event as his third-score birthday to pass by unnoticed, and last evening they crowded into his residence in a genuine surprise and made the welkin ring till a late hour.

A portion of the old Bowser homestead, on East Berry street, is being razed. The building was built half a century ago and is an old land-mark. Mr. J. H. Bass, who owns the property, says that he will erect a fine business building if he can find tenants.

General McNulta has issued a general circular to the agents and employes thanking them for their efforts in behalf of the Wabash and instructing them to keep close record of the business of the road prior to midnight, June 30, when the purchasing committee will take charge.

In speaking of their Fourth of July exercises the Portland *Sun* says: "In addition to the above the Fort Wayne base ball club will be here to match the local champions, as well as Hon. Wm. P. Breen, of Fort Wayne, and other well known orators. Mr. Breen is one of the most fascinating orators in the country and never fails to take his audience by storm."

Yesterday, at the Cathedral, was celebrated for the first time in this city the Feast of the Sacred Heart. It began with high mass in the morning and ended with vespers in the evening. It was the bi-centenary of the Devotion, and the pope enjoins the faithful throughout the world to hear mass and offer prayers in expiation for the insults offered in these days to religion, when infidels are memoralized in bronze and the church hampered by their followers in their work for the salvation of man.

There was no police court this morning.

Mr. A. E. Foutch, of Indianola, Iowa, is in the city.

Mr. R. D. Romy is laying out a new addition northwest.

Mr. O. Warner, of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy is in the city.

W. H. Miner, of Lima, Ohio, was a visitor at the Y. M. C. A. last evening.

Mr. Thomas Fleming has resigned as justice of the peace of Washington township.

Mrs. W. P. Cooper and baby returned from Lafayette to-day. Mrs. Cooper's parents reside there.

Mr. Noah L. Snider, of Columbus, Ohio, is at the Haffner bakery for about two months, as their fancy baker.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger went to Valparaiso this afternoon, where he administers confirmation to-morrow.

Mr. Wm. H. Goshorn, who was civil engineer for the Little River ditch, is recovering from a severe attack of rheumatism.

The Bluffton *Bugle* says: "Misses Grace Conover and Sadie Griffith, of Fort Wayne, are in the city, the guests of the Misses Empie."

The Transfer and Storage company have hauled to the jewelry store of Mr. R. S. Krull, on East Washington street, a safe weighing 4,500 pounds.

Eastern parties who already conduct a boot and shoe business in this city have leased the store occupied by Knox & Wilner, who are closing out their business.

The mail carries inaugurate their summer vacation next week. The government gives each man a fifteen day rest and George Alter and Con Shuler will be first to enjoy it.

Miss Amanda Niemann and Miss Louisa Brocksmidt, of Chicago, are the guests of the Misses Sadie and Mamie Wenninghoff and the Misses Anna and Amelia Hollenbeck.

Mr. J. B. Shoaff has returned from Michigan City, where he saw his son Jerry, who is getting along well. The young man's conduct is spoken well of by the prison authorities.

Mr. LeRoy Hartzler, of the Nickel Plate dispatcher's office, returned yesterday afternoon from a brief trip and left on the evening train for Indianapolis. He is enjoying a vacation.

Mr. James E. Lonergan, the foreman of THE SENTINEL book binding department, with Mrs. Lonergan and children, left to-day for a week's visit with his sister, Mrs. George Lake, at Elkhart, Indiana.

Mr. Cass Hunter, deputy treasurer, has made a remittance of $42.50 to Winslow, Lanier & Co., New York, in payment of interest on the $170,000 bonds of Allen county. The payments are made semi-annually.

President Hartman, of the St. Julian council, No. 80, C. B. L., will call a special meeting for to-morrow evening, to make arrangements to go to Huntington on July 4, to attend the picnic given by St. George's council of that place.

The features of to-day's entertainment will be a game of base ball at the fair grounds between the Kimball and Woodward teams. It is not said how much stake money is up, but enough to purchase a cigar for the winning captain.

Master Alfred, son of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Thurman, of 89 West Jefferson street, celebrated his fourteenth birthday to-day. He was made the recipient of a handsome "Pachyco" bicycle, the lightest wheel of standard manufacture in the city.

A very interesting time is expected at the St. Paul M. E. church fair this evening. One of the best orchestras in the city has been engaged to furnish the music and the hall is expected to be crowded to its utmost capacity. The fair will continue next week.

To-day Sheriff Visberg's attention was called to the condition of the Arabian woman who claimed some days ago that she was robbed at the Elsal boarding house, corner of Clinton and Superior streets. The woman is penniless, and wants the county to pay her board and lodging.

The Knights of the Golden Eagle elected the following officers last night: P. C., W. Harrison; N. C., C. W. Peno; V. C., J. W. Flickenger; S. H., J. E. Miller; H. P., C. Thieme, V. H., I. Swihart; C. of E., W. C. Seabold; K. of E., C. W. Shaw; M. of R., J. O. Brown; trustee, J. E. Miller.

The Huntington *Democrat* says: "J. F. Sohrey, is at Fort Wayne this afternoon.—J. P. Stults is at Fort Wayne for the afternoon.—Freddie Noll, of Fort Wayne, is visiting Master Fred Foster.—Miss Josephine Mast came down from Fort Wayne last evening, where she was attending school, to spend the vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Mast.—Sing Sing, Huntington's washee-washee, is at Fort Wayne this afternoon.—R. F. Ibach went to Fort Wayne this noon. He will return to-morrow morning."

The Aftermath society of the Second Presbyterian church, consisting of Misses Birdie Richey, Jennie Creighton, Lillie Fisk, Lulu Hulse, Maude Hendricks, Sophie Seaton, Edith Holsworth, Mary Biddle, and Messrs. Will Sherbondy, Ethan Allen, Frank Winhurst, Edward Barbier, Bert Olds, Will Ferguson, Bert Evans and others, were pleasantly entertained at the residence of Mrs. John Evans, on South Webster street, last evening. Music and games were features of the evening. After a pleasant evening the society adjourned to meet again July 8 at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Olds, on West Wayne street.

Mr. Henry Stoll has filed his bond as notary public.

The Fort Wayne party have returned from their fishing excursion to Blue Lake.

Mrs. Dr. T. J. Dills and little daughter, Margaret, returned to-day from Kendallville.

Mrs. Lee, wife of Officer George Lee, went to Dunkirk, Ohio, to-day to visit relatives and friends.

Messrs. H. C. Hanna and B. F. Harper, left for Warsaw this afternoon to remain over Sunday.

Miss Clara Andrews, of Huntertown, who was in the city a few days, has gone to Cleveland to visit friends.

Mr. Mont Fay, the commission merchant, has returned from Cincinnati, where he recently buried his mother.

Mr. Ed Matheney, son of J. M. Matheney, superintendent of the northern division of the Grand Rapids and Indiana road, is in the city with his wife, visiting friends.

Charles Flynn was arraigned before 'Squire France yesterday afternoon on a charge of assault and battery on Edward Pritchard and will have a hearing one week from next Monday.

Miss Tillie, daughter of Dr. Theo. Heuchling, formerly of this city, but now of Chicago, arrived here to-day and will accept a position as stenographer in the office of the Jenney Electric Light company.

The will of Elizabeth Bowman has been entered for probate. She bequeaths to her son, Samuel, money and notes equal to one-third of the estate. To her daughter, Phoebe, she bequeaths forty acres in Lafayette township and also personal property. William H. Schnoover is named as executor.

MR. JOHN B. HARRISON, of Springfield, Ill., says that he had blood trouble for quite a time; his tonsils were swollen, eruptions over his hands and face, followed by paralysis of the face, which was all relieved by Swift's Specific, and after the lapse of seven years there has been no sign of a return of the disease.

EXCURSION TO HUNTINGTON ON THE 4th.

The Catholic Benevolent Legion, Catholic Knights of St. Charles and Catholic Knights of America will excurt to Huntington, to attend a grand picnic given by St. George Council, C. B. L., of Huntington. A grand time is promised to all who will attend. Excursion will leave the North Depot at 8 a. m., standard time. Fare for round trip, 70c. 29-3t

Robert Spice is prepared to pipe your house with natural gas. Call and get his prices. 48 West Main street. 26 28 29

Excursion Rates Fourth of July.

The Fort Wayne, Cincinnati and Louisville railroad, will sell tickets at one fare for the round trip on July 3rd and 4th. Good returning up to and including the 5th. 29-4t

"The Wonderland," No. 5 East Main street, are closing out their entire line of Men's and Boys' Straw Hats and Caps at cost.

Fourth of July Excursion Rates.

The Lake Shore will sell tickets at one fare for the round trip on July 3 and 4. Good returning up to and including the 5. 29 4t

Your choice of any Straw Hat in our store for 29 cents, "The Wonderland," No. 5 East Main street.

For Sale.

Three car loads of Texas ponies, several matched teams; inquire at Tom Hunt's, Spy Run avenue. 29 2t

All those wishing to enjoy the Fourth should join the excursion to Huntington, via the Muncie R. R., North Depot, at 8 a. m. 29-3t

Sugars—No Advance in Prices.

Crushed and Powdered, 9½c pound.
Cut Loaf and Granulated, 9½c pound.
Standard White Coffee A, 9c.
Choice Yellow Extra C, 8c.

FRUIT HOUSE.

The brightest, most lasting and safest colored fires for the stage and street illuminating sold and made by Meyer Bros. & Co., the druggists. 28-5t

Try the "My Choice" cigars, equal to the best five cent cigar in the city. 6eodtf

Reduction on New Potatoes. Down 20c Bushel.

Choice New Potatoes, 75c bushel, or 20c peck.

FRUIT HOUSE.

Fort Wayne Market.

Corrected by J. B. Monning & Co.

Flour—No. 1 white, $4.50; No. 1 red, $4.50; second class family, $4.00; Graham, 60c per sack.
Wheat—75@77.
Oats—25@26.
Corn—In ear, 40.
Rye—43.
Oil Meal—Percwt. $1.30.
Corn Meal—Percwt. $1.00@1.25.
Clover Seed—$4.75@4.80.
Timothy Seed—$1.75@2.00.
Flax Seed—100@$1.10.
Barley—45.
Hay—$8@9 per ton.

Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Ry

Steam Heated and Electric Light Vestibuled Trains to St. Paul and Minneapolis.
Finest Dining Cars in the World.
Through Sleeping Cars to Denver.
The route of the first "Golden Gate Special."
Excursion Tickets to Colorado.
Excursion Tickets to California.
Everything First-Class.
First-Class People patronize First-Class Lines.
Ticket Agents everywhere sell Tickets over the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. 7-11-d&wtf

THOSE WHO CAN VOTE.

Trustee Brackenridge Files the Enumeration of Wayne Township To-Day.

Mr. G. W. Brackenridge, township trustee, has filed with the county auditor the enumeration of the white and colored inhabitants of Wayne township over twenty-one years of age. It shows that the township has 8,852 voters. This is a good per cent. of the total county enumeration, which is something over 13,000.

OVER four years ago Swift's Specific cured me of a troublesome eruption which covered my shoulders, back and limbs. This was after I had been treated by six doctors, some of whom said I never would get well.

E. M. HUSSEY, Sherman, Texas.

You can not spend an hour more profitably than wandering through "The Wonderland," No. 5, East Main street, and observing the bargains in every department.

The Pape & Roehm Furniture Co. have made a cut in prices on their whole line of elegant furniture for the next ten days. Go and see them at No. 15 and 17 Court St.

The bargains obtained at "The Wonderland," No. 5 East Main street, is becoming the town talk.

No Advance on Lemons and Oranges

Best Lemons, 25c dozen.
Choice Oranges, 40c dozen.
Choice Large Pine Apples, 20c each.

FRUIT HOUSE.

DR. TAYLOR,

CHIROPODIST

—AND—

FOOT DOCTOR,

Is in the city for a short time only, and is prepared to test and cure all kinds of Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Toe-nails and every ailment that affects the feet.

Dr. Taylor has effected numerous cures without pain, and guarantees satisfaction, not only immediate relief, but permanent cure.

Will call anywhere in the city to treat patients. May be seen at No. 459 South Lafayette street from 7:30 to 10:30 a. m. and 5:30 to 9:30 p. m. Orders may be left at Post-office, or No. 459 South Lafayette street. Home Sunday all day.

❋ SPECIALTIES ❋

FOR ❋ THIS ❋ WEEK

AT THE

PEOPLE'S STORE,

EAST BERRY STREET.

Pixley & Long Block.

10 PIECES LACE FLOUNCINGS,

Skirt Width, Will be Sold at

25c PER YARD.

Just Received, an immense Lot of Swiss and Cambric Flouncings, Bought at Big Reductions, and Will be Sold Accordingly.

ONE ◆ PRICE ◆ TO ◆ ALL.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE,

Dozois, Beadell & Co.

1776. 1889.

FOURTH OF JULY

Fireworks, Flags and Balloons.

Largest Assortment in the City.

RENNER, CRATSLEY & CO.,

56 CALHOUN ST.

CHEAPEST + PLACE + TO + BUY.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

BUY

Challenge Brand

SUGAR - CURED - HAMS!

ENGLISH BREAKFAST BACON!

AND EXTRA NO. 1

FAT SHORE MACKEREL.

PYKE'S GROCERY

80 CALHOUN STREET

FIRE WORKS

Of Every Description.

The Very Latest Novelties at the Very Lowest Prices.

My friends are respectfully invited to call and see my goods before purchasing elsewhere.

C. H. MILLER,

20 WEST MAIN STREET